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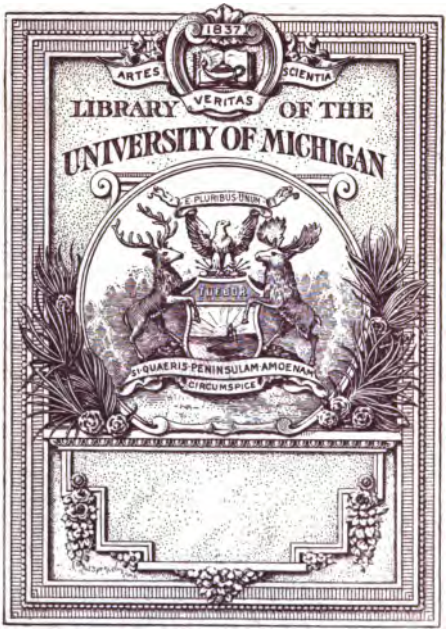
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CONGREVE.
Caldwall Sculp.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE TWENTY-NINTH.

LONDON:

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M DCC LXXIX.

THE POEMS OF CONGREVE AND FENTON.

171810

THE

POEMS

OF

CONGREVE

AND

FENTON.

a 2

LIBRO

POEMS

BY

MR. CONGREVE.

" —— Minuentur atræ
" Carmine curæ." HOR.

POEMS

BY

MR. CONGREVE.

EPISTLE

To the Right Honourable CHARLES Lord HALIFAX.

TO you, my Lord, my Muſe her tribute pays
Of various verſe, in various rude eſſays;
To you, ſhe firſt addreſs'd her early voice,
By inclination led, and fix'd by choice;
To you, on whoſe indulgence ſhe depends,
Her few collected lays ſhe now commends.
By no one meaſure bound, her numbers range,
And, unreſolv'd in choice, delight in change;
Her ſongs to no diſtinguiſh'd fame aſpire,
For, now, ſhe tries the reed, anon, attempts the lyre;
In high Parnaſſus ſhe no birthright claims,
Nor drinks deep draughts of Heliconian ſtreams;
Yet near the ſacred mount ſhe loves to rove,
Viſits the ſprings, and hovers round the grove.
She knows what dangers wait too bold a flight,
And fears to fall from an Icarian height:

Yet, ſhe admires the wing that ſafely ſoars,
At diſtance follows, and its track adores.
She knows what room, what force, the ſwan requires,
Whoſe towering head above the clouds aſpires,
And knows as well, it is your loweſt praiſe,
Such heights to reach with equal ſtrength and eaſe.
O had your genius been to leiſure born,
And not more bound to aid us, than adorn!
Albion in verſe with ancient Greece had vy'd,
And gain'd alone a fame, which, there, ſeven ſtates divide.
But ſuch, ev'n ſuch renown, too dear had coſt,
Had we the patriot in the poet loſt.
A true poetic ſtate we had deplor'd,
Had not your miniſtry our coin reſtor'd.
But ſtill, my Lord, though your exalted name
Stands foremoſt in the faireſt liſt of Fame,
Though your ambition ends in public good
(A virtue lineal to your houſe and blood):
Yet think not meanly of your other praiſe,
Nor ſlight the trophies which the Muſes raiſe.
How oft, a patriot's beſt-laid ſchemes we find
By Party croſs'd, or Faction undermin'd!
If he ſucceed, he undergoes this lot,
The good receiv'd, the giver is forgot.
But honours which from verſe their ſource derive,
Shall both ſurmount Detraction, and ſurvive:
And Poets have unqueſtion'd right to claim;
If not the greateſt, the moſt laſting name.

W. CONGREVE.

THE

THE

MOURNING MUSE OF ALEXIS.

A PASTORAL.

Lamenting the Death of

QUEEN MARY.

"Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem." VIRG.

ALEXIS, MENALCAS.

MENALCAS.

BEHOLD, Alexis, ſee this gloomy ſhade,
Which ſeems alone for ſorrow's ſhelter made;
Where no glad beams of light can ever play,
But night ſucceeding night excludes the day;
Where never birds with harmony repair,
And lightſome notes, to cheer the duſky air.
To welcome day, or bid the Sun farewell,
By morning lark, or evening Philomel.
No violet here, nor daiſy, e'er was ſeen;
No ſweetly-budding flower, nor ſpringing green:
For fragrant myrtle, and the bluſhing roſe,
Here, baleful eugh with deadly cypreſs grows.
Here then, extended on this wither'd moſs,
We 'll lie, and thou ſhalt ſing of Albion's loſs,

Of Albion's loſs, and of Paſtora's death,
Begin thy mournful ſong, and raiſe thy tuneful breath.

ALEXIS.

Ah woe too great! Ah theme which far exceeds
The lowly lays of humble ſhepherds reeds!
O could I ſing in verſe of equal ſtrain
With the Scicilian bard, or Mantuan ſwain;
Or melting words and moving numbers chuſe,
Sweet as the Britiſh Colin's mourning Muſe;
Could I, like him, in tuneful grief excel,
And mourn like Stella for her Aſtrofel;
Then might I raiſe my voice (ſecure of ſkill)
And with melodious woe the valleys fill;
The liſtening Echo on my ſong ſhould wait,
And hollow rocks Paſtora's name repeat;
Each whiſtling wind and murmuring ſtream ſhould tell
How lov'd ſhe liv'd, and how lamented fell.

MENALCAS.

Wert thou with every bay and laurel crown'd,
And high as Pan himſelf in ſong renown'd,
Yet would not all thy art avail, to ſhow
Verſe worthy of her name, or of our woe:
But ſuch true paſſion in thy face appears,
In thy pale lips, thick ſighs, and guſhing tears,
Such tender ſorrow in thy heart I read,
As ſhall ſupply all ſkill, if not exceed.
Then leave this common form of dumb diſtreſs,
Each vulgar grief can ſighs and tears expreſs;
In ſweet complaining notes thy paſſion vent,
And not in ſighs, but words explaining ſighs, lament.

ALEXIS.

ALEXIS.

Wild be my words, Menalcas, wild my thought,
Artleſs as nature's notes, in birds untaught;
Boundleſs my verſe, and roving be my ſtrains,
Various as flowers on unfrequented plains.
And thou, Thalia, darling of my breaſt,
By whom inſpir'd, I ſung at Comus' feaſt;
While in a ring the jolly rural throng
Have ſat and ſmil'd to hear my chearful ſong:
Begone, with all thy mirth and ſprightly lays,
My pipe, no longer now thy power obeys;
Learn to lament, my Muſe, to weep, and mourn,
Thy ſpringing laurels all to cypreſs turn;
Wound with thy diſmal cries the tender air,
And beat thy ſnowy breaſt, and rend thy yellow hair;
Far hence, in utmoſt wilds, thy dwelling chuſe,
Begone, Thalia; ſorrow is my Muſe.
I mourn Paſtora dead; let Albion mourn,
And ſable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.
No more, theſe woods ſhall with her ſight be bleſs'd,
Nor with her feet theſe flowery plains be preſs'd;
No more the winds ſhall with her treſſes play,
And from her balmy breath ſteal ſweets away;
No more theſe rivers chearfully ſhall paſs,
Pleas'd to reflect the beauties of her face;
While on their banks the wondering flocks have ſtood,
Greedy of ſight, and negligent of food.
No more the nymphs ſhall with ſoft tales delight
Her ears, no more with dances pleaſe her ſight:

Nor ever more ſhall ſwain make ſong of mirth,
To bleſs the joyous day that gave her birth;
Loſt is that day, which had from her its light;
For ever loſt with her, in endleſs night;
In endleſs night and arms of death ſhe lies,
Death in eternal ſhades has ſhut Paſtora's eyes.
Lament, ye nymphs; and mourn, ye wretched ſwains;
Stray, all ye flocks; and deſert be, ye plains;
Sigh, all ye winds; and weep, ye cryſtal floods;
Fade, all ye flowers; and wither, all ye woods.
I mourn Paſtora dead; let Albion mourn,
And ſable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.
Within a diſmal grot, which damps ſurround,
All cold ſhe lies upon th' unwholſome ground;
The marble weeps, and with a ſilent pace
Its trickling tears diſtil upon her face.
Falſely ye weep, ye rocks, and falſely mourn!
For never will you let the nymph return!
With a feign'd grief the faithleſs tomb relents,
And like the crocodile its prey laments.
O ſhe was heavenly fair, in face and mind!
Never in nature were ſuch beauties join'd:
Without, all ſhining, and within, all white;
Pure to the ſenſe, and pleaſing to the ſight;
Like ſome rare flower, whoſe leaves all colours yield,
And opening is with ſweeteſt odours fill'd.
As lofty pines o'ertop the lowly reed,
So did her graceful height all nymphs exceed;
To which excelling height, ſhe bore a mind
Humble, as oſiers bending to the wind.

Thus

Thus excellent ſhe was———
Ah wretched fate! ſhe was, but is no more.
Help me, ye hills and valleys, to deplore.
I mourn Paſtora dead; let Albion mourn,
And ſable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.
From that bleſt earth, on which her body lies,
May blooming flowers with fragrant ſweets ariſe:
Let Myrrha weeping aromatic gum,
And ever-living laurel, ſhade her tomb.
Thither let all th' induſtrious bees repair,
Unlade their thighs, and leave their honey there:
Thither let Fairies with their train reſort,
Neglect their revels and their midnight ſport.
There in unuſual wailings waſte the night,
And watch her, by the fiery glow-worm's light.
There may no diſmal eugh nor cypreſs grow,
Nor holly-buſh, nor bitter elder's bough;
Let each unlucky bird far build his neſt,
And diſtant dens receive each howling beaſt;
Let wolves be gone, be ravens put to flight,
With hooting owls, and bats that hate the light.
But let the ſighing doves their ſorrows bring,
And nightingales in ſweet complainings ſing;
Let ſwans from their forſaken rivers fly,
And, ſickening at her tomb, make haſte to die,
That they may help to ſing her elegy.
Let Echo too, in mimic moan, deplore,
And cry with me, "Paſtora is no more!"
I mourn Paſtora dead; let Albion mourn,
And ſable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.

And

And ſee the heavens to weep in dew prepare,
And heavy miſts obſcure the burden'd air:
A ſudden damp o'er all the plain is ſpread,
Each lily folds its leaves, and hangs its head.
On every tree the bloſſoms turn to tears,
And every bough a weeping moiſture bears.
Their wings the feather'd airy people droop,
And flocks beneath their dewy fleeces ſtoop.
The rocks are cleft, and new-deſcending rills
Furrow the brows of all th' impending hills.
The water-gods to floods their rivulets turn,
And each, with ſtreaming eyes, ſupplies his wanting urn.
The Fawns forſake the woods, the Nymphs the grove,
And round the plain in ſad diſtractions rove;
In prickly brakes their tender limbs they tear,
And leave on thorns their locks of golden hair.
With their ſharp nails, themſelves the Satyrs wound,
And tug their ſhaggy beards, and bite with grief the ground.
Lo Pan himſelf beneath a blaſted oak
Dejected lies, his pipe in pieces broke.
See Pales weeping too, in wild deſpair,
And to the piercing winds her boſom bare.
And ſee yon fading myrtle, where appears
The queen of love, all bath'd in flowing tears;
See how ſhe wrings her hands, and beats her breaſt,
And tears her uſeleſs girdle from her waiſt:
Hear the ſad murmers of her ſighing doves,
For grief they ſigh, forgetful of their loves.

Lo,

Lo, Love himſelf, with heavy woes oppreſt!
See how his ſorrows ſwell his tender breaſt;
His bow he breaks, and wide his arrows flings,
And folds his little arms, and hangs his drooping wings;
Then, lays his limbs upon the dying graſs,
And all with tears bedews his beauteous face,
With tears, which from his folded lids ariſe,
And even Love himſelf has weeping eyes.
All nature mourns; the floods and rocks deplore,
And cry with me, "Paſtora is no more!"
I mourn Paſtora dead; let Albion mourn,
And ſable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.
The rocks can melt, and air in miſts can mourn,
And floods can weep, and winds to ſighs can turn;
The birds, in ſongs, their ſorrows can diſcloſe,
And nymphs and ſwains, in words, can tell their woes.
But, oh! behold that deep and wild deſpair,
Which neither winds can ſhew, nor floods, nor air.
See the great ſhepherd, chief of all the ſwains,
Lord of theſe woods and wide-extended plains,
Stretch'd on the ground, and cloſe to earth his face,
Scalding with tears th' already-faded graſs;
To the cold clay he joins his throbbing breaſt,
No more within Paſtora's arms to reſt!
No more! For thoſe once ſoft and circling arms
Themſelves are clay, and cold are all her charms
Cold are thoſe lips, which he no more muſt kiſs,
And cold that boſom, once all downy bliſs;
On whoſe ſoft pillows, lull'd in ſweet delights,
He us'd, in balmy ſleep, to loſe the nights.

Ah! where is all that love and fondneſs fled?
Ah! where is all that tender ſweetneſs laid?
To duſt muſt all that heaven of beauty come!
And muſt Paſtora moulder in the tomb!
Ah, death! more fierce and unrelenting far,
Than wildeſt wolves or ſavage tigers are;
With lambs and ſheep their hungers are appeas'd,
But ravenous death the ſhepherdeſs has ſeiz'd.
I mourn Paſtora dead; let Albion mourn,
And ſable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.
" But ſee, Menalcas, where a ſudden light,
" With wonder ſtops my ſong, and ſtrikes my ſight!
" And where Paſtora lies, it ſpreads around,
" Shewing all radiant bright the ſacred ground.
" While from her tomb, behold, a flame aſcends
" Of whiteſt fire, whoſe flight to heaven extends!
" On flaking wings it mounts, and quick as ſight
" Cuts through the yielding air with rays of light;
" Till the blue firmament at laſt it gains,
" And, fixing there, a glorious ſtar remains:"
Faireſt it ſhines of all that light the ſkies,
As once on earth were ſeen Paſtora's eyes.

TO

TO THE KING,

ON THE TAKING OF NAMUR.

IRREGULAR ODE.

" Præſenti tibi maturos largimur honores :
" Nil oriturum aliàs, nil ortum tale fatentes."
Hor. ad Auguſtum.

I.

OF arms and war my Muſe aſpires to ſing,
And ſtrike the lyre upon an untry'd ſtring :
New fire informs my ſoul, unfelt before ;
And, on new wings, to heights unknowm I ſoar.
O power unſeen ! by whoſe reſiſtleſs force
Compell'd, I take this flight, direct my courſe :
For Fancy wild and pathleſs ways will chuſe,
Which Judgment rarely, or with pain, purſues :
Say, ſacred nymph, whence this great change proceeds ?
Why ſcorns the lowly ſwain his oaten reeds,
Daring aloud to ſtrike the ſounding lyre,
And ſing heroic deeds ;
Neglecting flames of love, for martial fire ?

II.

William, alone, my feeble voice can raiſe ;
What voice ſo weak, that cannot ſing his praiſe !
The liſtening world each whiſper will befriend
That breathes his name, and every ear attend.

The

The hovering winds on downy wings ſhall wait around,
And catch, and waft to foreign lands, the flying ſound.
Ev'n I will in his praiſe be heard;
For by his name my verſe ſhall be preferr'd.
Borne like a lark upon this eagle's wing,
High as the ſpheres, I will his triumph ſing;
High as the head of Fame; Fame, whoſe exalted ſize
From the deep vale extends up to the vaulted ſkies:
A thouſand talking tongues the monſter bears,
A thouſand waking eyes, and ever-open ears;
Hourly ſhe ſtalks, with huge gigantic pace,
Meaſuring the globe, like time, with conſtant race:
Yet ſhall ſhe ſtay, and bend to William's praiſe:
Of him, her thouſand ears ſhall hear triumphant lays,
Of him her tongue ſhall talk, on him her eyes ſhall gaze.

III.

But lo, a change aſtoniſhing my eyes!
And all around, behold new objects riſe!
What forms are theſe I ſee? and whence?
Beings ſubſtantial? or does air condenſe,
To clothe in viſionary ſhape my various thought?
Are theſe by fancy wrought!
Can ſtrong ideas ſtrike ſo deep the ſenſe!
O ſacred poeſy! O boundleſs power!
What wonders doſt thou trace, what hidden worlds explore!
Through ſeas, earth, air, and the wide-circling ſky,
What is not ſought and ſeen by thy all-piercing eye!

IV.

IV.

'Twas now, when flowery lawns the proſpect made,
And flowing brooks beneath a foreſt's ſhade;
A lowing heifer, loveliеſt of the herd,
Stood feeding by; while two fierce bulls prepar'd
Their armed heads for fight; by fate of war, to prove
The victor worthy of the fair-one's love.
Unthought preſage, of what met next my view!
For ſoon the ſhady ſcene withdrew.
And now, for woods, and fields, and ſpringing flowers;
Behold a town ariſe, bulwark'd with walls, and lofty towers!
Two rival armies all the plain o'erſpread,
Each in battalia rang'd, and ſhining arms array'd:
With eager eyes beholding both from far
Namur, the prize and miſtreſs of the war.

V.

Now, thirſt of conqueſt, and immortal fame,
Does every chief and ſoldier's heart inflame.
Defenſive arms the Gallic forces bear,
While hardy Britons for the ſtorm prepare:
For fortune had, with partial hand, before
Reſign'd the rule to Gallia's power.
High on a rock the mighty fortreſs ſtands,
Founded by Fate, and wrought by Nature's hands.
A wondrous taſk it is th' Aſcent to gain,
Through craggy cliffs, that ſtrike the ſight with pain,
And nod impending terrors o'er the plain.
To this, what dangers men can add, by force or ſkill,
(And great is human force and wit in ill)

Are

Are join'd; on every ſide, wide-gaping engines wait,
Teeming with fire, and big with certain fate;
Ready to hurl deſtruction from above,
In dreadful roar, mocking the wrath of Jove.
Thus fearful does the face of adverſe power appear;
But Britiſh forces are unus'd to fear:
Though thus oppos'd, they might, if William where not there.

VI.

But hark, the voice of war! behold the ſtorm begin!
The trumpet's clangor ſpeaks in loud alarms,
Mingling ſhrill notes, with dreadful din
Of cannons burſt, and rattling claſh of arms.
Clamours from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth rebound,
Diſtinction in promiſcuous noiſe is drown'd,
And Echo loſt in one continued ſound.
Torrents of fire from brazen mouths are ſent,
Follow'd by peals, as if each pole were rent;
Such flames the gulf of Tartarus diſgorge,
So vaulted Ætna roars from Vulcan's forge;
Such were the peals from thence, ſuch the vaſt blaze that broke,
Reddening with horid gloom the duſky ſmoke,
When the huge Cyclops did with moulding thunder ſweat,
And maſſive bolts on repercuſſive anvils beat.

VII.

Amidſt this rage, behold, where William ſtands,
Undaunted, undiſmay'd!
With face ſerene, diſpenſing dread commands;

Which, heard with awe, are with delight obey'd.
A thouſand fiery deaths around him fly;
And burning balls hiſs harmleſs by:
For ev'ry fire his ſacred head muſt ſpare,
Nor dares the lightning touch the laurels there.

VIII.

Now many a wounded Briton feels the rage
Of miſſive fires that feſter in each limb,
Which dire revenge alone has power t' aſſuage;
Revenge makes danger dreadleſs ſeem.
And now, with deſperate force, and freſh attack,
Through obvious deaths, reſiſtleſs way they make;
Raiſing high piles of earth, and heap on heap they lay,
And then aſcend; reſembling thus (as far
As race of men inferior may)
The fam'd gigantic war.
When thoſe tall ſons of earth did heaven aſpire;
(A brave, but impious fire!)
Uprooting hills, with moſt ſtupendous hale,
To form the high and dreadful ſcale.
The gods, with horror and amaze, look'd down,
Beholding rocks from their firm baſis rent?
Mountain on mountain thrown,
With threatening hurl, that ſhook th' ætherial firmament;
Th' attempt did fear in heaven create;
Even Jove deſponding ſate,
Till Mars, with all his force collected, ſtood.
And pour'd whole war on the rebellious brood;
Who, tumbling headlong from th' empyreal ſkies,
O'erwhelm'd thoſe hills, by which they thought to riſe.

Mars on the gods did then his aid beſtow,
And now in godlike William ſtorms with equal force below.

IX.

Still they proceed, with firm unſhaken pace,
And hardy breaſts oppos'd to Danger's face,
With daring feet, on ſpringing mines they tread
Of ſecret ſulphur, in dire ambuſh laid.
Still they proceed; though all beneath, the labouring earth
Trembles to give the dread irruptions birth.
Through this, through more, through all they go,
Mounting at laſt amidſt the vanquiſh'd foe.
See, how they climb, and ſcale the ſteepy walls!
See, how the Britons riſe! ſee the retiring Gauls!
Now from the fort, behold the yielding flag is ſpread,
And William's banner on the breach diſplay'd,

X.

Hark, the triumphant ſhouts from every voice!
The ſkies with acclamations ring!
Hark, how around, the hills rejoice,
And rocks reflected Ios ſing!
Hautboys and fifes and trumpets join'd,
Heroic harmony prepare,
And charm to ſilence every wind,
And glad the late-tormented air.
Far is the ſound of martial muſic ſpread,
Echoing through all the Gallic hoſt,
Whoſe numerous troops the dreadful ſtorm ſurvey'd:
But they, with wonder or with awe diſmay'd,
Unmov'd beheld the fortreſs loſt.

William,

William, their numerous troops with terror fill'd,
Such wondrous charms can godlike valour ſhow!
Not the wing'd Perſeus, with petrific ſhield
Of Gorgon's head, to more amazement charm'd his foe.
Nor, when on ſoaring horſe he flew, to aid
And ſave from monſter's rage the beauteous maid;
Or more heroic was the deed;
Or ſhe to ſurer chains decreed,
Than was Namur, till now by William freed.

XI.

Deſcend, my Muſe, from thy too-daring height,
Deſcend to earth, and eaſe thy wide-ſtretch'd wing;
For weary art thou grown of this unwonted flight,
And doſt with pain of triumphs ſing.
More fit for thee, reſume thy rural reeds;
For war let more harmonious harps be ſtrung:
Sing thou of love, and leave great William's deeds
To him who ſung the Boyne; or him to whom he ſung.

THE BIRTH OF THE MUSE.

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.

" Dignum laude virum Muſa vetat mori." HOR.

DESCEND, celeſtial Muſe! thy ſon inſpire
Of thee to ſing; infuſe thy holy fire.
Belov'd of gods and men, thyſelf diſcloſe;
Say, from what ſource thy heavenly power aroſe,
Which, from unnumber'd years delivering down
The deeds of heroes deathleſs in renown,
Extends their life and fame to ages yet unknown.
Time and the Muſe ſet forth with equal pace;
At once the rival ſtarted to the race:
And both at once the deſtin'd courſe ſhall end,
Or both to all eternity contend.
One to preſerve what t' other cannot ſave,
And reſcue virtue riſing from the grave.
To thee, O Montague, theſe ſtrains are ſung,
For thee my voice is tun'd, and ſpeaking lyre is ſtrung;
For every grace of every Muſe is thine
In thee their various fires united ſhine,
Darling of Phœbus and the tuneful Nine!
To thee alone I dare my ſong commend,
Whoſe nature can forgive, and power defend,
And ſhew b[illegible] and the friend.

Begin,

Begin, my Muſe, from Jove derive thy ſong,
Thy ſong of right does firſt to Jove belong:
For thou thyſelf art of celeſtial ſeed,
Nor dare a ſire inferior boaſt the breed.
When firſt the frame of this vaſt ball was made,
And Jove with joy the finiſh'd work ſurvey'd;
Viciſſitude of things, of men and ſtates,
Their riſe and fall were deſtin'd by the Fates.
Then Time had firſt a name; by firm decree
Appointed lord of all futurity,
Within whoſe ample boſom fates repoſe
Cauſes of things, and ſecret ſeeds incloſe,
Which, ripening there, ſhall one day gain a birth,
And force a paſſage through the teeming earth.
To him they give to rule the ſpacious light,
And bound the yet unparted day and night;
To wing the hours that whirl the rolling ſphere,
To ſhift the ſeaſons, and conduct the year,
Duration of dominion and of power
To him preſcribe, and fix each fated hour.
This mighty rule to Time the Fates ordain,
But yet to hard conditions bind his reign;
For every beauteous birth he brings to light,
(How good ſoe'er and grateful in his ſight,)
He muſt again to native earth reſtore,
And all his race with iron teeth devour.
Nor good nor great ſhall 'ſcape his hungry maw,
But bleeding Nature prove the rigid law.
Not yet the looſen'd earth aloft was ſlung,
Or pois'd amid the ſkies in balance hung;

Nor yet did golden fires the ſun adorn,
Or borrow'd luſtre ſilver Cynthia's horn;
Nor yet had Time commiſſion to begin,
Or fate the many twiſted web to ſpin;
When all the heavenly hoſt aſſembled came
To view the world yet reſting on its frame;
Eager they preſs, to ſee the ſire diſmiſs,
And roll the globe along the vaſt abyſs.

When deep revolving thoughts the god retain,
Which for a ſpace ſuſpend the promis'd ſcene,
Once more his eyes on Time intentive look,
Again inſpect Fate's univerſal book.
Abroad the wondrous volume he diſplays,
And preſent views the deeds of future days.

A beauteous ſcene adorns the foremoſt page,
Where Nature's bloom preſents the golden age.
The golden leaf to ſilver ſoon reſigns,
And fair the ſheet, but yet more faintly, ſhines.
Of baſer braſs, the next denotes the times.
An impious page deform'd with deadly crimes.
The fourth yet wears a worſe and browner face,
And adds to gloomy days an iron race.

He turns the book, and every age reviews,
Then all the kingly line his eye purſues:
The firſt of men, and lords of earth deſign'd,
Who under him ſhould govern human-kind.
Of future heroes, there, the lives he reads,
In ſearch of glory ſpent, and godlike deeds;
Who empires found, and goodly cities build,
And ſavage men compel to leave the field.

All this he ſaw, and all he ſaw approv'd;
When lo! but thence a narrow ſpace remov'd,
And hungry Time has all the ſcene defac'd,
The kings deſtroy'd, and laid the kingdoms waſte;
Together all in common ruins lie,
And but anon and ev'n the ruins die.
Th' Almighty, inly touch'd, compaſſion found,
To ſee great actions in oblivion drown'd;
And forward ſearch'd the roll, to find if Fate
Had no reſerve to ſpare the good and great.
Bright in his view the Trojan heroes ſhine,
And Ilian ſtructures rais'd by hands divine;
But Ilium ſoon in native duſt is laid,
And all her boaſted pile a ruin made:
Nor great Æneas can her fall withſtand,
But flies, to ſave his gods, to foreign land.
The Roman race ſucceed the Dardan ſtate,
And firſt, and ſecond Cæſar, godlike great.
Still on to after-days his eyes deſcend,
And riſing heroes ſtill the ſearch attend.
Proceeding thus, he many empires paſs'd;
When fair Britannia fix'd his ſight at laſt.

Above the waves ſhe lifts her ſilver head,
And looks a Venus born from Ocean's bed.
For rolling years, her happy fortunes ſmile,
And fates propitious bleſs the beauteous iſle;
To worlds remote ſhe wide extends her reign,
And wields the trident of the ſtormy main.
Thus on the baſe of empire firm ſhe ſtands,
While bright Eliza rules the willing lands.

But ſoon a lowering ſky comes on apace,
And fate rovers'd ſhews an ill-omen'd face.
The void of heaven a gloomy horror fills;
And cloudy veils involve her ſhining hills;
Of greatneſs paſs'd no footſteps ſhe retains,
Sunk in a ſeries of inglorious reigns.
She feels the change, and deep regrets the ſhame
Of honours loſt, and her diminiſh'd name:
Conſcious, ſhe ſeeks from day to ſhrowd her head,
And glad would ſhrink beneath her oozy bed.
Thus far, the ſacred leaves Britannia's woes
In ſhady draughts and duſky lines diſcloſe.
Th' enſuing ſcene revolves a martial age,
And ardent colours gild the glowing page.
Behold! of radiant light an orb ariſe,
Which, kindling day, reſtores the darken'd ſkies:
And ſee! on ſeas the beamy ball deſcends,
And now its courſe to fair Britannia bends:
Along the foamy main the billows bear
The floating fire, and waft the ſhining ſphere.
Hail, happy omen! Hail, auſpicious ſight!
Thou glorious guide to yet a greater light.
For ſee a prince, whom dazzling arms array,
Purſuing cloſely, plows the watery way,
Tracing the glory through the flaming ſea.
Britannia, riſe; awake, O faireſt iſle,
From iron ſleep; again thy fortunes ſmile.
Once more look up, the mighty man behold,
Whoſe reign renews the former age of gold.

The Fates at length the bliſsful web have ſpun,
And bid it round in endleſs circles run.
Again ſhall diſtant lands confeſs thy ſway,
Again the watery world thy rule obey;
Again thy martial ſons ſhall thirſt for fame,
And win in foreign fields a deathleſs name;
For William's genius every ſoul inſpires,
And warms the frozen youth with warlike fires.
Already, ſee, the hoſtile troops retreat,
And ſeem forewarn'd of their impending fate.
Already routed foes his fury feel,
And fly the force of his unerring ſteel.
The haughty Gaul, who well, till now, might boaſt
A matchleſs ſword and unreſiſted hoſt,
At his foreſeen approach the field forſakes;
His cities tremble, and his empire ſhakes.
His towering enſigns long had aw'd the plain,
And fleets audaciouſly uſurp'd the main;
A gathering ſtorm he ſeem'd, which from afar
Teem'd with a deluge of deſtructive war,
Till William's ſtronger genius ſoar'd above,
And down the ſkies the daring tempeſt drove.
So from the radiant ſun retires the night,
And weſtern clouds ſhot through with orient light,
So when th' aſſuming god, whom ſtorms obey,
To all the warring winds at once gives way,
The frantic brethren ravage all around,
And rocks, and woods, and ſhores, their rage reſound;
Incumbent o'er the main, at length they ſweep
The liquid plains, and raiſe the peaceful deep.

But when ſuperior Neptune leaves his bed,
His trident ſhakes, and ſhews his awful head;
The madding winds are huſh'd, the tempeſts ceaſe,
And every rolling ſurge reſides in peace.

And now the ſacred leaf a landſkip wears,
Where, heaven ſerene, and air unmov'd appears.
The roſe and lily paint the verdant plains,
And palm and olive ſhade the ſylvan ſcenes.
The peaceful Thames beneath his banks abides,
And ſoft, and ſtill, the ſilver ſurface glides.
The Zephyrs fan the fields, the whiſpering breeze
With fragrant breath remurmurs through the trees.
The warbling birds, applauding new-born light,
In wanton meaſures wing their airy flight.
Above the floods the finny race repair,
And bound aloft, and baſk in upper air;
They gild their ſcaly backs in Phœbus' beams,
And ſcorn to ſkim the level of the ſtreams.
Whole Nature wears a gay and joyous face,
And blooms and ripens with the fruits of peace.

No more the labouring hind regrets his toil,
But chearfully manures the grateful ſoil;
Secure the glebe a plenteous crop will yield,
And golden Ceres grace the waving field.
Th' adventurous man, who durſt the deep explore,
Oppoſe the winds, and tempt the ſhelfy ſhore,
Beneath his roof now taſtes unbroken reſt,
Enough with native wealth and plenty bleſt.

No more the forward youth purſues alarms,
Nor leaves the ſacred arts for ſtubborn arms.

No more the mothers from their hopes are torn,
Nor weeping maids the promis'd lover mourn.
No more the widows' ſhrieks, and orphans' cries,
Torment the patient air, and pierce the ſkies;
But peaceful joys the proſperous times afford,
And baniſh'd virtue is again reſtor'd.
And he whoſe arms alone ſuſtain'd the toil,
And propp'd the nodding frame of Britain's iſle;
By whoſe illuſtrious deeds, her leaders fir'd,
Have honours loſt retriev'd, and new acquir'd,
With equal ſway will virtue's laws maintain,
And good, as great, in awful peace ſhall reign;
For his example ſtill the rule ſhall give,
And thoſe it taught to conquer, teach to live.
Proceeding on, the Father ſtill unfolds
Succeeding leaves, and brighter ſtill beholds;
The lateſt ſeen the faireſt ſeems to ſhine,
Yet ſudden does to one more fair reſign.
Th' Eternal paus'd———
Nor would Britannia's fate beyond explore;
Enough he ſaw beſides the coming ſtore.
Enough the hero had already done,
And round the wide extent of glory run:
Nor further now the ſhining path purſues,
But like the ſun the ſame bright race renews.
And ſhall remorſeleſs Fates on him have power!
Or Time unequally ſuch worth devour!
Then, wherefore ſhall the brave for fame conteſt?
Why is this man diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt?

Whoſe

Whoſe ſoaring genius now ſublime aſpires,
And deathleſs fame the due reward requires.
Approving Heaven th' exalted virtue views,
Nor can the claim which it approves refuſe.
The great Creator ſoon the grant reſolves,
And in his mighty mind the means revolves.
He thought; nor doubted once, again to chuſe,
But ſpake the word, and made th' immortal Muſe,
Ne'er did his power produce ſo bright a child,
On whoſe creation infant Nature ſmil'd.
Perfect at firſt, a finiſh'd form ſhe wears,
And youth perpetual in her face appears.
Th' aſſembled gods, who long expecting ſtaid,
With new delight gaze on the lovely maid,
And think the wiſh'd-for world was well delay'd.
Nor did the ſire himſelf his joy diſguiſe,
But ſtedfaſt view'd, and fix'd, and fed his eyes,
Intent a ſpace, at length he ſilence broke,
And thus the god the heavenly fair beſpoke.
" To thee, immortal Maid, from this bleſs'd hour,
" O'er Time and Fame, I give unbounded power,
" Thou from Oblivion ſhalt the hero ſave;
" Shalt riſe, revive, immortalize the brave.
" To thee, the Dardan Prince ſhall owe his fame;
" To thee, the Cæſars their eternal name.
" Eliza, ſung by thee with Fate ſhall ſtrive,
" And long as Time in ſacred verſe ſurvive.
" And yet, O Muſe, remains the nobleſt theme;
" The firſt of men, mature for endleſs fame,

" Thy

Whoſe memory of ſound is long ſince gone,
And purpoſely annihilated for his throne:
Beneath, two ſoft tranſparent clouds do meet,
In which he ſeems to ſink his ſofter feet.
A melancholy thought, condens'd to air,
Stol'n from a lover in deſpair,
Like a thin mantle, ſerves to wrap
In fluid folds his viſionary ſhape.
A wreath of darkneſs round his head he wears,
Where curling miſts ſupply the want of hairs:
While the ſtill vapours, which from poppies riſe,
Bedew his hoary face, and lull his eyes.

IV.

But hark! the heavenly ſphere turns round,
And Silence now is drown'd
In ecſtacy of ſound.
How on a ſudden the ſtill air is charm'd,
As if all harmony were juſt alarm'd!
And every ſoul with tranſport fill'd,
Alternately is thaw'd and chill'd.
See how the heavenly choir
Come flocking to admire,
And with what ſpeed and care
Deſcending angels cull the thinneſt air!
Haſte then, come all th' immortal throng,
And liſten to her ſong;
Leave your lov'd manſions in the ſky,
And hither, quickly hither fly.
Your loſs of heaven nor ſhall you need to fear;
While ſhe ſings, 'tis heaven here.

V. See

V.

See how they crowd, ſee how the little cherubs ſkip!
While others ſit around her mouth, and ſip
Sweet Hallelujahs from her lip,
Thoſe lips, where in ſurprize of bliſs they rove;
For ne'er before did angels taſte
So exquiſite a feaſt,
Of muſic and of love.
Prepare then, ye immortal choir,
Each ſacred minſtrel tune his lyre,
And with her voice in chorus join;
Her voice, which next to yours is moſt divine.
Bleſs the glad earth with heavenly lays,
And to that pitch th' eternal accents raiſe,
Which only breath inſpir'd can reach,
To notes, which only ſhe can learn, and you can teach:
While we, charm'd with the lov'd exceſs,
Are wrapt in ſweet forgetfulneſs
Of all, of all, but of the preſent happineſs:
Wiſhing for ever in that ſtate to lie,
For ever to be dying ſo, yet never die.

PRIAM'S

PRIAM'S LAMENTATION AND PETITION TO ACHILLES, FOR THE BODY OF HIS SON HECTOR.

Tranſlated from the Greek of Homer, Iliad ω.

Beginning at this Line,

Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπέβη πρὸς μακρὸν Ὄλυμπον
Ἑρμείας———

Argument introductory to this Tranſlation.

Hector's body (after he was ſlain) remained ſtill in the poſſeſſion of Achilles; for which Priam made great lamentation. Jupiter had pity on him; and ſent Iris to comfort him, and direct him after what manner he ſhould go to Achilles' tent; and how he ſhould there ranſom the body of his ſon. Priam accordingly orders his chariot to be got ready, and, preparing rich preſents for Achilles, ſets forward to the Grecian camp, accompanied by nobody but his herald Idæus. Mercury, at Jupiter's command, meets him by the way, in the figure of a young Grecian, and, after bemoaning his misfortunes, undertakes to drive his chariot unobſerved through the guards, and to the door of

Achilles' tent; which having performed, he diſcovered himſelf a god, and giving him a ſhort inſtruction how to move Achilles to compaſſion, flew up to heaven.

SO ſpake the god, and heavenward took his flight;
When Priam from his chariot did alight;
Leaving Idæus there, alone he went
With ſolemn pace into Achilles' tent.
Heedleſs he paſs'd through various rooms of ſtate,
Until approaching where the hero ſate;
There, at a feaſt, the good old Priam found
Jove's beſt-belov'd, with all his chiefs around;
Two only were t' attend his perſon plac'd,
Automedon and Alcymus; the reſt
At greater diſtance, greater ſtate expreſs'd.
Priam, unſeen by theſe, his way purſued,
And firſt of all was by Achilles view'd.
About his knees his trembling arms he caſt,
And agonizing graſp'd and held them faſt;
Then caught his hands, and kiſs'd and preſs'd them cloſe,
Thoſe hands, th' inhuman authors of his woes;
Thoſe hands, whoſe unrelenting force had coſt
Much of his blood (for many ſons he loſt).
But, as a wretch who has a murder done,
And, ſeeking refuge, does from juſtice run,
Entering ſome houſe, in haſte, where he 's unknown,
Creates amazement in the lookers-on:
So did Achilles gaze, ſurpriz'd to ſee
The godlike Priam's royal miſery;

All on each other gaz'd, all in ſurprize,
And mute, yet ſeem'd to queſtion with their eyes,
Till he at length the ſolemn ſilence broke;
And thus the venerable ſuppliant ſpoke:
" Divine Achilles, at your feet behold
" A proſtrate King, in wretchedneſs grown old:
" Think on your father, and then look on me,
" His hoary age and helpleſs perſon ſee;
" So furrow'd are his cheeks, ſo white his hairs,
" Such, and ſo many, his declining years;
" Could you imagine (but that cannot be)
" Could you imagine ſuch, his miſery!
" Yet it may come, when he ſhall be oppreſs'd,
" And neighbouring princes lay his country waſte;
" Ev'n at this time, perhaps, ſome powerful foe,
" Who will no mercy, no compaſſion ſhow,
" Entering his palace, ſees him feebly fly,
" And ſeek protection where no help is nigh.
" In vain he may your fatal abſence mourn,
" And wiſh, in vain, for your delay'd return;
" Yet, that he hears you live, is ſome relief;
" Some hopes alleviate his exceſs of grief;
" It glads his ſoul to think, he once may ſee
" His much-lov'd ſon; would that were granted me!
" But I, moſt wretched I! of all bereft!
" Of all my worthy ſons how few are left!
" Yet fifty goodly youths I had to boaſt,
" When firſt the Greeks invaded Ilion's coaſt:
" Nineteen, the joyful iſſue of one womb,
" Are now, alas! a mournful tribute to one tomb.

" Mercileſs war this devaſtation wrought,
" And their ſtrong nerves to diſſolution brought.
" Still one was left, in whom was all my hope,
" My age's comfort, and his country's prop;
" Hector, my darling, and my laſt defence,
" Whoſe life alone, their deaths could recompenſe;
" And, to complete my ſtore of countleſs woe,
" Him you have ſlain——of him bereav'd me too!
" For his ſake only, hither am I come;
" Rich gifts I bring, and wealth, an endleſs ſum;
" All to redeem that fatal prize you won,
" A worthleſs ranſom for ſo brave a ſon.
" Fear the juſt gods, Achilles; and on me
" With pity look, think you your father ſee;
" Such as I am, he is; alone in this,
" I can no equal have in miſeries;
" Of all mankind moſt wretched and forlorn,
" Bow'd with ſuch weight as never has been borne;
" Reduc'd to kneel and pray to you, from whom
" The ſpring and ſource of all my ſorrows come;
" With gifts, to court mine and my country's bane,
" And kiſs thoſe hands which have my children ſlain."
He ſpake.——

Now ſadneſs o'er Achilles' face appears,
Priam he views, and for is father fears;
That, and compaſſion melt him into tears.
Then, gently with his hand he put away
Old Priam's face; but he ſtill proſtrate lay,
And there, with tears and ſighs, afreſh begun
To mourn the fall of his ill-fated ſon.

But paſſion different ways Achilles turns,
Now, he Patroclus, now, his father mourns:
Thus both with lamentations fill'd the place,
Till ſorrow ſeem'd to wear one common face.

THE

LAMENTATIONS

OF

HECUBA, ANDROMACHE, AND HELEN,

OVER THE

DEAD BODY OF HECTOR.

Tranſlated from the Greek of Homer, Iliad ω.

Beginning at this Line,

Ἠὼς δὲ κροκόπεπλος ἐπιδνάλο πᾶσαν ἐπ' αἶαν.

Connection of this with the former Tranſlation.

Priam, at laſt, moves Achilles to compaſſion, and, after having made him preſents of great value, obtains the body of his ſon. Mercury awakens Priam early in the morning, and adviſes him to haſte away with the body, leſt Agamemnon ſhould be informed of his being in the camp: he himſelf helps to harneſs the mules and horſes, and conveys him ſafely, and without noiſe,

chariot and all, from among the Grecian tents; then flies up to heaven, leaving Priam and Idæus to travel on with the body toward Troy.

NOW did the ſaffron morn her beams diſplay,
Gilding the face of univerſal day;
When mourning Priam to the town return'd;
Slowly his chariot mov'd, as that had mourn'd;
The mules, beneath the mangled body go,
As bearing (now) unuſual weight of woe.
To Pergamus' high top Caſſandra flies,
Thence ſhe afar the ſad proceſſion ſpies:
Her father and Idæus' firſt appear,
Then Hector's corpſe extended on a bier;
At which, her boundleſs grief loud cries began,
And, thus lamenting, through the ſtreet ſhe ran:
"Hither, ye wretched Trojans, hither all!
"Behold the godlike Hector's funeral!
"If e'er you went with joy, to ſee him come
"Adorn'd with conqueſt and with laurels home,
"Aſſemble now, his ranſom'd body ſee,
"What once was all your joy, now all your miſery!"
She ſpake, and ſtrait the numerous crowd obey'd,
Nor man, nor woman, in the city ſtay'd;
Common conſent of grief had made them one,
With clamorous moan to Scæa's gate they run,
There the lov'd body of their Hector meet,
Which they, with loud and freſh lamentings, greet.
His reverend mother, and his tender wife,
Equal in love, in grief had equal ſtrife:

In

In ſorrow they no moderation knew,
But, wildly wailing, to the chariot flew;
There ſtrove the rolling wheels to hold, while each
Attempted firſt his breathleſs corpſe to reach;
Aloud they beat their breaſts, and tore their hair,
Rending around with ſhrieks the ſuffering air.
Now had the throng of people ſtopt the way,
Who would have there lamented all the day;
But Priam from his chariot roſe, and ſpake,
"Trojans, enough; truce with your ſorrows make;
"Give way to me, and yield the chariot room:
"Firſt let me bear my Hector's body home,
"Then mourn your fill." At this the crowd gave way,
Yielding, like waves of a divided ſea.
Idæus to the palace drove, then laid
With care the body on a ſumptuous bed,
And round about were ſkilful ſingers plac'd,
Who wept, and ſigh'd, and in ſad notes expreſs'd
Their moan; all in a Chorus did agree
Of univerſal mournful Harmony,
When firſt Andromache her paſſion broke,
And thus (cloſe preſſing his pale cheeks) ſhe ſpoke:

ANDROMACHE'S LAMENTATION.

O my loſt huſband! let me ever mourn
Thy early fate, and too untimely urn:
In the full pride of youth thy glories fade,
And thou in aſhes muſt with them be laid.

Why is my heart thus miſerably torn
Why am I thus diſtreſs'd! why thus forlorn!
Am I that wretched thing a widow left?
Why do I live, who am of thee bereft!
Yet I were bleſt, were I alone undone;
Alas, my child! where can an infant run?
Unhappy orphan! thou in woes art nurs'd;
Why were you born? --- I am with bleſſings curs'd!
For long ere thou ſhall be to manhood grown,
Wide deſolation will lay waſte this town:
Who is there now that can protection give,
Since he, who was her ſtrength, no more doth live?
Who of her reverend matrons will have care?
Who ſave her children from the rage of war?
For he to all father and huſband was,
And all are orphans now, and widows, by his loſs.
Soon will the Grecians, now, inſulting come,
And bear us captives to their diſtant home;
I, with my child, muſt the ſame fortune ſhare,
And all alike, be priſoners of the war;
'Mongſt baſe-born wretches he his lot muſt have,
And be to ſome inhuman lord a ſlave.
Elſe ſome avenging Greek, with fury fill'd,
Or for an only ſon or father kill'd
By Hector's hand, on him will vent his rage,
And with his blood his thirſty grief aſſuage;
For many fell by his relentleſs hand,
Biting that ground, with which their blood was ſtain'd.
Fierce was thy father (O my child) in war,
And never did his foes in battle ſpare;

Thence

Thence come theſe ſufferings, which ſo much have coſt,
Much woe to all, but ſure to me the moſt.
I ſaw him not, when in the pangs of death,
Nor did my lips receive his lateſt breath;
Why held he not to me his dying hand?
And why receiv'd not I his laſt command?
Something he would have ſaid had I been there,
Which I ſhould ſtill in ſad remembrance bear;
For I could never, never words forget,
Which night and day I ſhould with tears repeat.
She ſpake, and wept afreſh, when all around
A general ſigh diffus'd a mournful ſound.
Then, Hecuba, who long had been oppreſt
With boiling paſſions in her aged breaſt,
Mingling her words with ſighs and tears, begun
A lamentation for her darling ſon.

HECUBA'S LAMENTATION.

Hector, my joy, and to my ſoul more dear
Than all my other numerous iſſue were;
O my laſt comfort, and my beſt-belov'd!
Thou, at whoſe fall even Jove himſelf was mov'd,
And ſent a god his dread commands to bear,
So far thou wert high heaven's peculiar care!
From fierce Achilles' chains thy corpſe was freed;
So kind a fate was for none elſe decreed:
My other ſons, made priſoners by his hands,
Were ſold like ſlaves, and ſhipt to foreign lands.

Thou

Thou too wert ſentenc'd by his barbarous doom,
And dragg'd, when dead, about Patroclus' tomb,
His lov'd Patroclus, whom thy hands had ſlain:
And yet that cruelty was us'd in vain,
Since all could not reſtore his life again.
Now freſh and glowing, ev'n in death thou art,
And fair as he who fell by Phœbus' dart.
Here weeping Hecuba her paſſion ſtay'd,
And univerſal moan again was made;
When Helen's lamentation hers ſupply'd,
And thus, aloud, that fatal beauty cry'd.

HELEN'S LAMENTATION.

O Hector, thou wert rooted in my heart,
No brother there had half ſo large a part!
Not leſs than twenty years are now paſs'd o'er,
Since firſt I landed on the Trojan ſhore;
Since I with godlike Paris fled from home;
(Would I had dy'd before that day had come!).
In all which time (ſo gentle was thy mind)
I ne'er could charge thee with a deed unkind;
Not one untender word, or look of ſcorn,
Which I too often have from others borne.
But you from their reproach ſtill ſet me free,
And kindly have reprov'd their cruelty;
If by my ſiſters or the Queen revil'd,
(For the good King, like you, was ever mild)
Your kindneſs ſtill has all my grief beguil'd.

Ever

Ever in tears let me your loſs bemoan,
Who had no friend alive but you alone:
All will reproach me now where'er I paſs,
And fly with horror from my hated face.
This ſaid, ſhe wept; and the vaſt throng was mov'd,
And with a general ſigh her grief approv'd.
When Priam (who had heard the mourning crowd)
Roſe from his ſeat, and thus he ſpake aloud:
"Ceaſe your lamentings, Trojans, for a while,
"And fell down trees to build a funeral pile;
"Fear not an ambuſh by the Grecians laid,
"For with Achilles twelve days truce I made."
He ſpake; and all obey'd as with one mind,
Chariots were brought, and mules and oxen join'd;
Forth from the city all the people went,
And nine days ſpace was in that labour ſpent;
The tenth, a moſt ſtupendous pile they made,
And on the top the manly Hector laid,
Then gave it fire; while all, with weeping eyes,
Beheld the rolling flames and ſmoke ariſe.
All night they wept, and all the night it burn'd;
But when the roſy morn with day return'd,
About the pile the thronging people came,
And with black wine quench'd the remaining flame.
His brothers then and friends ſearch'd every where,
And gathering up his ſnowy bones with care,
Wept o'er them; when an urn of gold was brought,
Wrapt in ſoft purple palls, and richly wrought,
In which the ſacred aſhes were interr'd,
Then o'er his grave a monument they rear'd.

Mean

Mean time, ſtrong guards were plac'd, and careful ſpies,
To watch the Grecians, and prevent ſurprize.
The work once ended, all the vaſt reſort
Of mourning people went to Priam's court;
There they refreſh'd their weary limbs with reſt,
Ending the funeral with a ſolemn feaſt.

PARAPHRASE UPON HORACE,

ODE XIX. LIB. I.

"Mater ſæva Cupidinum, &c."

I.

THE tyrant Queen of ſoft deſires,
With the reſiſtleſs aid of ſprightly Wine
And wanton Eaſe, conſpires
To make my heart its peace reſign,
And re-admit Love's long-rejected fires.
For beauteous Glycera I burn,
The flames ſo long repell'd with double force return.
Matchleſs her face appears, and ſhines more bright
Than poliſh'd marble when reflecting light:
Her very coyneſs warms;
And with a grateful ſullenneſs ſhe charms:
Each look darts forth a thouſand rays,
Whoſe luſtre an unwary ſight betrays;
My eye-balls ſwim, and I grow giddy while I gaze.

II.

She comes! ſhe comes! ſhe ruſhes in my veins!
At once all Venus enters, and at large ſhe reigns!

Cyprus

Cyprus no more with her abode is bleſt,
I am her palace, and her throne my breaſt.
Of ſavage Scythian arms no more I write,
Of Parthian archers, who in flying fight,
And make rough war their ſport;
Such idle themes no more can move,
Nor any thing but what 's of high import:
And what 's of high import, but love?
Vervain and gums, and the green turf prepare;
With wine of two years old your cups be fill'd:
After our ſacrifice and prayer,
The goddeſs may incline her heart to yield.

STANZAS
IN IMITATION OF HORACE,
LIB. II. ODE XIV.

" Eheu fugaces, Poſthume, Poſthume,
" Labuntur anni, &c."

I.

AH! no, 'tis all in vain, believe me 'tis,
This pious artifice.
Not all theſe prayers and alms can buy
One moment tow'rd Eternity.
Erernity! that boundleſs race,
Which Time himſelf can never run
(Swift, as he flies, with an unweary'd pace):
Which, when ten thouſand, thouſand years are done,
Is ſtill the ſame, and ſtill to be begun.

Fix'd

Fix'd are thoſe limits, which preſcribe
A ſhort extent to the moſt laſting breath;
And though thou could'ſt for ſacrifice lay down
Millions of other lives to ſave thy own,
'Twere fruitleſs all; not all would bribe
One ſupernumerary gaſp from death.

II.

In vain 's thy inexhauſted ſtore
Of wealth, in vain thy power;
Thy honours, titles, all muſt fail,
Where Piety itſelf can nought avail.
The rich, the great, the innocent, and juſt,
Muſt all be huddled to the grave,
With the moſt vile and ignominious ſlave,
And undiſtinguiſh'd lie in duſt.
In vain the fearful flies alarms,
In vain he is ſecure from wounds of arms,
In vain avoids the faithleſs ſeas,
And is confin'd to home and caſe,
Bounding his knowledge, to extend his days.
In vain are all thoſe arts we try,
All our evaſions, and regret to die:
From the contagion of mortality,
No clime is pure, no air is free:
And no retreat
Is ſo obſcure, as to be hid from fate

III.

Thou muſt, alas! thou muſt, my friend;
(The very hour thou now doſt ſpend
In ſtudying to avoid, brings on thy end)

Thou

Thou muſt forego the deareſt joys of life;
Leave the warm boſom of thy tender wife,
And all the much-lov'd offſpring of her womb,
To moulder in the cold embraces of a tomb.
All muſt be left, and all be loſt;
Thy houſe, whoſe ſtately ſtructure ſo much coſt,
Shall not afford
Room for the ſtinking carcaſe of its lord.
Of all thy pleaſant gardens, grots, and bowers,
Thy coſtly fruits, thy far-fetch'd plants and flowers,
Nought ſhalt thou ſave;
Or but a ſprig of roſemary ſhalt have,
To wither with thee in the grave:
The reſt ſhall live and flouriſh, to upbraid
Their tranſitory maſter dead.

IV.

Then ſhall thy long-expecting heir
A joyful mourning wear:
And riot in the waſte of that eſtate
Which thou haſt taken ſo much pains to get.
All thy hid ſtores he ſhall unfold,
And ſet at large thy captive gold.
That precious wine, condemn'd by thee,
To vaults and priſons, ſhall again be free:
Bury'd alive though now it lies,
Again ſhall riſe;
Again its ſparkling ſurface ſhow,
And free as element profuſely flow.

With

With ſuch high food he ſhall ſet forth his feaſts,
That cardinals ſhall wiſh to be his gueſts;
And pamper'd prelates ſee
Themſelves outdone in luxury.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE

ODE IX. LIB. I.

"Vides ut alta, &c."

I.

BLESS me, 'tis cold! how chill the air!
How naked does the world appear!
But ſee (big with the offſpring of the north)
The teeming clouds bring forth:
A ſhower of ſoft and fleecy rain
Falls, to new-cloath the earth again.
Behold the mountain-tops around,
As if with fur of ermins crown'd;
And lo! how by degrees
The univerſal mantle hides the trees,
In hoary flakes, which downward fly,
As if it were the Autumn of the ſky:
Trembling, the groves ſuſtain the weight, and bow
Like aged limbs, which feebly go
Beneath a venerable head of ſnow.

II.

Diffuſive cold does the whole earth invade,
Like a diſeaſe, through all its veins 'tis ſpread,
And each late [illegible] is numb'd and dead.

Let's

Let 's melt the frozen hours, make warm the air;
Let chearful fires Sol's feeble beams repair;
Fill the large bowl with ſparkling wine;
Let 's drink 'till our own faces ſhine,
Till we like ſuns appear,
To light and warm the hemiſphere.
Wine can diſpenſe to all both light and heat,
They are with wine incorporate:
That powerful juice, with which no cold dares mix,
Which ſtill is fluid, and no froſt can fix;
Let that but in abundance flow,
And let it ſtorm and thunder, hail and ſnow,
'Tis heaven's concern; and let it be
The care of heaven ſtill for me:
Thoſe winds, which rend the oaks and plough the ſeas,
Great Jove can, if he pleaſe,
With one commanding nod appeaſe.

III.

Seek not to know to-morrow's doom;
That is not ours, which is to come.
The preſent moment 's all our ſtore:
The next, ſhould heaven allow,
Then this will be no more:
So all our life is but one inſtant now.
Look on each day you 've paſt
To be a mighty treaſure won:
And lay each moment out in haſte;
We 're ſure to live too faſt,
And cannot live too ſoon.

Youth doth a thouſand pleaſures bring,
Which from decrepit age will fly;
The flowers that flouriſh in the ſpring,
In winter's cold embraces die.

IV.

Now Love, that everlaſting boy, invites
To revel while you may, in ſoft delights:
Now the kind nymph yields all her charms,
Nor yields in vain to youthful arms.
Slowly ſhe promiſes at night to meet,
But eagerly prevents the hour with ſwifter feet.
To gloomy groves and ſhades obſcure ſhe flies,
There veils the bright confeſſion of her eyes.
Unwillingly ſhe ſtays,
Would more unwillingly depart,
And in ſoft ſighs conveys
The whiſpers of her heart.
Still ſhe invites and ſtill denies,
And vows ſhe 'll leave you if you 're rude;
Then from her raviſher ſhe flies,
But flies to be purſu'd:
If from his ſight ſhe does herſelf convey,
With a feign'd laugh ſhe will herſelf betray,
And cunningly inſtruct him in the way.

SONG.

SONG.

I.

I look'd, and I ſigh'd, and I wiſh'd I could ſpeak,
And very fain would have been at her;
But when I ſtrove moſt my great paſſion to break,
Still then I ſaid leaſt of the matter.

II.

I ſwore to myſelf, and reſolv'd I would try
Some way my poor heart to recover;
But that was all vain, for I ſooner could die,
Than live with forbearing to love her.

III.

Dear Cælia, be kind then; and ſince your own eyes
By looks can command adoration.
Give mine leave to talk too, and do not deſpiſe
Thoſe oglings that tell you my paſſion.

IV.

We 'll look, and we 'll love, and though neither ſhould ſpeak,
The pleaſure we 'll ſtill be purſuing;
And ſo, without words, I don 't doubt we may make
A very good end of this wooing.

THE RECONCILIATION.

RECITATIVE.

FAIR Cælia love pretended,
And nam'd the myrtle bower,
Where Damon long attended
Beyond the promis'd hour.
At length impatient growing
Of anxious expectation,
His heart with rage o'erflowing,
He vented thus his paſſion.

ODE.

To all the ſex deceitful,
A long and laſt adieu;
Since women prove ungrateful
As oft as men prove true.
The pains they cauſe are many,
And long and hard to bear,
The joys they give (if any)
Few, ſhort, and unſincere.

RECITATIVE.

But Cælia now, repenting
Her breach of aſſignation,
Arriv'd with eyes conſenting,
And ſparkling inclination.
Like Citherea ſmiling,
She bluſh'd, and laid his paſſion;
The ſhep[illegible]g,
And ſun[illegible]

PAL-

PALINODE.

How engaging, how endearing,
Is a Lover's pain and care!
And what joy the nymph's appearing,
After abſence or deſpair!
Women wiſe increaſe deſiring,
By contriving kind delays;
And advancing, or retiring,
All they mean is more to pleaſe.

ABSENCE.

ALAS! what pains, what racking thoughts he proves,
Who lives remov'd from her he deareſt loves!
In cruel abſence doom'd paſt joys to mourn,
And think on hours that will no more return!
Oh let me ne'er the pangs of abſence try,
Save me from abſence, Love, or let me die.

SONG.

FALSE though ſhe be to me and Love,
I'll ne'er purſue Revenge;
For ſtill the Charmer I approve,
Though I deplore her change.
In hours of bliſs we oft have met,
They could not always laſt;
And though the preſent I regret,
I'm grateful for the paſt.

SONG IN DIALOGUE,

FOR TWO WOMEN.

1.

I Love, and am belov'd again,
Strephon no more ſhall ſigh in vain;
I 've try'd his faith, and found him true,
And all my coyneſs bid adieu.

2.

I love, and am belov'd again,
Yet ſtill my Thyrſis ſhall complain;
I'm ſure he 's mine, while I refuſe him,
But when I yield, I fear to loſe him.

1. Men will grow faint with tedious faſting:
2. And both will tire with often taſting,
When they find the bliſs not laſting.

1. Love is compleat in kind poſſeſſing.
2. Ah no! ah no! that ends the bleſſing.

CHORUS OF BOTH.

Then let us beware how far we conſent,
Too ſoon when we yield, too late we repent;
'Tis ignorance makes men admire:
And granting deſire
We feed not the fire,
But make it more quickly expire.

SONG.

SONG.

I.

TELL me no more I am deceiv'd;
That Chloe 's falſe and common:
I always knew (at leaſt believ'd)
She was a very woman;
As ſuch, I lik'd, as ſuch, careſs'd,
She ſtill was conſtant when poſſeſs'd,
She could do more for no man.

II.

But, oh! her thoughts on others ran,
And, that, you think a hard thing;
Perhaps, ſhe fancy'd you the man,
And what care I one farthing?
You think ſhe 's falſe, I 'm ſure ſhe 's kind;
I take her body, you her mind,
Who has the better bargain?

THE PETITION.

GRANT me, gentle Love, ſaid I,
One dear bleſſing ere I die;
Long I 've borne exceſs of pain,
Let me now ſome bliſs obtain.
Thus to almighty Love I cry'd,
When angry thus the god reply'd,

Bleſſings greater none can have,
Art thou not Amynta's ſlave?
Ceaſe fond mortal, to implore,
For Love, ev'n Love himſelf 's no more.

S O N G.

CRUEL Amynta, can you ſee
A heart thus torn, which you betray'd?
Love of himſelf ne'er vanquiſh'd me,
But through your eyes the conqueſt made.

II.

In ambuſh their the traitor lay,
Where I was led by faithleſs ſmiles:
No wretches are ſo loſt as they,
Whom much ſecurity beguiles.

S O N G.

I.

SEE, ſee, ſhe wakes, Sabina wakes!
And now the ſun begins to riſe;
Leſs glorious is the morn that breaks
From his bright beams, than her fair eyes.

II.

With light united, day they give,
But different fates ere night fulfil:
How many by his warmth will live!
How many kill!

Occaſioned

Occaſioned by a LADY's having writ VERSES in Commendation of a POEM which was written in Praiſe of another LADY.

HARD is the taſk, and bold th' adventurous flight,
Of him, who dares in praiſe of beauty write;
For when to that high theme our thoughts aſcend,
'Tis to detract, too poorly to commend.
And he, who, praiſing beauty, does no wrong,
May boaſt to be ſucceſsful in his ſong:
But when the fair themſelves approve his lays,
And one excepts, and one vouchſafes to praiſe,
His wide ambition knows no farther bound,
Nor can his Muſe with brighter fame be crown'd.

EPIGRAM.

Written after the Deceaſe of Mrs. ARABELLA HUNT, under her Picture drawn playing on a Lute.

WERE there on earth another voice like thine,
Another hand ſo bleſt with ſkill divine!
The late afflicted world ſome hopes might have,
And Harmony retrieve thee from the grave.

SONG.

SONG.

I.

PIOUS Selinda goes to prayers,
If I but aſk the favour;
And yet the tender fool's in tears,
When ſhe believes I'll leave her.

II.

Would I were free from this reſtraint,
Or elſe had hopes to win her!
Would ſhe could make of me a ſaint,
Or I of her a ſinner!

A HYMN TO HARMONY,

IN HONOUR OF

ST. CECILIA'S DAY, MDCCI.

Set to MUSIC by Mr. JOHN ECCLES.

I.

O Harmony, to thee we ſing,
To thee the grateful tribute bring
Of ſacred verſe, and ſweet reſounding lays;
Thy aid invoking while thy Power we praiſe.
All hail to thee,
All powerful Harmony!

Wiſe Nature owns thy undiſputed ſway,
Her wondrous works reſigning to thy care:
The planetary orbs thy rule obey,
And tuneful roll, unerring in their way,
Thy voice informing each melodious ſphere.

CHORUS.

All hail to thee,
All-powerful Harmony!

II.

Thy voice, O Harmony, with awful ſound
Could penetrate th' abyſs profound,
Explore the realms of ancient night,
And ſearch the living ſource of unborn light.
Confuſion heard thy voice, and fled,
And Chaos deeper plung'd his vanquiſh'd head.
Then didſt thou, Harmony, give birth
To this fair form of heaven and earth;
Then all thoſe ſhining worlds above
In myſtic dance began to move
Around the radiant ſphere of central fire,
A never-ceaſing, never-ſilent choir.

CHORUS.

Confuſion heard thy voice, and fled,
And Chaos deeper plung'd his vanquiſh'd head.

III.

Thou only, goddeſs, firſt could'ſt tell
The mighty charms in numbers found;
And didſt to heavenly minds reveal
The ſecret force of tuneful ſound.

When

When firſt Cyllenius form'd the lyre,
Thou didſt the god inſpire;
When firſt the vocal ſhell he ſtrung,
To which the Muſes ſung:
Then firſt the Muſes ſung; melodious ſtrains Apollo play'd,
And Muſic firſt began by thy auſpicious aid.
Hark, hark! again Urania ſings!
Again Apollo ſtrikes the trembling ſtrings!
And ſee, the liſtening deities around
Attend inſatiate, and devour the ſound.

CHORUS.

Hark, hark, again Urania ſings!
Again Apollo ſtrikes the trembling ſtrings!
And ſee, the liſtening deities around
Attend inſatiate, and devour the ſound.

IV.

Deſcend, Urania, heavenly fair!
To the relief of this afflicted world repair;
See how, with various woes oppreſt,
The wretched race of men is worn;
Conſum'd with cares, with doubts diſtreſt,
Or by conflicting paſſions torn.
Reaſon in vain employs her aid,
The furious will on fancy waits;
While reaſon ſtill by hopes or fears betray'd,
Too late advances, or too ſoon retreats.
Muſic alone with ſudden charms can bind
The wandering ſenſe, and calm the troubled mind.

CHO-

CHORUS.

Muſic alone with ſudden charms can bind
The wandering ſenſe, and calm the troubled mind.

V.

Begin the powerful ſong, ye ſacred Nine,
Your inſtruments and voices join;
Harmony, peace, and ſweet deſire,
In every breaſt inſpire.
Revive the melancholy drooping heart,
And ſoft repoſe to reſtleſs thoughts impart.
Appeaſe the wrathful mind,
To dire revenge and death inclin'd:
With balmy ſounds his boiling blood aſſuage,
And melt to mild remorſe his burning rage.
'Tis done; and now tumultuous paſſions ceaſe;
And all is huſh'd, and all is peace.
The weary world with welcome eaſe is bleſt,
By muſic lull'd to pleaſing reſt.

CHORUS.

'Tis done; and now tumultuous paſſions ceaſe;
And all is huſh'd, and all is peace.
The weary world with welcome eaſe is bleſt,
By muſic lull'd to pleaſing reſt.

VI.

Ah, ſweet repoſe, too ſoon expiring!
Ah, fooliſh man, new toils requiring!
Curs'd ambition, ſtrife purſuing,
Wakes the world to war and ruin.

See,

See, see, the battle is prepar'd!
Behold, the hero comes!
Loud trumpets with ſhrill fifes are heard;
And hoarſe reſounding drums.
War, with diſcordant notes and jarring noiſe,
The harmony of peace deſtroys.

CHORUS.

War, with diſcordant notes and jarring noiſe,
The harmony of peace deſtroys.

VII.

See the forſaken fair, with ſtreaming eyes
Her parting lover mourn;
She weeps, ſhe ſighs, deſpairs, and dies,
And watchful waſtes the lonely livelong nights,
Bewailing paſt delights
That may no more, no never more return.
O ſooth her cares
With ſofteſt, ſweeteſt airs,
Till victory and peace reſtore
Her faithful lover to her tender breaſt,
Within her folding arms to reſt,
Thence never to be parted more,
No never to be parted more.

CHORUS.

Let victory and peace reſtore
Her faithful lover to her tender breaſt,
Within her folding arms to reſt,
Thence never to be parted more,
No never to be parted more.

Enough,

VIII.

Enough, Urania, heavenly fair!
Now to thy native ſkies repair,
And rule again the ſtarry ſphere;
Cecilia comes, with holy rapture fill'd,
To eaſe the world of care,
Cecilia, more than all the Muſes ſkill'd!
Phœbus himſelf to her muſt yield,
And at her feet lay down
His golden harp and laurel crown.
The ſoft entervate lyre is drown'd
In the deep organ's more majeſtic ſound.
In peals the ſwelling notes aſcend the ſkies;
Perpetual breath the ſwelling notes ſupplies,
And laſting as her name,
Who form'd the tuneful frame,
Th' immortal muſic never dies.

GRAND CHORUS.

Cecilia, more than all the Muſes ſkill'd,
Phœbus himſelf to her muſt yield,
And at her feet lay down
His golden harp and laurel crown.
The ſoft enervate lyre is drown'd
In the deep organ's more majeſtic ſound,
In peals the ſwelling notes aſcend the ſkies;
Perpetual breath the ſwelling notes ſupplies,
And laſting as her name,
Who form'd the tuneful frame,
Th' immortal muſic never dies.

VERSES

VERSES

TO THE MEMORY OF

GRACE LADY GETHIN,

Occaſioned by reading her Book, intituled

RELIQUIÆ GETHINIANÆ.

AFTER a painful life in ſtudy ſpent,
The learn'd themſelves their ignorance lament;
And aged men, whoſe lives exceed the ſpace
Which ſeems the bound preſcrib'd to mortal race,
With hoary heads, their ſhort experience grieve,
As doom'd to die before they've learn'd to live.
So hard it is true knowledge to attain,
So frail is life, and fruitleſs human pain!
Whoe'er on this reflects, and then beholds,
With ſtrict attention, what this book unfolds,
With admiration ſtruck, ſhall queſtion who
So very long could live, ſo much to know?
For ſo complete the finiſh'd piece appears,
That learning ſeems combin'd with length of years;
And both improv'd by pureſt wit, to reach
At all that ſtudy or that time can teach.
But to what height muſt his amazement riſe!
When, having read the work, he turns his eyes
Again to view the foremoſt opening page,
And there the beauty, ſex, and tender age,

Of her beholds, in whoſe pure mind aroſe
Th' ætherial ſource from whence this current flows!
When prodigies appear, our reaſon fails,
And ſuperſtition o'er philoſophy prevails.
Some heavenly miniſter we ſtrait conclude,
Some angel-mind with female form endued,
To make a ſhort abode on earth, was ſent,
(Where no perfection can be permanent)
And, having left her bright example here,
Was quick recall'd, and bid to diſappear.
Whether around the throne, eternal hymns
She ſings, amid the choir of ſeraphims;
Or ſome refulgent ſtar informs, and guides,
Where ſhe, the bleſt intelligence, preſides;
Is not for us to know who here remain;
For 'twere as impious to enquire, as vain:
And all we ought, or can, in this dark ſtate,
Is, what we have admir'd, to imitate.

E P I T A P H

Upon ROBERT HUNTINGDON, of Stanton Harcourt, Eſq. and ROBERT his Son.

THIS peaceful tomb does now contain
Father and ſon, together laid;
Whoſe living virtues ſhall remain,
When they, and this, are quite decay'd.

What man ſhould be, to ripeneſs grown,
And finiſh'd worth ſhould do, or ſhun,
At full was in the father ſhown;
What youth could promiſe, in the ſon.

But death obdurate, both deſtroy'd
The perfect fruit, and opening bud:
Firſt ſeiz'd thoſe ſweets we had enjoy'd,
Then robb'd us of the coming good.

TO MR. DRYDEN,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF PERSIUS.

AS when of old heroic ſtory tells
Of knights impriſon'd long by magic ſpells,
Till future time the deſtin'd hero ſend,
By whom the dire enchantment is to end:
Such ſeems this work, and ſo reſerv'd for thee,
Thou great revealer of dark poeſy.
Thoſe ſullen clouds, which have, for ages paſt,
O'er Perſius' too-long ſuffering Muſe been caſt,
Diſperſe, and fly before thy ſacred pen,
And, in their room, bright tracks of light are ſeen.
Sure Phœbus' ſelf thy ſwelling breaſt inſpires,
The god of muſic, and poetic fires:
Elſe, whence proceeds this great ſurprize of light!
How dawns this day, forth from the womb of night!
Our wonder now does our paſt folly ſhow,
Vainly contemning what we did not know:

So,

So, unbelievers impiouſly deſpiſe
The ſacred oracles, in myſteries.
Perſius, before, in ſmall eſteem was had,
Unleſs, what to antiquity is paid;
But like Apocrypha, with ſcruple read,
(So far our ignorance our faith miſled)
Till you, Apollo's darling prieſt, thought fit
To place it in the poet's ſacred writ.
As coin, which bears ſome awful monarch's face,
For more than its intrinſic worth will paſs;
So your bright image, which we here behold,
Adds worth to worth, and dignifies the gold,
To you, we all this following treaſure owe,
This Hippocrene, which from a rock did flow.
Old ſtoick virtue, clad in rugged lines,
Poliſh'd by you, in modern brilliant ſhines;
And as before, for Perſius, our eſteem
To his antiquity was paid, not him:
So now, whatever praiſe from us is due,
Belongs not to old Perſius, but the new.
For ſtill obſcure, to us no light he gives;
Dead in himſelf, in you alone he lives.
So ſtubborn flints their inward heat conceal,
Till art and force th' unwilling ſparks reveal;
But through your ſkill, from thoſe ſmall ſeeds of fire,
Bright flames ariſe, which never can expire.

THE ELEVENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

The deſign of this Satire is to expoſe and reprehend all manner of intemperance and debauchery; but more particularly that exorbitant luxury uſed by the Romans in their feaſting. The Poet draws the occaſion from an invitation, which he here makes to his Friend to dine with him; very artfully preparing him with what he was to expect from his treat, by beginning the Satire with a particular invective againſt the vanity and folly of ſome perſons, who, having but mean fortunes in the world, attempted to live up to the height of men of great eſtates and quality. He ſhews us the miſerable end of ſuch ſpendthrifts and gluttons, with the manner and courſes which they took to bring themſelves to it; adviſing men to live within bounds, and to proportion their inclinations to the extent of their fortune. He gives his Friend a bill of fare of the entertainment he has provided for him; and from thence he takes occaſion to reflect upon the temperance and frugality of the greateſt men in former ages: to which he oppoſes the riot and intemperance of the preſent; attributing to the latter a viſible remiſſneſs in the care of heaven over the Roman ſtate. He inſtances ſome lewd practices at feaſts, and, by the bye, touches the nobility with making vice and

and debauchery conſiſt with their principal pleaſures. He concludes with a repeated invitation to his Friend; adviſing him (in one partcular ſomewhat freely) to a neglect of all cares and diſquiets for the preſent, and a moderate uſe of pleaſures for the future.

IF noble Atticus make ſplendid feaſts,
And with expenſive food indulge his gueſts;
His wealth and quality ſupport the treat:
Nor is it luxury in him, but ſtate.
But when poor Rutilus ſpends all he 's worth,
In hopes of ſetting one good dinner forth;
'Tis downright madneſs: for what greater jeſts,
Than begging gluttons, or than beggars' feaſts?
But Rutilus is now notorious grown,
And proves the common theme of all the town.
A man in his full tide of youthful blood,
Able for arms, and for his country's good
Urg'd by no power, reſtrain'd by no advice,
But following his own inglorious choice:
'Mongſt common fencers practiſes the trade,
That end debaſing for which arms were made;
Arms which to man ne'er-dying fame afford,
But his diſgrace is owing to his ſword.
Many there are of the ſame wretched kind,
Whom their deſpairing creditors may find
Lurking in ſhambles; where with borrow'd coin
They buy choice meats, and in cheap plenty dine;
Such, whoſe ſole bliſs is eating; who can give
But that one brutal reaſon why they live,

And yet what's more ridiculous: of theſe,
The pooreſt wretch is ſtill moſt hard to pleaſe;
And he whoſe thin tranſparent rags declare
How much his tatter'd fortune wants repair,
Would ranſack every element for choice
Of every fiſh and fowl at any price;
If, brought from far, it very dear has coſt,
It has a flavour then, which pleaſes moſt,
And he devours it with a greater guſt.

In riot thus, while money laſts, he lives,
And that exhauſted, ſtill new pledges gives;
Till forc'd of mere neceſſity to eat,
He comes to pawn his diſh to buy his meat.
Nothing of ſilver or of gold he ſpares,
Not what his mother's ſacred image bears;
The broken relic he with ſpeed devours,
As he would all the reſt of 's anceſtors,
If wrought in gold, or if expos'd to ſale,
They 'd pay the price of one luxurious meal.
Thus certain ruin treads upon his heels,
The ſtings of hunger, ſoon, and want, he feels;
And thus is he reduc'd at length, to ſerve
Fencers, for miſerable ſcraps, or ſtarve.

Imagine now, you ſee a plenteous feaſt:
The queſtion is, at whoſe expence 'tis dreſt.
In great Ventidius we the bounty prize;
In Rutilus the vanity deſpiſe.
Strange ignorance! that the ſame man who knows
How far yon mount above this mole-hill ſhows,

Should

Should not perceive a difference as great,
Between ſmall incomes and a vaſt eſtate!
From heaven to mortals ſure that rule was ſent,
Of "Know thyſelf," and by ſome god was meant
To be our never-erring pilot here,
Through all the various courſes which we ſteer.
Therſites, though the moſt preſumptuous Greek,
Yet durſt not for Achilles' armour ſpeak;
When ſcarce Ulyſſes had a good pretence,
With all th' advantage of his eloquence.
Whoe'er attempts weak cauſes to ſupport,
Ought to be very ſure he 's able for 't;
And not miſtake ſtrong lungs and impudence,
For harmony of words and force of ſenſe:
Fools only make attempts beyond their ſkill;
A wiſe man's power 's the limit of his will.
If Fortune has a niggard been to thee,
Devote thyſelf to thrift, not luxury;
And wiſely make that kind of food thy choice,
To which neceſſity confines thy price.
Well may they fear ſome miſerable end,
Whom gluttony and want at once attend;
Whoſe large voracious throats have ſwallow'd all,
Both land and ſtock, intereſt and principal:
Well may they fear, at length, vile Pollio's fate,
Who ſold his very ring to purchaſe meat;
And though a knight, 'mongſt common ſlaves now ſtands,
Begging an alms, with undiſtinguiſh'd hands.
Sure ſudden death to ſuch ſhould welcome be,
On whom each added year heaps miſery,
Scorn, poverty, reproach, and infamy.

But there are ſteps in villainy, which theſe
Obſerve to tread and follow by degrees.
Money they borrow, and from all that lend,
Which, never meaning to reſtore, they ſpend;
But that and their ſmall ſtock of credit gone,
Leſt Rome ſhould grow too warm, from thence they run:
For of late years 'tis no more ſcandal grown,
For debt and roguery to quit the town,
Than, in the midſt of ſummer's ſcorching heat,
From crouds, and noiſe, and buſineſs to retreat.
One only grief ſuch fugitives can find,
Reflecting on the pleaſures left behind;
The plays and looſe diverſions of the place,
But not one bluſh appears for the diſgrace.
Ne'er was of modeſty ſo great a dearth,
That out of countenance Virtue 's fled from earth;
Baffled, expos'd to ridicule and ſcorn,
She 's with Aſtrea gone, not to return.
This day, my Perſicus, thou ſhalt perceive
Whether myſelf I keep thoſe rules I give,
Or elſe an unſuſpected glutton live;
If moderate fare and abſtinence I prize
In public, yet in private gormandize.
Evander's feaſt reviv'd, to-day thou 'lt ſee;
That poor Evander, I, and thou ſhalt be
Alcides and Æneas both to me.
Mean time, I ſend you now your bill of fare;
Be not ſurpriz'd, that 'tis all homely cheer:
For nothing from the ſhambles I provide,
But from my own ſmall farm the tendereſt kid,

And

And fatteſt of my flock, a ſuckling yet,
That ne'er had nouriſhment, but from the teat;
No bitter willow-tops have been its food,
Scarce graſs; its veins have more of milk than blood.
Next that, ſhall mountain 'ſparagus be laid,
Pull'd by ſome plain, but cleanly, country maid.
The largeſt eggs, yet warm within their neſt,
Together with the hens which laid them, dreſt;
Cluſters of grapes, preſerv'd for half a year,
Which plump and freſh as on the vines appear;
Apples of a ripe flavour, freſh and fair,
Mixt with the Syrian and the Signian pear,
Mellow'd by winter, from their cruder juice,
Light of digeſtion now, and fit for uſe.
Such food as this would have been heretofore
Accounted riot in a ſenator:
When the good Curius thought it no diſgrace,
With his own hands a few ſmall herbs to dreſs;
And from his little garden cull'd a feaſt,
Which fetter'd ſlaves would now diſdain to taſte;
For ſcarce a ſlave, but has to dinner now,
The well-dreſs'd paps of a fat pregnant ſow.
But heretofore 'twas thought a ſumptuous treat,
On birth-days, feſtivals, or days of ſtate;
A ſalt, dry flitch of bacon to prepare:
If they had freſh meat, 'twas delicious fare!
Which rarely happen'd: and 'twas highly priz'd
If aught was left of what they ſacrific'd.
To entertainments of this kind would come
The worthieſt and the greateſt men in Rome;

Nay, ſeldom any at ſuch treats was ſeen,
But thoſe who had at leaſt thrice conſuls been;
Or the dictator's office had diſcharg'd,
And now from honourable toil enlarg'd,
Retir'd to huſband and manure their land,
Humbling themſelves to thoſe they might command.
Then might y' have ſeen the good old general haſte,
Before th' appointed hour, to ſuch a feaſt;
His ſpade aloft, as 'twere in triumph held,
Proud of the conqueſt of ſome ſtubborn field.
'Twas then, when pious conſuls bore the ſway,
And vice, diſcourag'd, pale and trembling lay,
Our Cenſors then were ſubject to the law,
Ev'n Power itſelf of Juſtice ſtood in awe.
It was not then a Roman's anxious thought,
Where largeſt tortoiſe-ſhells were to be bought,
Where pearls might of the greateſt price be had,
And ſhining jewels to adorn his bed,
That he at vaſt expence might loll his head.
Plain was his couch, and only rich his mind;
Contentedly he ſlept, as cheaply as he din'd.
The ſoldier then, in Grecian arts unſkil'd,
Returning rich with plunder from the field;
If cups of ſilver or of gold be brought,
With jewels ſet, and exquiſitely wrought,
To glorious trappings ſtraight the plate he turn'd,
And with the glittering ſpoil his horſe adorn'd;
Or elſe a helmet for himſelf he made,
Where various warlike figures were inlaid:

The

The Roman wolf ſuckling the twins was there,
And Mars himſelf, arm'd with his ſhield and ſpear,
Hovering above his creſt, did dreadful ſhow,
As threatening death to each reſiſting foe.
No uſe of ſilver, but in arms, was known;
Splendid they were in war, and there alone.
No ſide-boards then with gilded plate were dreſs'd,
No ſweating ſlaves with maſſive diſhes preſs'd;
Expenſive riot was not underſtood,
But earthen platters held their homely food.
Who would not envy them that age of bliſs,
That ſees with ſhame the luxury of this?
Heaven unwearied then did bleſſings pour,
And pitying Jove foretold each dangerous hour;
Mankind were then familiar with the god,
He ſnuff'd their incenſe with a gracious nod;
And would have ſtill been bounteous, as of old,
Had we not left him for that idol gold.
His golden ſtatues hence the god have driven:
For well he knows, where our devotion 's given.
'Tis gold we worſhip, though we pray to heaven.
Woods of our own afforded tables then,
Though none can pleaſe us now but from Japan.
Invite my lord to dine, and let him have
The niceſt diſh his appetite can crave;
But let it on an oaken board be ſet,
His lordſhip will grow ſick, and cannot eat:
Something 's amiſs, he knows not what to think,
Either your veniſon 's rank, or ointments ſtink.

Order

Order ſome other table to be brought,
Something, at great expence in India bought,
Beneath whoſe orb large yawning panthers lie,
Carv'd on rich pedeſtals of ivory:
He finds no more of that offenſive ſmell,
The meat recovers, and my lord grows well.
An ivory table is a certain whet;
You would not think how heartily he 'll eat,
As if new vigour to his teeth were ſent,
By ſympathy from thoſe o' th' elephant.
But ſuch fine feeders are no gueſts for me:
Riot agrees not with frugality;
Then, that unfaſhionable man am I,
With me they 'd ſtarve for want of ivory:
For not one inch does my whole houſe afford,
Not in my very tables, or cheſs-board;
Of bone the handles of my knives are made,
Yet no ill taſte from thence affects the blade,
Or what I carve; nor is there ever left
Any unſavoury haut-goût from the haft.
A hearty welcome to plain wholeſome meat
You 'll find, but ſerv'd up in no formal ſtate;
No ſewers nor dextrous carvers have I got,
Such as by ſkilful Trypherus are taught:
In whoſe fam'd ſchools the various forms appear
Of fiſhes, beaſts, and all the fowls o' th' air;
And where, with blunted knives, his ſcholars learn
How to diſſect, and the nice joints diſcern;
While all the neighbours are with noiſe oppreſt,
From th[illegible] his wooden feaſt.

On

On me attends a raw unſkilful lad,
On fragments fed, in homely garments clad,
'At once my carver, and my Ganymede;
With diligence he 'll ſerve us while we dine,
And in plain beechen veſſels fill our wine.
No beauteous boys I keep, from Phrygia brought,
No catamites, by ſhameful pandars taught:
Only to me two home-bred youths belong,
Unſkill'd in any but their mother-tongue;
Alike in feature both, and garb appear,
With honeſt faces, though with uncurl'd hair.
This day thou ſhalt my rural pages ſee,
For I have dreſt them both to wait on thee.
Of country ſwains they both were born, and one
My ploughman's is, t' other my ſhepherd's ſon;
A chearful ſweetneſs in his looks he has,
And innocence unartful in his face:
Though ſometimes ſadneſs will o'ercaſt the joy,
And gentle ſighs break from the tender boy;
His abſence from his mother oft he 'll mourn,
And with his eyes look wiſhes to return;
Longing to ſee his tender kids again,
And feed his lambs upon the flowery plain;
A modeſt bluſh he wears, not form'd by art,
Free from deceit his face, and full as free his heart.
Such looks, ſuch baſhfulneſs, might well adorn
The cheeks of youths that are more nobly born;
But noblemen thoſe humble graces ſcorn.
This youth to-day ſhall my ſmall treat attend,
And only he with wine ſhall ſerve my friend,

With

With wine from his own country brought and made
From the ſame vines, beneath whoſe fruitful ſhade
He and his wanton kids have often play'd.
But you, perhaps, expect a modiſh feaſt,
With amorous ſongs and wanton dances grac'd;
When ſprightly females, to the middle bare,
Trip lightly o'er the ground, and friſk in air;
Whoſe pliant limbs in various poſtures move,
And twine and bound as in the rage of love.
Such ſights the languid nerves to action ſtir,
And jaded luſt ſprings forward with this ſpur.
Virtue would ſhrink to hear this lewdneſs told,
Which huſbands now do with their wives behold;
A needful help, to make them both approve
The dry embraces of long wedded love.
In nuptial cinders this revives the fire,
And turns their mutual loathing to deſire.
But ſhe, who by her ſex's charter muſt
Have double pleaſure paid, feels double luſt;
Apace ſhe warms with an immoderate heat,
Strongly her boſom heaves, and pulſes beat;
With glowing cheeks and trembling lips ſhe lies,
With arms expanded, and with naked thighs,
Sucking in paſſion both at ears and eyes.
But this becomes not me nor my eſtate;
Theſe are the vicious follies of the great.
Let him who dots on ivory tables dine,
Whoſe marble floors with drunken ſpawlings ſhine;
Let him laſcivious ſongs and dances have,
Which, or to ſee, or hear, the lewdeſt ſlave,

The

The vileſt proſtitute in all the ſtews,
With baſhful indignation would refuſe.
But fortune, there, extenuates the crime;
What 's vice in me, is only mirth in him:
The fruits which murder, cards, or dice afford,
A veſtal raviſh'd, or a matron whor'd,
Are laudable diverſions in a lord.

But my poor entertainment is deſign'd
T' afford you pleaſures of another kind:
Yet with your taſte your hearing ſhall be fed,
And Homer's ſacred lines and Virgil's read;
Either of whom does all mankind excel,
Though which exceeds the other none can tell.
It matters not with what ill tone they 're ſung,
Verſe ſo ſublimely good no voice can wrong.

Now then be all thy weighty cares away,
Thy jealouſies and fears; and, while you may,
To peace and ſoft repoſe give all the day.
From thoughts of debt, or any worldly ill,
Be free; be all uneaſy paſſion ſtill.
What though thy wife do with the morning light
(When thou in vain haſt toil'd and drudg'd all night)
Steal from thy bed and houſe, abroad to roam,
And, having quench'd her flame, come breathleſs home,
Fleck'd in her face, and with diſorder'd hair,
Her garments ruffled, and her boſom bare;
With ears ſtill tingling, and her eyes on fire,
Half drown'd in ſin, ſtill burning in deſire:
Whilſt you are forc'd to wink, and ſeem content
Swelling with paſſion, which you dare not vent;

Nay, if you would be free from night-alarms,
You muſt ſeem fond, and doating on her charms,
Take her (the laſt of twenty) to your arms.
Let this, and every other anxious thought,
At th' entrance of my threſhold be forgot;
All thy domeſtic griefs at home be left,
The wife's adultery, with the ſervants' theft;
And (the moſt racking thought which can intrude)
Forget falſe friends and their ingratitude..
Let us our peaceful mirth at home begin,
While Megalenſian ſhows are in the Circus ſeen:
There (to the bane of horſes) in high ſtate
The Prætor ſits on a triumphal ſeat;
Vainly with enſigns and with robes adorn'd,
As if with conqueſt from the wars return'd..
This day all Rome, (if I may be allow'd,
Without offence to ſuch a numerous crowd,
To ſay all Rome) will in the Circus ſweat;
Echos already do their ſhouts repeat:
Methinks I hear the cry---" Away, away,
" The green have won the honour of the day."
Oh, ſhould theſe ſports be but one year forborn,
Rome would in tears her lov'd diverſion mourn;
For that would now a cauſe of ſorrow yield,
Great as the loſs of Cannæ fatal field.
Such ſhows as theſe were not for us deſign'd,
But vigorous youth to active ſports inclin'd.
On beds of roſes laid, let us repoſe,
While round our heads refreſhing ointment flows;

Our

Our aged limbs we 'll bask in Phœbus' rays,
And live this day devoted to our eaſe.
Early to-day we 'll to the bath repair,
Nor need we now the common cenſure fear:
On feſtivals it is allow'd no crime
To bathe and eat before the uſual time;
But that continued, would a loathing give,
Nor could you thus a week together live:
For frequent uſe would the delight exclude:
Pleaſure 's a toil when conſtantly purſued.

PROLOGUE

TO

QUEEN MARY,

Upon her Majeſty's coming to ſee the OLD BATCHELOR, after having ſeen the DOUBLE-DEALER.

BY this repeated act of grace, we ſee
Wit is again the care of Majeſty;
And while thus honour'd our proud ſtage appears,
We ſeem to rival ancient theatres.
Thus flouriſh'd wit in our forefathers' age,
And thus the Roman and Athenian ſtage.
Whoſe wit is beſt, we'll not preſume to tell;
But this we know, our audience will excell:
For never was in Rome, nor Athens, ſeen
So fair a circle, and ſo bright a Queen.

Long has the Muſes' land been overcaſt,
And many rough and ſtormy winters paſt;
Hid from the world, and thrown in ſhades of night,
Of heat depriv'd, and almoſt void of light:
While Wit, a hardy plant, of nature bold,
Has ſtruggled ſtrongly with the killing cold:
So does it ſtill through oppoſition grow,
As if its root was warmer kept by ſnow:
But when ſhot forth, then draws the danger near,
On every ſide the gathering winds appear,
And blaſts deſtroy that fruit, which froſts would ſpare.
But now, new vigour and new life it knows,
And warmth that from this royal preſence flows.

O would ſhe ſhine with rays more frequent here?
How gay would then this drooping land appear!
Then, like the ſun, with pleaſure ſhe might view
The ſmiling earth, cloath'd by her beams anew.
O'er all the meads, ſhould various flowers be ſeen
Mix'd with the laurel's never-fading green,
The new creation of a gracious Queen.

EPI-

EPILOGUE

At the Opening of the QUEEN'S THEATRE, IN THE HAY-MARKET, WITH AN ITALIAN PASTORAL.

WHatever future fate our houſe may find,
At preſent we expect you ſhould be kind;
Inconſtancy itſelf can claim no right,
Before enjoyment and the wedding-night.
You muſt be fix'd a little ere you range,
You muſt be true till you have time to change.
A week, at leaſt; one night is ſure too ſoon:
But we pretend not to a honey-moon.
To novelty we know you can be true,
But what, alas! or who, is always new?
This day, without preſumption, we pretend
With novelty entire you 're entertain'd;
For not alone our houſe and ſcenes are new,
Our ſong and dance, but ev'n our actors too.
Our play itſelf has ſomething in't uncommon,
Two faithful lovers, and one conſtant woman.
In ſweet Italian ſtrains our ſhepherds ſing,
Of harmleſs loves our painted foreſts ring,
In notes, perhaps, leſs foreign than the thing.
To ſound and ſhow at firſt we make pretence,
In time we may regale you with ſome ſenſe,
But that, at preſent, were too great expence.

We only fear the beaux may think it hard,
To be to-night from ſmutty jeſts debarr'd:
But, in good-breeding, ſure they 'll once excuſe
Ev'n modeſty, when in a ſtranger-muſe.
The day 's at hand when we ſhall ſhift the ſcene,
And to yourſelves ſhew your dear ſelves again:
Paint the reverſe of what you 've ſeen to-day,
And in bold ſtrokes the vicious town diſplay.

PROLOGUE

TO

PYRRHUS KING OF EPIRUS.

OUR age has much improv'd the warrior's art;
For fighting, now, is thought the weakeſt part;
And a good head, more uſeful than a heart.
This way of war does our example yield;
That ſtage will win, which longeſt keeps the field.
We mean not battle, when we bid defiance;
But ſtarving one another to compliance.
Our troops encamp'd are by each other view'd;
And thoſe which firſt are hungry, are ſubdued.
And there, in truth, depends the great deciſion:
They conquer, who cut off the foes' proviſion.
Let fools with knocks and bruiſes keep a pother,
Our war and trade is to outwit each other;
But, hold: will not the politicians tell us,
That both our conduct and our foreſight fail us;

To

To raiſe recruits, and draw new forces down;
Thus, in the dead vacation of the town,
To muſter up our rhymes, without our reaſon,
And forage for an audience out of ſeaſon?
Our author's fears muſt this falſe ſtep excuſe;
'Tis the firſt flight of a juſt-feather'd Muſe:
Th' occaſion ta'en, when critics are away;
Half wits and beaux, thoſe ravenous birds of prey.
But, heaven be prais'd, far hence they vent their wrath,
Mauling, in mild lampoon, th' intriguing Bath.
Thus does our author his firſt flight commence;
Thus, againſt friends at firſt, with foils we fence:
Thus prudent Gimcrack try'd if he were able
(Ere he'd wet foot) to ſwim upon a table.
Then ſpare the youth; or, if you'll damn the play,
Let him but firſt have his, then take your day.

EPILOGUE

TO

OROONOKO.

YOU ſee we try all ſhapes, and ſhifts and arts,
To tempt your favours, and regain your hearts.
We weep, and laugh, join mirth and grief together,
Like rain and ſunſhine mix'd, in April weather.
Your different taſtes divide our poet's cares:
One foot the ſock, t' other the buſkin wears:

Thus while he ſtrives to pleaſe, he's forc'd to do't,
Like Volſcius, hip-hop, in a ſingle boot.
Criticks, he knows, for this may damn his books:
But he makes feaſts for friends, and not for cooks.
Though errant-knights of late no favour find,
Sure you will be to ladies-errant kind.
To follow fame, knights-errant make profeſſion:
We damſels fly, to ſave our reputation:
So they, their valour ſhow; we, our diſcretion.
To lands of monſters and fierce beaſts they go:
We to thoſe iſlands where rich huſbands grow:
Though they 're no monſters, we may make them ſo.
If they 're of Engliſh growth, they 'll bear 't with patience:
But ſave us from a ſpouſe of Oroonoko's nations!
Then bleſs your ſtars, you happy London wives,
Who love at large, each day, yet keep your lives:
Nor envy poor Imoinda's doating blindneſs,
Who thought her huſband kill'd her out of kindneſs.
Death with a huſband ne'er had ſhewn ſuch charms,
Had ſhe once died within a lover's arms.
Her error was from ignorance proceeding:
Poor ſoul! ſhe wanted ſome of our town-breeding!
Forgive this Indian's fondneſs of her ſpouſe;
Their law no chriſtian liberty allows:
Alas! they make a conſcience of their vows!
If virtue in a heathen be a fault;
Then damn the heathen ſchool where ſhe was taught.
She might have learn'd to cuckold, jilt, and ſham,
Had Covent-Garden been in Surinam.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

TO THE

HUSBAND HIS OWN CUCKOLD.

A COMEDY, WRITTEN BY MR. J. DRYDEN, JUN.

THIS year has been remarkable two ways,
For blooming poets, and for blasted plays:
We 've been by much appearing plenty mock'd,
At once both tantaliz'd and over-stock'd.
Our authors too, by their success of late,
Begin to think third-days are out of date.
What can the cause be, that our plays won't keep,
Unless they have a rot some years like sheep?
For our parts, we confess, we 're quite asham'd,
To read such weekly bills of poets damn'd.
Each parish knows 'tis but a mournful case
When christenings fall, and funerals increase.
Thus 'tis, and thus 'twill be when we are dead,
There will be writers which will ne'er be read.
Why will you be such wits, and write such things?
You 're willing to be wasps, but want the stings.
Let not your spleen provoke you to that height;
'Odslife you don't know what you do, sirs, when you write.
You 'll find that Pegasus has tricks, when try'd,
Though you make nothing on 't, but up and ride;
Ladies and all, I'faith, now get astride.

Contriving characters, and ſcenes, and plots,
Is grown as common now, as knitting knots:
With the ſame eaſe, and negligence of thought,
The charming play is writ, and fringe is wrought.
Though this be frightful, yet we're more afraid,
When ladies leave, that beaux will take the trade:
Thus far 'tis well enough, if here 'twould ſtop,
But ſhould they write, we muſt e'en ſhut up ſhop.
How ſhall we make this mode of writing ſink?
A mode, ſaid I? 'tis a diſeaſe, I think,
A ſtubborn tetter that 's not cur'd with ink.
For ſtill it ſpreads, 'till each th' infection takes,
And ſeizes ten, for one that it forſakes.
Our play to-day is ſprung from none of theſe;
Nor ſhould you damn it, though it does not pleaſe,
Since born without the bounds of your four ſeas.
For if you grant no favour as 'tis new,
Yet as a ſtranger, there is ſomething due:
From Rome (to try its fate) this play was ſent;
Start not at Rome! for there 's no popery meant;
Though there the poet may his dwelling chuſe,
Yet ſtill he knows his country claims his Muſe.
Hither an offering his firſt-born he ſends,
Whoſe good, or ill ſucceſs, on you depends.
Yet he has hope ſome kindneſs may be ſhown,
As due to greater merit than his own,
And begs the fire may for the ſon atone.
There 's his laſt refuge, if the play don't take,
Yet ſpare young Dryden for his father's ſake.

PROLOGUE

TO

A VERY GOOD WIFE,

A COMEDY, BY POWELL.

SPOKEN BY MR. HAINES.

HERE's a young fellow here—an actor—Powell—
One whose person, perhaps, you all may know well;
And he has writ a play---this very play
Which you are all come here to see, to-day;
And so, it being an usual thing, to speak
Something or other, for the author's sake,
Before the play (in hopes to make it take)
I'm come, being his friend and fellow-player,
To say what (if you please) you're like to hear.
First know, that favour which I'd fain have shown,
I ask not for, in his name, but my own;
For, without vanity, I'm better known.
Mean time then, let me beg you would forbear
Your cat-calls, and the instruments of war.
For mercy, mercy, at your feet we fall,
Before your roaring gods destroy us all!
I'll speak with words sweet as distilling honey,
With words---as if I meant to borrow money;

Fair,

Fair, gentle ſirs, moſt ſoft alluring beaux,
Think 'tis a lady, that for pity ſues,
Bright ladies---but to gain the ladies grace,
I think I need no more than ſhew my face.
Next then, you authors, be not you ſevere;
Why, what a ſwarm of ſcribblers have we here!
One, two, three, four, five, ſix, ſeven, eight, nine, ten,
All in one row, and brothers of the pen.
All would be poets; well, your favour's due
To this day's author, for he 's one of you.
Among the few which are of noted fame,
I 'm ſafe; for I myſelf am one of them.
You 've ſeen me ſmoak at Will's among the wits;
I'm witty too, as they are---that 's by fits.
Now, you, our city friends, who hither come
By three o'clock, to make ſure elbow-room:
While ſpouſe, tuckt-up, does in her pattens trudge it,
With handkerchief of prog, like trull with budget,
And here, by turns, you eat plumb-cake and judge it;
Pray be you kind, let me your grace importune,
Or elſe---egad, I 'll tell you all your fortune.
Well now, I have but one thing more to ſay,
And that 's in reference to our third day;
An odd requeſt---may be you 'll think it ſo;
Pray come, whether you like the play or no:
And if you 'll ſtay, we ſhall be glad to ſee you,
If not---leave your half-crowns, and peace be wi' you!

PRO-

PROLOGUE,

To the Court on the

QUEEN'S BIRTH-DAY, 1704.

THE happy Muſe, to this high ſcene preferr'd,
Hereafter ſhall in loftier ſtrains be heard:
And, ſoaring to tranſcend her uſual theme,
Shall ſing of virtue and heroic fame.
No longer ſhall ſhe toil upon the ſtage,
And fruitleſs war with vice and folly wage;
No more in mean diſguiſe ſhe ſhall appear,
And ſhapes ſhe would reform be forc'd to wear:
While ignorance and malice join to blame,
And break the mirror that reflects their ſhame.
Henceforth he ſhall purſue a nobler taſk,
Shew her bright virgin face, and ſcorn the Satyr's maſk.
Happy her future days! which are deſign'd
Alone to paint the beauties of the mind.
By juſt originals to draw with care,
And copy from the court a faultleſs fair:
Such labours with ſucceſs her hopes may crown,
And ſhame to manners an incorrigible town.
While this deſign her eager thoughts purſues,
Such various virtues all around ſhe views,
She knows not where to fix, or which to chuſe.
Yet, ſtill ambitious of the daring flight,
ONE only awes her with ſuperior light.

From

From that attempt the conſcious Muſe retires,
Nor to inimitable worth aſpires;
But ſecretly applauds, and ſilently admires.
Hence ſhe reflects upon the genial ray
That firſt enliven'd this auſpicious day:
On that bright ſtar, to whoſe indulgent power
We owe the bleſſings of the preſent hour.
Concurring omens of propitious fate
Bore, with one ſacred birth, an equal date;
Whence we derive whatever we poſſeſs,
By foreign conqueſt, or domeſtic peace.
Then, Britain, then thy dawn of bliſs begun:
Then broke the morn that lighted-up this ſun!
Then was it doom'd whoſe councils ſhould ſucceed;
And by whoſe arm the chriſtian world be freed;
Then the fierce foe was pre-ordain'd to yield,
And then the battle won at Blenheim's glorious field.

THE

THE

TEARS

OF

AMARYLLIS FOR AMYNTAS.

A PASTORAL,

Lamenting the Death of the

LATE LORD MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD.

Inſcribed to the Right Hon. the Lord GODOLPHIN, Lord High-Treaſurer of England.

" Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela ſub umbrâ
" Amiſſos queritur fœtus---
" ——————— miſerabile Carmen
" Integrat, & mœſtis latè loca queſtibus implet."
VIRG. Geor. 4.

'TWAS at the time, when new-returning light
With welcome rays begins to chear the ſight;
When grateful birds prepare their thanks to pay,
And warble hymns to hail the dawning day;
When woolly flocks their bleating cries renew,
And from their fleecy ſides firſt ſhake the ſilver dew.
'Twas then that Amaryllis, heavenly fair,
Wounded with grief, and wild with her deſpair,

Forſook

Forſook her myrtle bower and roſy bed,
To tell the winds her woes, and mourn Amyntas dead.
Who had a heart ſo hard, that heard her cries
And did not weep? who ſuch relentleſs eyes?
Tigers and wolves their wonted rage forego,
And dumb diſtreſs and new compaſſion ſhow;
As taught by her to taſte of human woe.
Nature herſelf attentive ſilence kept,
And motion ſeem'd ſuſpended while ſhe wept;
The riſing ſun reſtrain'd his fiery courſe,
And rapid rivers liſten'd at their ſource;
Ev'n Echo fear'd to catch the flying ſound,
Leſt repetition ſhould her accents drown;
The very morning-wind with-held his breeze,
Nor fann'd with fragrant wings the noiſeleſs trees;
As if the gentle Zephyr had been dead,
And in the grave with lov'd Amyntas laid.
No noiſe, no whiſpering ſigh, no murmuring groan,
Preſum'd to mingle with a mother's moan;
Her cries alone her anguiſh could expreſs,
All other mourning would have made it leſs.
"Hear me," ſhe cried, "ye nymphs and ſylvan gods,
"Inhabitants of theſe once-lov'd abodes;
"Hear my diſtreſs, and lend a pitying ear,
"Hear my complaint---you would not hear my prayer;
"The loſs which you prevented not, deplore,
"And mourn with me Amyntas now no more.
"Have I not cauſe, ye cruel powers, to mourn?
"Lives there like me another wretch forlorn;

" Tell me, thou ſun that round the world doſt ſhine,
" Haſt thou beheld another loſs like mine?
" Ye winds, who on your wings ſad accents bear,
" And catch the ſounds of ſorrow and deſpair,
" Tell me if e'er your tender pinions bore
" Such weight of woe, ſuch deadly ſighs, before?
" Tell me, thou earth, on whoſe wide-ſpreading baſe
" The wretched load is laid of human race,
" Doſt thou not feel thyſelf with me oppreſt?
" Lie all the dead ſo heavy on thy breaſt?
" When hoary winter on thy ſhrinking head
" His icy, cold, depreſſing hand has laid,
" Haſt thou not felt leſs chillneſs in thy veins?
" Do I not pierce thee with more freezing pains?
" But why to thee do I relate my woe,
" Thou cruel earth, my moſt remorſeleſs foe,
" Within whoſe darkſome womb the grave is made,
" Where all my joys are with Amyntas laid?
" What is 't to me, though on thy naked head
" Eternal winter ſhould his horror ſhed,
" Though all thy nerves are numb'd with endleſs froſt,
" And all thy hopes of future ſpring were loſt?
" To me what comfort can the ſpring afford?
" Can my Amyntas be with ſpring reſtor'd?
" Can all the rains that fall from weeping ſkies,
" Unlock the tomb where my Amyntas lies?
" No, never! never!---Say then, rigid earth,
" What is to me thy everlaſting dearth?
" Though never flower again its head ſhould rear,
" Though never tree again ſhould bloſſom bear,

" Though

" Though never graſs ſhould cloath the naked ground,
" Nor ever healing plant or wholſome herb be found.
" None, none were found when I bewail'd their want;
" Nor wholſome herb was found, nor healing plant,
" To eaſe Amyntas of his cruel pains,
" In vain I ſearch'd the valleys, hills and plains;
" But wither'd leaves alone appear'd to view,
" Or poiſonous weeds diſtilling deadly dew.
" And if ſome naked ſtalk, not quite decay'd,
" To yield a freſh and friendly bud eſſay'd,
" Soon as I reach'd to crop the tender ſhoot,
" A ſhrieking mandrake kill'd it at the root.
" Witneſs to this, ye fawns of every wood,
" Who at the prodigy aſtoniſh'd ſtood.
" Well I remember what ſad ſigns ye made,
" What ſhowers of unavailing tears ye ſhed;
" How each ran fearful to his moſſy cave,
" When the laſt gaſp the dear Amyntas gave.
" For then the air was fill'd with dreadful cries,
" And ſudden night o'erſpread the darken'd ſkies;
" Phantoms, and fiends, and wandering fires appear'd,
" And ſcreams of ill-preſaging birds were heard.
" The foreſt ſhook, and flinty rocks were cleft,
" And frighted ſtreams their wonted channels left;
" With frantic grief o'erflowing fruitful ground,
" Where many a herd and harmleſs ſwain was drown'd;
" While I forlorn and deſolate was left,
" Of every help, of every hope bereft;
" To every element expos'd I lay,
" And to my griefs a more defenceleſs prey.

" For

" For thee, Amyntas, all theſe pains were borne,
" For thee theſe hands were wrung, theſe hairs were torn;
" For thee my ſoul to ſigh ſhall never leave,
" Theſe eyes to weep, this throbbing heart to heave.
" To mourn thy fall, I 'll fly the hated light,
" And hide my head in ſhades of endleſs night:
" For thou wert light, and life, and health to me;
" The ſun but thankleſs ſhines that ſhews not thee.
" Wert thou not lovely, graceful, good, and young?
" The joy of ſight, the talk of every tongue?
" Did ever branch ſo ſweet a bloſſom bear?
" Or ever early fruit appear ſo fair?
" Did ever youth ſo far his years tranſcend?
" Did ever life ſo immaturely end?
" For thee the tuneful ſwains provided lays,
" And every Muſe prepar'd thy future praiſe.
" For thee the buſy nymph ſtripp'd every grove,
" And myrtle wreaths and flowery chaplets wove.
" But now, ah diſmal change! the tuneful throng
" To loud lamentings turn the chearful ſong.
" Their pleaſing taſk the weeping virgins leave,
" And with unfiniſh'd garlands ſtrew thy grave.
" There let me fall, there, there lamenting lie,
" There grieving grow to earth, deſpair, and die."
This ſaid, her loud complaint of force ſhe ceas'd,
Exceſs of grief her faultering ſpeech ſuppreſs'd.
Along the ground her colder limbs ſhe laid,
Where late the grave was for Amyntas made;
Then from her ſwimming eyes began to pour
Of ſoftly-falling rain a ſilver ſhower;

Her looſely-flowing hair, all radiant bright,
O'er-ſpread the dewy graſs like ſtreams of light:
As if the ſun had of his beams been ſhorn,
And caſt to earth the glories he had worn.
A ſight ſo lovely ſad, ſuch deep diſtreſs,
No tongue can tell, no pencil can expreſs.
And now the winds, which had ſo long been ſtill,
Began the ſwelling air with ſighs to fill:
The water-nymphs, who motionleſs remain'd,
Like images of ice, while ſhe complain'd,
Now loos'd their ſtreams; as when deſcending rains
Roll the ſteep torrents headlong o'er the plains.
The prone creation, who ſo long had gaz'd,
Charm'd with her cries, and at her griefs amaz'd,
Began to roar and howl with horrid yell,
Diſmal to hear, and terrible to tell;
Nothing but groans and ſighs were heard around,
And Echo multiplied each mournful ſound.
When all at once an univerſal pauſe
Of grief was made, as from ſome ſecret cauſe.
The balmy air with fragrant ſcents was fill'd,
As if each weeping tree had gums diſtill'd.
Such, if not ſweeter, was the rich perfume
Which ſwift aſcended from Amyntas' tomb:
As if th' Arabian bird her neſt had fir'd,
And on the ſpicy pile were now expir'd.
And now the turf, which late was naked ſeen,
Was ſudden ſpread with lively-ſpringing green;
And Amarillis ſaw, with wondering eyes,
A flowery bed, where ſhe had wept, ariſe;

Thick

Thick as the pearly drops the fair had ſhed,
The blowing buds advanc'd their purple head;
From every tear that fell, a violet grew,
And thence their ſweetneſs came, and thence their mournful hue.

Remember this, ye nymphs and gentle maids,
When ſolitude ye ſeek in gloomy ſhades;
Or walk on banks where ſilent waters flow,
For there this lonely flower will love to grow.
Think on Amyntas, oft as ye ſhall ſtoop
To crop the ſtalks and take them ſoftly up.
When in your ſnowy necks their ſweets you wear,
Give a ſoft ſigh, and drop a tender tear:
To lov'd Amyntas pay the tribute due,
And bleſs his peaceful grave, where firſt they grew.

TO CYNTHIA,

WEEPING, AND NOT SPEAKING.

ELEGY.

WHY are thoſe hours, which Heaven in pity lent
To longing love, in fruitleſs ſorrow ſpent?
Why ſighs my fair? why does that boſom move
With any paſſion ſtirr'd, but riſing love?
Can Diſcontent find place within that breaſt,
Or whoſe ſoft pillows ev'n Deſpair might reſt?

Divide thy woes, and give me my ſad part.
I am no ſtranger to an aching heart;
Too well I know the force of inward grief,
And well can bear it to give you relief:
All Love's ſevereſt pangs I can endure:
I can bear pain, though hopeleſs of a cure.
I know what 'tis to weep, and ſigh, and pray,
To wake all night, yet dread the breaking day;
I know what 'tis to wiſh, and hope, and all in vain,
And meet, for humble Love, unkind Diſdain;
Anger and Hate I have been forc'd to bear,
Nay, Jealouſy---and I have felt Deſpair.
Theſe pains for you I have been forc'd to prove,
For cruel you, when I began to love.
Till warm Compaſſion took at length my part,
And melted to my wiſh your yielding heart.
O the dear hour, in which you did reſign!
When round my neck your willing arms did twine,
And, in a kiſs, you ſaid your heart was mine.
Through each returning year may that hour be
Diſtinguiſh'd in the rounds of all eternity;
Gay be the ſun that hour in all his light,
Let him collect the day to be more bright,
Shine all that hour, and let the reſt be night.
And ſhall I all this heaven of bliſs receive
From you, yet not lament to ſee you grieve!
Shall I, who nouriſh'd in my breaſt deſire,
When your cold ſcorn and frowns forbid the fire;
Now when a mutual flame you have reveal'd,
And the dear union of our ſouls is ſeal'd,

When

When all my joys complete in you I find,
Shall I not ſhare the ſorrows of your mind?
O tell me, tell me all---whence does ariſe
This flood of tears? whence are theſe frequent ſighs?
Why does that lovely head, like a fair flower
Oppreſs'd with drops of a hard-falling ſhower,
Bend with its weight of grief, and ſeem to grow
Downward to earth, and kiſs the root of woe?
Lean on my breaſt, and let me fold thee faſt,
Lock'd in theſe arms, think all thy ſorrows paſt;
Or what remain think lighter made by me;
So I ſhould think, were I ſo held by thee.
Murmur thy plaints, and gently wound my ears;
Sigh on my lip, and let me drink thy tears;
Join to my cheek thy cold and dewy face,
And let pale grief to glowing love give place.
O ſpeak--- for woe in ſilence moſt appears;
Speak, ere my fancy magnify my fears.
Is there a cauſe, which words can not expreſs!
Can I not bear a part, nor make it leſs?
I know not what to think---am I in fault?
I have not, to my knowledge, err'd in thought,
Nor wander'd from my love; nor would I be
Lord of the world, to live depriv'd of thee.
You weep afreſh, and at that word you ſtart!
Am I to be depriv'd then?---muſt we part?
Curſe on that word ſo ready to be ſpoke,
For through my lips, unmeant by me, it broke.
Oh no, we muſt not, will not, can not part,
And my tongue talks, unprompted by my heart.

Yet ſpeak, for my diſtraction grows apace,
And racking fears and reſtleſs doubts increaſe;
And fears and doubts to jealouſy will turn,
The hotteſt hell, in which a heart can burn.

AMORET.

I.

FAIR Amoret is gone aſtray;
Purſue and ſeek her, every lover;
I'll tell the ſigns, by which you may
The wandering ſhepherdeſs diſcover.

II.

Coquet and coy at once her air,
Both ſtudy'd, though both ſeem neglected;
Careleſs ſhe is with artful care,
Affecting to ſeem unaffected.

III.

With ſkill her eyes dart every glance,
Yet change ſo ſoon you 'd ne'er ſuſpect them;
For ſhe 'd perſuade they wound by chance,
Though certain aim and art direct them.

IV.

She likes herſelf, yet others hates
For that which in herſelf ſhe prizes;
And, while ſhe laughs at them, forgets
She is the thing that ſhe deſpiſes.

LES-

L E S B I A.

WHEN Leſbia firſt I ſaw ſo heavenly fair,
With eyes ſo bright, and with that awful air,
I thought my heart, which durſt ſo high aſpire,
As bold as his who ſnatch'd cœleſtial fire.
But ſoon as e'er the beauteous idiot ſpoke,
Forth from her coral lips ſuch folly broke,
Like balm the trickling nonſenſe heal'd my wound,
And what her eyes enthrall'd her tongue unbound.

D O R I S.

DORIS, a nymph of riper age,
Has every grace and art,
A wiſe obſerver to engage,
Or wound a heedleſs heart.

Of native bluſh, and roſy dye,
Time has her cheek bereft;
Which makes the prudent nymph ſupply
With paint th' injurious theft.

Her ſparkling eyes ſhe ſtill retains,
And teeth in good repair;
And her well-furniſh'd front diſdains
To grace with borrow'd hair.

Of ſize, ſhe is nor ſhort, nor tall,
And does to fat incline
No more, than what the French would call
Aimable Embonpoint.

Farther, her perſon to diſcloſe
I leave---let it ſuffice,
She has few faults, but what ſhe knows,
And can with ſkill diſguiſe.

She many lovers has refus'd,
With many more comply'd;
Which, like her cloaths, when little us'd,
She always lays aſide.

She 's one, who looks with great contempt
On each affected creature,
Whoſe nicety would ſeem exempt
From appetites of nature.

She thinks they want or health or ſenſe,
Who want an inclination;
And therefore never takes offence
At him who pleads his paſſion.

Whom ſhe refuſes, ſhe treats ſtill
With ſo much ſweet behaviour,
That her refuſal, through her ſkill,
Looks almoſt like a favour.

Since ſhe this ſoftneſs can expreſs
To thoſe whom ſhe rejects,
She muſt be very fond, you 'll gueſs,
Of ſuch whom ſhe affects:

But here our Doris far outgoes,
All that her ſex have done;
She no regard for cuſtom knows,
Which reaſon bids her ſhun.

By

By reaſon her own reaſon 's meant,
Or, if you pleaſe, her will:
For, when this laſt is diſcontent,
The firſt is ſerv'd but ill.

Peculiar therefore is her way;
Whether by Nature taught,
I ſhall not undertake to ſay,
Or by Experience bought.

But who o'er night obtain'd her grace,
She can next day diſown,
And ſtare upon the ſtrange man's face,
As one ſhe ne'er had known.

So well ſhe can the truth diſguiſe,
Such artful wonder frame,
The lover or diſtruſts his eyes,
Or thinks 'twas all a dream.

Some cenſure this as lewd and low,
Who are to bounty blind;
For to forget what we beſtow
Beſpeaks a noble mind.

Doris our thanks nor aſks, nor needs:
For all her favours done
From her love flows, as light proceeds
Spontaneous from the ſun.

On one or other ſtill her fires
Diſplay their genial force;
And ſhe, like Sol, alone retires,
To ſhine elſewhere of courſe.

TO SLEEP.

ELEGY.

O Sleep! thou flatterer of happy minds,
How ſoon a troubled breaſt thy falſehood finds!
Thou common friend, officious in thy aid,
Where no diſtreſs is ſhown, nor want betray'd:
But oh, how ſwift, how ſure thou art to ſhun
The wretch, by fortune or by love undone!
Where are thy gentle dews, thy ſofter powers,
Which us'd to wait upon my midnight hours?
Why doſt thou ceaſe thy hovering wings to ſpread,
With friendly ſhade around my reſtleſs bed?
Can no complainings thy compaſſion move?
Is thy antipathy ſo ſtrong to love!
O no! thou art the proſperous lover's friend,
And doſt uncall'd his pleaſing toils attend.
With equal kindneſs, and with rival charms,
Thy ſlumbers lull him in his fair-one's arms;
Or from her boſom he to thine retires,
Where ſooth'd with eaſe the panting youth reſpires,
Till ſoft repoſe reſtore his drooping ſenſe,
And Rapture is reliev'd by Indolence.
But oh, what fortune does the lover bear,
Forlorn by thee, and haunted by Deſpair!
From racking thoughts by no kind ſlumber freed,
But painful nights his joyleſs days ſucceed.

But

But why, dull god, do I of thee complain?
Thou didſt not cauſe, nor canſt thou eaſe my pain.
Forgive what my diſtracting grief has ſaid;
I own, unjuſtly I thy ſloth upbraid.
For oft I have thy proffer'd aid repell'd,
And my reluctant eyes from reſt with-held;
Implor'd the Muſe to break thy gentle chains,
And ſung with Philomel my nightly ſtrains.
With her I ſing, but ceaſe not with her ſong,
For more enduring woes my days prolong.
The morning lark to mine accords his note,
And tunes to my diſtreſs his warbling throat:
Each ſetting and each riſing ſun I mourn,
Wailing alike his abſence and return.
And all for thee---what had I well-nigh ſaid?
Let me not name thee, thou too-charming maid!
No---as the wing'd muſicians of the grove,
Th' aſſociates of my melody and love,
In moving ſound alone relate their pain,
And not with voice articulate complain;
So ſhall my Muſe my tuneful ſorrows ſing,
And loſe in air her name from whom they ſpring.
O may no wakeful thoughts her mind moleſt,
Soft be her ſlumbers, and ſincere her reſt:
For her, O Sleep, thy balmy ſweets prepare;
The peace I loſe for her, to her transfer.
Huſh'd as the falling dew, whoſe noiſeleſs ſhowers
Impearle the folded leaves of evening flowers,
Steal on her brow; and as thoſe dews attend,
Till warn'd by waking day to re-aſcend,

So wait thou for her morn; then, gently riſe,
And to the world reſtore the day-break of her eyes.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

OCCASIONED BY L—— Y——'s PICTURE.

I Yield, O Kneller, to ſuperior ſkill,
Thy pencil triumphs o'er the Poet's quill:
If yet my vanquiſh'd Muſe exert her lays,
It is no more to rival thee, but praiſe.
Oft have I try'd, with unavailing care,
To trace ſome image of the much-lov'd fair;
But ſtill my numbers ineffectual prov'd,
And rather ſhew'd how much, than whom, I lov'd:
But thy unerring hands, with matchleſs art,
Have ſhewn my eyes th' impreſſion in my heart;
The bright idea both exiſts and lives,
Such vital heat thy genial pencil gives:
Whoſe daring point, not to the face confin'd,
Can penetrate the heart and paint the mind.
Others ſome faint reſemblance may expreſs,
Which, as 'tis drawn by chance, we find by gueſs.
Thy pictures raiſe no doubts; when brought to view,
At once they 're known, and ſeem to know us too.
Tranſcendent artiſt! how compleat thy ſkill!
Thy power to act is equal to thy will.
Nature and art in thee alike contend,
Not to oppoſe each other, but befriend:

For

For what thy fancy has with fire deſign'd,
Is by thy ſkill both temper'd and refin'd.
As in thy pictures light conſents with ſhade,
And each to other is ſubſervient made;
Judgement and genius ſo concur in thee,
And both unite in perfect harmony.
But after-days, my friend, muſt do thee right,
And ſet thy virtues in unenvy'd light.
Fame due to vaſt deſert is kept in ſtore,
Unpay'd, till the deſerver is no more.
Yet thou, in preſent, the beſt part haſt gain'd,
And from the choſen few applauſe obtain'd:
Ev'n he who beſt could judge, and beſt could praiſe,
Has high extoll'd thee in his deathleſs lays;
Ev'n Dryden has immortaliz'd thy name;
Let that alone ſuffice thee, think that fame.
Unfit I follow where he led the way,
And court applauſe by what I ſeem to pay.
Myſelf I praiſe, while I thy praiſe intend,
For 'tis ſome virtue, virtue to commend;
And next to deeds which our own honour raiſe,
Is to diſtinguiſh them who merit praiſe.

TO A CANDLE.

ELEGY.

THOU watchful taper, by whoſe ſilent light
I lonely paſs the melancholy night;
Thou faithful witneſs of my ſecret pain,
To whom alone I venture to complain;

O learn

O learn with me, my hopeleſs love to moan;
Commiſerate a life ſo like thy own.
Like thine, my flames to my deſtruction turn,
Waſting that heart by which ſupply'd they burn.
Like thine, my joy and ſuffering they diſplay;
At once are ſigns of life, and ſymptoms of decay.
And as thy fearful flames the day decline,
And only during night preſume to ſhine;
Their humble rays not daring to aſpire
Before the ſun, the fountain of their fire:
So mine, with conſcious ſhame, and equal awe,
To ſhades obſcure and ſolitude withdraw;
Nor dare their light before her eyes diſcloſe,
From whoſe bright beams their being firſt aroſe.

OVID'S

OVID'S THIRD BOOK

OF THE

ART OF LOVE.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

WHEREIN

He recommends the Rules and Inſtructions to the FAIR SEX, in the Conduct of their Amours: After having already compoſed Two Books for the Uſe of MEN upon the ſame Subject.

THE men are arm'd, and for the fight prepare;
And now we muſt inſtruct and arm the fair.
Both ſexes, well appointed, take the field,
And mighty Love determine which ſhall yield.
Man were ignoble, when thus arm'd, to ſhow
Unequal force againſt a naked foe:
No glory from ſuch conqueſt can be gain'd,
And odds are always by the brave diſdain'd.
But ſome exclaim, "What frenzy rules your mind?
"Would you increaſe the craft of woman-kind!
"Teach them new wiles and arts! As well you may
"Inſtruct a ſnake to bite, or wolf to prey."
But, ſure, too hard a cenſure they purſue,
Who charge on all the failings of a few.

Examine

Examine firſt impartially each fair,
Then, as ſhe merits, or condemn, or ſpare.
If Menelaus, and the king of men,
With juſtice of their ſiſter-wives complain;
If falſe Eriphyle forſook her faith,
And for reward procur'd her huſband's death;
Penelope was loyal ſtill, and chaſte,
Though twenty years her lord in abſence paſs'd.
Reflect how Laodama's truth was try'd,
Who, though in bloom of youth, and beauty's pride,
To ſhare her huſband's fate, untimely dy'd.
Think how Alceſte's piety was prov'd,
Who loſt her life to ſave the man ſhe lov'd.
Receive me, Capaneus, Evadne cry'd;
For Death itſelf our nuptials ſhall divide:
To join thy aſhes, pleas'd I ſhall expire';
She ſaid, and leap'd amid the funeral fire.
Virtue herſelf a goddeſs we confeſs,
Both female in her name and in her dreſs;
No wonder then, if to her ſex inclin'd,
She cultivates with care a female mind.
But theſe exalted ſouls exceed the reach
Of that ſoft art which I pretend to teach.
My tender bark requires a gentle gale,
A little wind will fill a little ſail.
Of ſportive Loves I ſing, and ſhew what ways
The willing nymph muſt uſe her bliſs to raiſe,
And how to captivate the man ſhe'd pleaſe.
Woman is ſoft, and of a tender heart,
Apt to receive, and to retain, love's dart:

Man

Man has a breaſt robuſt, and more ſecure,
It wounds him not ſo deep, nor hits ſo ſure.
Men oft are falſe; and, if you ſearch with care,
You 'll find leſs fraud imputed to the fair.
The faithleſs Jaſon from Medea fled,
And made Creuſa partner of his bed.
Bright Ariadne, on an unknown ſhore,
Thy abſence, perjur'd Theſeus, did deplore.
If then, the wild inhabitants of air
Forbore her tender lovely limbs to tear,
It was not owing, Theſeus, to thy care.
Enquire the cauſe, and let Demophoon tell,
Why Phyllis by a fate untimely fell.
Nine times, in vain, upon the promis'd day,
She ſought th' appointed ſhore, and view'd the ſea;
Her fall the fading trees conſent to mourn,
And ſhed their leaves round her lamented urn.
The prince ſo far for piety renown'd,
To thee, Eliza, was unfaithful found;
To thee forlorn and languiſhing with grief,
His ſword alone he left, thy laſt relief.
Ye ruin'd nymphs, ſhall I the cauſe impart
Of all your woes? 'Twas want of needful art.
Love of itſelf, too quickly will expire;
But powerful Art perpetuates deſire.
Women had yet their ignorance bewail'd,
Had not this art by Venus been reveal'd.
Before my ſight the Cyprian goddeſs ſhone,
And thus ſhe ſaid; "What have poor women done?

"Why is that weak, defenceleſs ſex expos'd,
"On every ſide, by men well arm'd, inclos'd?
"Twice are the men inſtructed by the Muſe
"Nor muſt ſhe now to teach the ſex refuſe.
"The Bard, who injur'd Helen in his ſong,
"Recanted after, and redreſs'd the wrong.
"And you, if on my favour you depend,
"The cauſe of women, while you live, defend."
This ſaid, a myrtle ſprig, which berries bore
She gave me (for a myrtle wreath ſhe wore).
The gift receiv'd, my ſenſe enlighten'd grew,
And from her preſence inſpiration drew.
Attend, ye nymphs, by wedlock unconfin'd,
And hear my precepts, while ſhe prompts my mind;
Ev'n now, in bloom of youth, and beauty's prime,
Beware of coming age, nor waſte your time:
Now, while you may, and ripening years invite,
Enjoy the ſeaſonable, ſweet delight:
For rolling years, like ſtealing waters, glide;
Nor hope to ſtop their ever-ebbing tide:
Think, nor hereafter will the loſs repay;
For every morrow will the taſte decay,
And leave leſs reliſh than the former day.
I've ſeen the time, when, on that wither'd thorn,
The blooming roſe vy'd with the bluſhing morn.
With fragrant wreaths I thence have deck'd my head,
And ſee how leafleſs now, and how decay'd!
And you, who now the love-ſick youth reject,
Will prove, in age, what pains attend neglect.

None,

None, then, will preſs upon your midnight hours,
Nor wake, to ſtrew your ſtreet with morning flowers.
Then nightly knockings at your door will ceaſe,
Whoſe noiſeleſs hammer, then, may ruſt in peace.
Alas, how ſoon a clear complexion fades!
How ſoon a wrinkled ſkin plump fleſh invades;
And what avails it, though the fair-one ſwears
She from her infancy had ſome grey hairs?
She grows all hoary in a few more years,
And then the venerable truth appears.
The ſnake his ſkin, the deer his horns may caſt,
And both renew their youth and vigours paſt:
But no receipt can human-kind relieve,
Doom'd to decrepit age without reprieve.
Then crop the flower which yet invites your eye,
And which, ungather'd, on its ſtalk muſt die.
Beſides, the tender ſex is form'd to bear,
And frequent births too ſoon will youth impair:
Continual harveſt wears the fruitful field,
And earth itſelf decays too often till'd.
Thou didſt not, Cynthia, ſcorn the Latmian ſwain;
Nor thou, Aurora, Cephalus diſdain;
The Paphian queen, who, for Adonis' fate
So deeply mourn'd, and who laments him yet,
Has not been found inexorable ſince;
Witneſs Harmonia, and the Dardan prince.
Then take example, mortals, from above,
And like immortals live, and like them love.
Refuſe not thoſe delights, which men require,
Nor let your lovers languiſh with deſire.

Falſe though they prove, what loſs can you ſuſtain?
Thence let a thouſand take, 'twill all remain.
Though conſtant uſe ev'n flint and ſteel impairs,
What you employ no diminution fears.
Who would, to light a torch, their torch deny?
Or who can dread drinking an ocean dry?
Still women loſe, you cry, if men obtain;
What do they loſe, that 's worthy to retain?
Think not this ſaid to proſtitute the ſex,
But undeceive whom needleſs fears perplex.
Thus far a gentle breeze ſupplies our ſail,
Now launch'd to ſea, we aſk a briſker gale.
And, firſt, we treat of dreſs. The well-dreſs'd vine
Produces plumpeſt grapes, and richeſt wine;
And plenteous crops of golden grain are found,
Alone, to grace well-cultivated ground.
Beauty 's the gift of gods, the ſex's pride!
Yet to how many is that gift deny'd?
Art helps a face; a face, though heavenly fair,
May quickly fade for want of needful care.
In ancient days if women ſlighted dreſs,
Then men were ruder too, and lik'd it leſs.
If Hectors ſpouſe was clad in ſtubborn ſtuff,
A ſoldier's wife became it well enough.
Ajax, to ſhield his ample breaſt, provides
Seven luſty bulls, and tans their ſturdy hides;
And might not he d'ye think, be well careſs'd,
And yet his wife not elegantly dreſs'd?
With rude ſimplicity Rome firſt was built,
Which now we ſee adorn'd, and carv'd, and gilt.

This capitol with that of old compare;
Some other Jove, you'd think, was worſhip'd there.
That lofty pile, where ſenates dictate law,
When Tatius reign'd, was poorly thatch'd with ſtraw:
And where Apollo's fane refulgent ſtands,
Was heretofore a track of paſture-lands.
Let ancient manners other men delight;
But me the modern pleaſe, as more polite.
Not that materials now in gold are wrought,
And diſtant ſhores for orient pearls are ſought;
Nor for, that hills exhauſt their marble veins,
And ſtructures riſe whoſe bulk the ſea reſtrains;
But, that the world is civiliz'd of late,
And poliſh'd from the ruſt of former date.
Let not the nymph with pendants load her ear,
Nor in embroidery, or brocade, appear;
Too rich a dreſs may ſometimes check deſire;
And cleanlineſs more animates love's fire.
The hair diſpos'd, may gain or loſe a grace,
And much become, or miſbecome the face.
What ſuits your features, of your glaſs enquire;
For no one rule is fix'd for head-attire.
A face too long ſhould part and flat the hair,
Leſt, upward comb'd, the length too much appear:
So Laodamia dreſs'd. A face too round
Should ſhow the ears, and with a tower be crown'd.
On either ſhoulder, one, her locks diſplays;
Adorn'd like Phœbus, when he ſings his lays:
Another, all her treſſes ties behind;
So dreſs'd, Diana hunts the fearful hind.

Diſhevel'd locks moſt graceful are to ſome;
Others, the binding fillets more become:
Some plait, like ſpiral ſhells, their braided hair,
Others, the looſe and waving curl prefer.
But to recount the ſeveral dreſſes worn,
Which artfully each ſeveral face adorn,
Were endleſs, as to tell the leaves on trees,
The beaſts on Alpine hills, or Hybla's bees.
Many there are, who ſeem to ſlight all care,
And with a pleaſing negligence enſnare;
Whoſe mornings oft in ſuch a dreſs are ſpent,
And all is art that looks like accident.
With ſuch diſorder Iole was grac'd,
When great Alcides firſt the nymph embrac'd.
So Ariadne came to Bacchus' bed,
When with the conqueror from Crete ſhe fled.
Nature, indulgent to the ſex, repays
The loſſes they ſuſtain, by various ways.
Men ill ſupply thoſe hairs they ſhed in age,
Loſt, like autumnal leaves, when north-winds rage.
Women, with juice of herbs, grey locks diſguiſe,
And Art gives colour which with Nature vies.
The well-wove towers they wear, their own are thought;
But only are their own, as what they 've bought.
Nor need they bluſh to buy heads ready dreſs'd,
And chuſe, at public ſhops, what ſuits them beſt.
Coſtly apparel let the fair-one fly,
Enrich'd with gold, or with the Tyrian dye.
What folly muſt in ſuch expence appear,
When more becoming colours are leſs dear?

One, with a dye is ting'd of lovely blue;
Such as, through air ſerene, the ſky we view.
With yellow luſtre ſee another ſpread,
As if the golden-fleece compos'd the thread.
Some, of the ſea-green wave the caſt diſplay;
With this the nymphs their beauteous forms array:
And ſome the ſaffron hue will well adorn;
Such is the mantle of the bluſhing morn.
Of myrtle-berries, one, the tincture ſhows;
In this, of amethyſts, the purple grows,
And, that, more imitates the paler roſe.
Nor Thracian cranes forget, whoſe ſilvery plumes
Give patterns, which employ the mimic looms.
Nor almond, nor the cheſnut dye diſclaim;
Nor others, which from wax derive their name.
As fields you find, with various flowers o'erſpread,
When vineyards bud, and winter's froſt is fled;
So various are the colours you may try,
Of which, the thirſty wool imbibes the dye,
Try every one: what beſt becomes you, wear;
For no complexion all alike can bear.
If fair the ſkin, black may become it beſt,
In black the lovely fair Briſeis dreſs'd:
If brown the nymph, let her be cloath'd in white,
Andromeda ſo charm'd the wondering ſight.
I need not warn you of too-powerful ſmells,
Which, ſometimes health, or kindly heat, expels.
Nor, from your tender legs to pluck with care
The caſual growth of all unſeemly hair.

Though not to nymphs of Caucaſus I ſing,
Nor ſuch who taſte remote the Myſian ſpring;
Yet, let me warn you, that, through no neglect,
You let your teeth diſcloſe the leaſt defect.
You know the uſe of white to make you fair,
And how, with red, loſt colour to repair;
Imperfect eye-brows you by art can mend,
And ſkin, when wanting, o'er a ſcar extend.
Nor need the fair-one be aſham'd, who tries,
By art, to add new luſtre to her eyes.
A little book I 've made, but with great care,
How to preſerve the face, and how repair.
In that, the nymphs, by time or chance annoy'd,
May ſee, what pains to pleaſe them I 've employ'd.
But, ſtill beware, that from your lover's eye
You keep conceal'd the medicines you apply:
Though art aſſiſts, yet muſt that art be hid,
Leſt, whom it would invite, it ſhould forbid.
Who would not take offence, to ſee a face
All daub'd, and dripping with the melted greaſe?
And though your unguents bear th' Athenian name,
The wool's unſavoury ſcent is ſtill the ſame.
Marrow of ſtags, nor your pomatums try,
Nor clean your furry teeth, when men are by;
For many things, when done, afford delight,
Which yet, while doing, may offend the ſight.
Ev'n Myro's ſtatues, which for art ſurpaſs
All others, once were but a ſhapeleſs maſs;
Rude was that gold which now in rings is worn,
once the robe you wear was wool unſhorn.

Think,

Think, how that ſtone rough in the quarry grew,
Which, now, a perfect Venus ſhews to view.
While we ſuppoſe you ſleep, repair your face,
Lock'd from obſervers, in ſome ſecret place.
Add the laſt hand, before yourſelves you ſhow;
Your need of art, why ſhould your lovers know?
For many things, when moſt conceal'd, are beſt;
And few, of ſtrict enquiry, bear the teſt.
Thoſe figures which in theatres are ſeen,
Gilded without, are common wood within.
But no ſpectators are allow'd to pry,
Till all is finiſh'd, which allures the eye.
Yet, I muſt own, it oft affords delight,
To have the fair-one comb her hair in ſight;
To view the flowing honours of her head
Fall on her neck, and o'er her ſhoulder ſpread.
But let her look, that ſhe with care avoid
All fretful humours, while ſhe 's ſo employ'd;
Let her not ſtill undo, with peeviſh haſte,
All that her woman does; who does her beſt.
I hate a vixen, that her maid aſſails,
And ſcratches with her bodkin, or her nails;
While the poor girl in blood and tears muſt mourn,
And her heart curſes, what her hands adorn.
Let her who has no hair, or has but ſome,
Plant centinels before her dreſſing-room:
Or in the fane of the good goddeſs dreſs,
Where all the male-kind are debarr'd acceſs.
'Tis ſaid, that I (but 'tis a tale deviſ'd)
A lady at her toilet once ſurpriz'd;

Who

Who ſtarting, ſnatch'd in haſte the tower ſhe wore,
And, in a hurry, plac'd the hinder part before.
But on our foes fall every ſuch diſgrace,
Or barbarous beauties of the Parthian race.
Ungraceful 'tis to ſee without a horn
The lofty hart, whom branches beſt adorn;
A leafleſs taſte, or an unverdant mead;
And as ungraceful is a hairleſs head.
But think not, theſe inſtructions are deſign'd
For firſt-rate beauties of the finiſh'd kind:
Not to a Semele, or Leda bright,
Nor an Europa, theſe my rules I write;
Nor the fair Helen do I teach, whoſe charms
Stirr'd up Atrides, and all Greece, to arms:
Thee to regain, well was that war begun,
And Paris well defended what he won;
What lover, or what huſband, would not fight
In ſuch a cauſe, where both are in the right?
The crowd I teach, ſome homely, and ſome fair,
But of the former ſort, the larger ſhare.
The handſome, leaſt require the help of art,
Rich in themſelves, and pleas'd with Nature's part.
When calm the ſea, at eaſe the pilot lies,
But all his ſkill exerts when ſtorms ariſe.
Faults in your perſon, or your face, correct:
And few are ſeen that have not ſome defect.
The nymph too ſhort, her ſeat ſhould ſeldom quit,
Leſt, when ſhe ſtands, ſhe may be thought to ſit;
And when extended on her couch ſhe lies,
Let length of petticoats conceal her ſize.

The

Too maſculine a motion ſhocks the ſight;
But female grace allures with ſtrange delight.
One has an artful ſwing and jut behind,
Which helps her coats to catch the ſwelling wind;
Swell'd with the wanton wind, they looſely flow,
And every ſtep and graceful motion ſhow.
Another, like an Umbrian's ſturdy ſpouſe,
Strides all the ſpace her petticoat allows.
Between extremes, in this, a mean adjuſt;
Nor ſhew too nice a gait, nor too robuſt.
If ſnowy white your neck, you ſtill ſhould wear
That, and the ſhoulder of the left arm, bare.
Such ſights ne'er fail to fire my amorous heart,
And make me pant to kiſs the naked part.
Syrens, though monſters of the ſtormy main,
Can ſhips, when under ſail, with ſongs, detain:
Scarce could Ulyſſes by his friends be bound,
When firſt he liſten'd to the charming ſound.
Singing inſinuates: learn, all ye maids;
Oft, when a face forbids, a voice perſuades,
Whether on theatres loud ſtrains we hear,
Or in Ruelle ſome ſoft Egyptian air.
Well ſhall ſhe ſing, of whom I make my choice,
And with her lute accompany her voice.
The rocks were ſtirr'd, the beaſts to liſten ſtay'd,
When on his lyre melodious Orpheus play'd;
Ev'n Cerberus and Hell that ſound obey'd.
And ſtones officious were, thy walls to raiſe,
O Thebes, attracted by Amphion's lays.

The

The dolphin, dumb itſelf, thy voice admir'd,
And was Arion, by thy ſongs inſpir'd.
Of ſweet Callimachus the works rehearſe,
And read Philetas and Anacreon's verſe.
Terentian plays may much the mind improve;
But ſofteſt Sappho beſt inſtructs to love.
Propertius, Gallus, and Tibullus read,
And let Varronian verſe to theſe ſucceed.
Then mighty Maro's work with care peruſe;
Of all the Latin bards the nobleſt Muſe.
Ev'n I, 'tis poſſible, in after-days,
May 'ſcape oblivion, and be nam'd with theſe.
My labour'd lines ſome readers may approve,
Since I 've inſtructed either ſex in love.
Whatever book you read of this ſoft art,
Read with a lover's voice, and lover's heart.
Tender epiſtles too by me are fram'd,
A work before unthought-of, and unnam'd.
Such was your ſacred will, O tuneful Nine!
Such thine, Apollo! and, Lyæus, thine!
Still unaccompliſh'd may the maid be thought,
Who gracefully to dance was never taught:
That active dancing may to love engage,
Witneſs the well-kept dancers of the ſtage.
Of ſome old trifles I 'm aſham'd to tell,
Though it becomes the ſex to trifle well;
To raffle prettily, or ſlur a dye,
Implies both cunning and dexterity.
Nor is 't amiſs at cheſs to be expert,
For games moſt thoughtful, ſometimes, moſt divert.

Learn

Learn every game, you 'll find it prove of uſe;
Parties begun at play, may love produce.
But eaſier 'tis to learn how bets to lay,
Than how to keep your temper while you play.
Unguarded then, each breaſt is open laid,
And while the head 's intent, the heart 's betray'd.
Then, baſe deſire of gain, then, rage appears,
Quarrels and brawls ariſe, and anxious fears;
Then clamours and revilings reach the ſky,
While loſing gameſters all the gods defy.
Then horrid oaths are utter'd every caſt;
They grieve, and curſe, and ſtorm, nay, weep at laſt.
Good Jove, avert ſuch ſhameful faults as theſe,
From every nymph whoſe heart 's inclin'd to pleaſe.
Soft recreations fit the female kind;
Nature, for men, has rougher ſports deſign'd:
To wield the ſword, and hurl the pointed ſpear;
To ſtop, or turn the ſteed in full career.
Though martial fields ill ſuit your tender frames,
Nor may you ſwim in Tiber's rapid ſtreams;
Yet when Sol's burning wheels from Leo drive,
And at the glowing Virgin's ſign arrive,
'Tis both allow'd and fit you ſhould repair
To pleaſant walks, and breathe refreſhing air.
To Pompey's gardens, or the ſhady groves
Which Cæſar honours, and which Phœbus loves:
Phœbus, who ſunk the proud Egyptian fleet,
And made Auguſtus' victory compleat.
Or ſeek thoſe ſhades, where monuments of fame
Are rais'd, to Livia's and Octavia's name;

Or

Or, where Agrippa firſt adorn'd the ground,
When he with naval victory was crown'd,
To Iſis' fane, to theatres reſort;
And in the Circus ſee the noble ſport.
In every public place, by turns, be ſhown;
In vain you 're fair, while you remain unknown.
Should you, in ſinging, Thamyras tranſcend;
Your voice unheard, who could your ſkill commend?
Had not Apelles drawn the ſea-born Queen,
Her beauties ſtill, beneath the waves had been.
Poets, inſpir'd, write only for a name,
And think their labours well repay'd with fame.
In former days, I own, the Poets were
Of gods and kings the moſt peculiar care;
Majeſtic awe was in the name allow'd,
And they, with rich poſſeſſions, were endow'd.
Ennius with honours was by Scipio grac'd,
And, next his own, the Poet's ſtatue plac'd.
But now their ivy crowns bear no eſteem,
And all their learning 's thought an idle dream.
Still, there 's a pleaſure, that proceeds from praiſe:
What could the high renown of Homer raiſe,
But that he ſung his Iliad's deathleſs lays?
Who could have been of Danae's charms aſſur'd,
Had ſhe grown old, within her tower immur'd?
This, as a rule, let every nymph purſue;
That 'tis her intereſt oft to come in view.
A hungry wolf at all the herd will run,
In hopes, through many, to make ſure of one.

So,

So, let the fair the gazing crowd aſſail,
That over one, at leaſt, ſhe may prevail.
In every place to pleaſe, be all her thought;
Where, ſometimes, leaſt we think, the fiſh is caught.
Sometimes, all day, we burn the tedious foil;
Anon, the ſtag himſelf ſhall ſeek the toil.
How could Andromeda once doubt relief,
Whoſe charms are heighten'd and adorn'd by grief?
The widow'd fair, who ſees her lord expire,
While yet ſhe weeps, may kindle new deſire,
And Hymen's torch re-light with funeral fire.
Beware of men who are too ſprucely dreſs'd;
And look, you fly with ſpeed a fop profeſs'd.
Such tools, to you, and to a thouſand more,
Will tell the ſame dull ſtory o'er and o'er.
This way and that, unſteadily they rove,
And, never fix'd, are fugitives in love.
Such fluttering things all women ſure ſhould hate,
Light as themſelves, and more effeminate.
Believe me! all I ſay is for your good;
Had Priam been believ'd, Troy ſtill had ſtood.
Many, with baſe deſigns, will paſſion feign,
Who know no love, but ſordid love of gain.
But let no powder'd heads, nor eſſenc'd hair,
Your well-believing, eaſy hearts enſnare.
Rich cloaths are oft by common ſharpers worn,
And diamond rings felonious hands adorn.
So, may your lover burn with fierce deſire
Your jewels to enjoy, and beſt attire.

Poor

Let the preſſing youth with eaſe obtain,
Nor yet refuſe him with too rude diſdain.
Now, let his hopes, now, let his fears increaſe,
But by degrees let fear to hope give place.
Be ſure avoid ſet phraſes, when you write,
The uſual way of ſpeech is more polite.
How have I ſeen the puzzled lover vex'd,
To read a letter with hard words perplex'd!
A ſtile too coarſe takes from a handſome face,
And makes us wiſh an uglier in its place.
But ſince (though Chaſtity be not your care)
You from your huſband ſtill would hide th' affair,
Write to no ſtranger, till his truth be try'd;
Nor in a fooliſh meſſenger confide.
What agonies that woman undergoes,
Whoſe hand the traitor threatens to expoſe;
Who, raſhly truſting, dreads to be deceiv'd,
And lives for ever to that dread enſlav'd!
Such treachery can never be ſurpaſs'd,
For thoſe diſcoveries, ſure as lightning, blaſt.
Might I adviſe, fraud ſhould with fraud be paid;
Let arms repel all who with arms invade.
But ſince your letters may be brought to light,
What if in ſeveral hands you learn'd to write?
My curſe on him who firſt the ſex betray'd,
And this advice ſo neceſſary made.
Nor let your pocket-book two hands contain,
Firſt, rub your lover's out, then write again.
Still one contrivance more remains behind,
Which you may uſe as a convenient blind;

As

As if to women writ, your letters frame,
And let your friend to you ſubſcribe a female name.
Now, greater things to tell, my Muſe prepare,
And clap on all the ſail the bark can bear.
Let no rude paſſions in your looks find place;
For fury will deform the fineſt face:
It ſwells the lips, and blackens all the veins,
While in the eye a Gorgon horror reigns.
When on her flute divine Minerva play'd,
And in a fountain ſaw the change it made,
Swelling her cheek; ſhe flung it quick aſide;
"Nor is thy muſick ſo much worth," ſhe cry'd.
Look in your glaſs, when you with anger glow,
And you 'll confeſs, you ſcarce yourſelves can know.
Nor with exceſſive pride inſult the fight,
For gentle looks, alone, to love invite.
Believe it as a truth that 's daily try'd,
There 's nothing more deteſtable than pride.
How have I ſeen ſome airs diſguſt create,
Like things which by antipathy we hate!
Let looks with looks, and ſmiles with ſmiles be paid,
And when your lover bows, inçline your head.
So, Love preluding, plays at firſt with hearts,
And after wounds with deeper-piercing darts.
Nor me a melancholy miſtreſs charms;
Let ſad Tecmeſſa weep in Ajax' arms.
Let mourning beauties, ſullen heroes move;
We, chearful men, like gaiety in love.
Let Hector in Andromache delight,
Who, in bewailing Troy, waſtes all the night.

Had they not both borne children (to be plain)
I ne'er could think they 'd with their huſbands lain.
I no idea in my mind can frame,
That either one or t' other doleful dame,
Could toy, could fondle, or could call their lords
" My life, my ſoul;" or ſpeak endearing words.
Why, from compariſons ſhould I refrain,
Or, fear ſmall things by greater to explain?
Obſerve what conduct prudent generals uſe,
And how their ſeveral officers they chuſe;
To one, a charge of infantry commit,
Another, for the horſe, is thought more fit.
So you your ſeveral lovers ſhould ſelect,
And, as you find them qualify'd, direct.
The wealthy lover ſtore of gold ſhould ſend;
The lawyer ſhould, in courts, your cauſe defend.
We, who write verſe, with verſe alone ſhould bribe;
Moſt apt to love is all the tuneful tribe.
By us, your fame ſhall through the world be blaz'd;
So Nemeſis, ſo Cynthia's name was rais'd.
From caſt to weſt, Lycoris' praiſes ring;
Nor are Corinna's ſilent, whom we ſing.
No fraud the poet's ſacred breaſt can bear;
Mild are his manners, and his heart ſincere:
Nor wealth he ſeeks, nor feels ambition's fires,
But ſhuns the bar; and books and ſhades requires.
Too faithfully, alas! we know to love,
With eaſe we fix, but we with pain remove;
Our ſofter ſtudies with our ſouls combine,
And, both, to tenderneſs our hearts incline.

Be

To truſt a traitor, you 'll no ſcruple make,
Who is a traitor only for your ſake.
Who yields too ſoon, will ſoon her lover loſe;
Would you retain him long, then, long refuſe.
Oft, at your door, make him for entrance wait,
There let him lie, and threaten and intreat.
When cloy'd with ſweets, bitters the taſte reſtore;
Ships, by fair winds, are ſometimes run aſhore.
Hence ſprings the coldneſs of a marry'd life,
The huſband, when he pleaſes, has his wife.
Bar but your gate, and let your Porter cry
" Here 's no admittance, Sir; I muſt deny:"
The very huſband, ſo repuls'd, will find
A growing inclination to be kind.
Thus far, with foils you 've fought; thoſe laid aſide,
I now, ſharp weapons for the ſex provide;
Nor doubt, againſt myſelf, to ſee them try'd.
When firſt a lover you deſign to charm,
Beware, leſt jealouſies his ſoul alarm;
Make him believe, with all the ſkill you can,
That he, and only he 's the happy man.
Anon, by due degrees, ſmall doubts create,
And let him fear ſome rival's better fate.
Such little arts make love its vigour hold,
Which elſe would languiſh, and too ſoon grow old.
Then, ſtrains the courſer to outſtrip the wind,
When one before him runs, and one he hears behind.
Love, when extinct, ſuſpicions may revive;
I own, when mine 's ſecure, 'tis ſcarce alive.

Yet,

Yet, theſe perceiv'd, you may her back undreſs,
And, writing on her ſkin, your mind expreſs.
New milk, or pointed ſpires of flax, when green,
Will ink ſupply, and letters mark unſeen.
Fair will the paper ſhew, nor can be read,
Till all the writing 's with warm aſhes ſpread.
Acriſius was, with all his care, betray'd;
And in his tower of braſs, a grandſire made.
Can ſpies avail, when you to plays reſort,
Or in the Circus view the noble ſport?
Or, can you be to Iſis' fane purſued,
Or Cybele's, whoſe rites all men exclude?
Though watchful ſervants to the bagnio come,
They 're ne'er admitted to the bathing-room.
Or, when ſome ſudden ſickneſs you pretend,
May you not take to your ſick-bed a friend?
Falſe keys a private paſſage may procure,
If not, there are more ways beſides the door.
Sometimes, with wine, your watchful follower treat;
When drunk, you may with eaſe his care defeat:
Or, to prevent too-ſudden a ſurprize,
Prepare a ſleeping-draught to ſeal his eyes:
Or let your maid, ſtill longer time to gain,
An inclination for his perſon feign;
With faint reſiſtance let her drill him on,
And, after competent delays, be won.
But what need all theſe various doubtful wiles,
Since gold the greateſt vigilance beguiles?
Believe me, men and gods with gifts are pleas'd;
Ev'n angry Jove with offerings is appeas'd.

With

Now drop a tear your ſorrows to aſſuage,
Anon reproach him, and pretend to rage.
Such proofs as theſe will all diſtruſt remove,
And make him pity your exceſſive love.
Scarce to himſelf will he forbear to cry,
"How can I let this poor fond creature die?"
But chiefly, one, ſuch fond behaviour fires,
Who courts his glaſs, and his own charms admires.
Proud of the homage to his merit done,
He 'll think a goddeſs might with eaſe be won.
Light wrongs, be ſure, you ſtill with mildneſs bear,
Nor ſtrait fly out, when you a rival fear.
Let not your paſſion o'er your ſenſe prevail,
Nor credit lightly every idle tale.
Let Procris' fate a ſad example be
Of what effects attend credulity.
Near where his purple head Hymettus ſhows,
And flowering hills, a ſacred fountain flows;
With ſoft and verdant turf the ſoil is ſpread,
And ſweetly-ſmelling ſhrubs the ground o'erſhade.
There roſemary and bay their odours join,
And with the fragrant myrtle's ſcent combine.
There tamariſks with thick-leav'd box are found,
And cytiſſus and garden-pines abound.
While through the boughs ſoft winds of Zephyr paſs,
Tremble the leaves, and tender tops of graſs.
Hither would Cephalus retreat to reſt,
When tir'd with hunting, or with heat oppreſt:
And thus to Air the panting youth would pray,
"Come, gentle Aura, come, this heat allay."

But

But ſome tale-bearing too officious friend,
By chance o'er-heard him as he thus complain'd;
Who with the news to Procris quick repair'd,
Repeating word for word what ſhe had heard.
Soon as the name of Aura reach'd her ears,
With jealouſy ſurpriz'd, and fainting fears,
Her roſy colour fled her lovely face,
And agonies, like death, ſupply'd the place;
Pa'e ſhe appear'd as are the falling leaves,
When firſt the vine the winter's blaſt receives.
Of ripen'd quinces, ſuch the yellow hue,
Or, when unripe, we cornel-berries view.
Reviving from her ſwoon, her robes ſhe tore,
Nor her own faultleſs face to wound forbore.
Now, all diſhevel'd, to the wood ſhe flies,
With Bacchanalian fury in her eyes.
Thither arriv'd, ſhe leaves below her friends;
And all alone the ſhady hill aſcends.
What folly, Procris, o'er thy mind prevail'd?
What rage, thus fatally to lie conceal'd?
Whoe'er this Aura be, (ſuch was thy thought)
She now ſhall in the very fact be caught.
Anon, thy heart repents its raſh deſigns,
And now to go, and now to ſtay inclines:
Thus love with doubts perplexes ſtill thy mind,
And makes thee ſeek what thou muſt dread to find.
But ſtill thy rival's name rings in thy ears,
And more ſuſpicious ſtill the place appears:
But more than all, exceſſive love deceives,
Which, all it fears, too eaſily believes.

And,

And, now, a chilneſs runs through every vein,
Soon as ſhe ſaw where Cephalus had lain.
'Twas noon, when he again retir'd, to ſhun
The ſcorching ardour of the mid-day ſun;
With water firſt he ſprinkled o'er his face,
Which glow'd with heat; then ſought his uſual place.
Procris, with anxious but with ſilent care,
View'd him extended, with his boſom bare;
And heard him ſoon th' accuſtom'd words repeat,
"Come, Zephyr; Aura, come; allay this heat:"
Soon as ſhe found her error, from the word,
Her colour and her temper were reſtor'd.
With joy ſhe roſe to claſp him in her arms:
But Cephalus the ruſtling noiſe alarms;
Some beaſt he thinks he in the buſhes hears,
And ſtrait his arrows and his bow prepares.
"Hold! hold! anhappy youth!"---I call in vain,
With thy own hand thou haſt thy Procris ſlain.
"Me, me (ſhe cries) thou 'ſt wounded with thy dart!
"But Cephalus was wont to wound this heart.
"Yet lighter on my aſhes earth will lie,
"Since, though untimely, I unrival'd die:
"Come, cloſe with thy dear hand my eyes in death,
"Jealous of Air, to Air I yield my breath."
Cloſe to his heavy heart her cheek he laid,
And waſh'd, with ſtreaming tears, the wound he made;
At length the ſprings of life their currents leave,
And her laſt gaſp her huſband's lips receive.
Now, to purſue our voyage we provide,
Till ſafe to port our weary bark we guide.

You may expect, perhaps, I now ſhould teach
What rules to treats and entertainments reach.
Come not the firſt, invited to a feaſt;
Rather come laſt, as a more grateful gueſt.
For that, of which we fear to be depriv'd,
Meets with the ſureſt welcome when arriv'd.
Beſides, complexions of a coarſer kind,
From candle-light no ſmall advantage find.
During the time you eat, obſerve ſome grace,
Nor let your unwip'd hands beſmear your face;
Nor yet too ſqueamiſhly your meat avoid,
Leſt we ſuſpect you were in private cloy'd.
Of all extremes in either kind beware,
And ſtill before your belly 's full forbear.
No glutton-nymph, however fair, can wound,
Though more than Helen ſhe in charms abound.
I own, I think, of wine the moderate uſe
More ſuits the ſex, and ſooner finds excuſe;
It warms the blood, adds luſtre to the eyes,
And wine and love have always been allies.
But carefully from all intemperance keep,
Nor drink till you ſee double, liſp, or ſleep.
For in ſuch ſleeps brutalities are done,
Which, though you loathe, you have no power to ſhun.
And now th' inſtructed nymph from table led,
Should next be taught how to behave in bed.
But modeſty forbids: nor more, my Muſe
With weary wings the labour'd flight purſues;
Her purple ſwans unyok'd the chariot leave,
And needful reſt (their journey done) receive,

Thus,

Thus, with impartial care, my art I ſhow,
And equal arms on either ſex beſtow:
While men and maids, who by my rules improve,
Ovid muſt own their maſter is in love.

OF PLEASING.

AN EPISTLE

TO SIR RICHARD TEMPLE.

'TIS ſtrange, dear Temple, how it comes to paſs,
That no one man is pleas'd with what he has.
So Horace ſings---and ſure, as ſtrange is this:
That no one man 's diſpleas'd with what he is.
The fooliſh, ugly, dull, impertinent,
Are with their perſons and their parts content.
Nor is that all, ſo odd a thing is man,
He moſt would be what leaſt he ſhould or can.
Hence, homely faces ſtill are foremoſt ſeen,
And croſs-ſhap'd fops affect the niceſt mien;
Cowards extol true courage to the ſkies,
And fools are ſtill moſt forward to adviſe;
Th' untruſted wretch to ſecrecy pretends,
Whiſpering his nothing round to all as friends.
Dull rogues affect the politicians part,
And learn to nod, and ſmile, and ſhrug with art;
Who nothing has to loſe, the war bewails;
And he who nothing pays, at taxes rails.

Thus

Thus man perverſe againſt plain nature ſtrives,
And to be artfully abſurd contrives.
Plautus will dance, Luſcus at ogling aims,
Old Tritus keeps, and undone Probus games.
Noiſome Curculio, whoſe envenom'd breath,
Though at a diſtance utter'd, threatens death,
Full in your teeth his ſtinking whiſper throws;
Nor mends his manners, though you hold your noſe.
Therſites, who ſeems born to give offence,
From uncouth form, and frontleſs impudence,
Aſſumes ſoft airs, and with a ſlur comes in,
Attempts a ſmile, and ſhocks you with a grin.
Raucus harangues with a diſſuaſive grace,
And Helluo invites with a forbidding face.
Nature to each allots his proper ſphere,
But, that forſaken, we like comets err:
Toſs'd through the void, by ſome rude ſhock we 're broke,
And all her boaſted fire is loſt in ſmoke.
Next to obtaining wealth, or power, or eaſe,
Men moſt affect in general to pleaſe:
Of this affection vanity's the ſource,
And vanity alone obſtructs its courſe;
That teleſcope of fools, through which they ſpy
Merit remote, and think the object nigh.
The glaſs remov'd, would each himſelf ſurvey,
And in juſt ſcales his ſtrength and weakneſs weigh,
Purſue the path for which he was deſign'd,
And to his proper force adapt his mind;
Scarce one, but to ſome merit might pretend,
Perhaps might pleaſe, at leaſt would not offend.

Who

Who would reprove us while he makes us laugh,
Muſt be no Bavius, but a Bickerſtaff.
If Garth, or Blackmore, friendly potions give,
We bid the dying patient drink and live:
When Murus comes, we cry, "Beware the pill;"
And wiſh the tradeſman were a tradeſman ſtill.
If Addiſon, or Rowe, or Prior write,
We ſtudy them with profit and delight:
But when vile Macor and Mundungus rhyme,
We grieve we 've learnt to read, ay, curſe the time.
All rules of pleaſing in this one unite,
"Affect not any thing in Nature's ſpite."
Baboons and apes ridiculous we find;
For what? For ill-reſembling human-kind.
"None are, for being what they are, in fault,
"But for not being what they would be thought."
Thus I, dear friend, to you my thoughts impart,
As to one perfect in the pleaſing art;
If art it may be call'd in you, who ſeem,
By Nature form'd for Love, and for Eſteem.
Affecting none, all virtues you poſſeſs,
And really are what others but profeſs.
I 'll not offend you, while myſelf I pleaſe;
I loathe to flatter, though I love to praiſe.
But when ſuch early worth ſo bright appears,
And antedates the fame which waits on years;
I can't ſo ſtupidly affected prove,
Not to confeſs it in the man I love.
Though now I aim not at that known applauſe
You 've won in arms, and in your country's cauſe;

Nor

Nor patriot now, nor hero I commend,
But the companion praiſe, and boaſt the friend.
But you may think, and ſome, leſs partial, ſay,
That I preſume too much in this eſſay.
How ſhould I ſhow what pleaſes? How explain
A rule, to which I never could attain?
To this objection I 'll make no reply,
But tell a tale, which, after, we'll apply.
I 've read, or heard, a learned perſon, once
(Concern'd to find his only ſon a dunce)
Compos'd a book in favour of the lad,
Whoſe memory, its ſeems, was very bad.
This work contain'd a world of wholeſome rules,
To help the frailty of forgetful fools.
The careful parent laid the treatiſe by,
Till Time ſhould make it proper to apply.
Simon at length the look'd-for age attains,
To read and profit by his father's pains;
And now the ſire prepare the books t' impart,
Which was yclept of memory and art.
But ah! how oft is human care in vain!
For now, he could not find his book again.
The place where he had laid it he forgot,
Nor could himſelf remember what he wrote.
Now to apply the ſtory that I tell,
Which, if not true, is yet invented well,
Such is my caſe: Like moſt of theirs who teach;
I ill may practiſe, what I well may preach.
Myſelf not trying, or not turn'd to pleaſe,
May lay the line, and meaſure out the ways.

The Mulcibers, who in the Minories ſweat,
And maſſive bars on ſtubborn anvils beat,
Deform'd themſelves, yet, forge thoſe ſtays of ſteel,
Which arm Aurelia with a ſhape to kill.
So Macer and Mundungus ſchool the times,
And write in rugged proſe the rules of ſofter rhymes.
Well do they play the careful critic's part,
Inſtructing doubly by their matchleſs art:
Rules for good verſe they firſt with pains indite,
Then ſhew us what are bad, by what they write.

A LETTER

To the Right Honourable the

LORD VISCOUNT COBHAM, 1729.

"Albi ſermonum noſtrorum candide judex."

SINCEREST Critic of my proſe or rhime,
Tell how thy pleaſing Stowe employs thy time,
Say, Cobham, what amuſes thy retreat?
Or ſtratagems of war, or ſchemes of ſtate?
Doſt thou recall to mind with joy, or grief,
Great Marlborough's actions? That immortal chief,
Whoſe ſlighteſt trophy rais'd in each campaign,
More than ſuffic'd to ſignalize a reign?
Does thy remembrance riſing warm thy heart,
With glory paſt, where thou thy ſelf hadſt part,
Or doſt thou grieve indignant now to ſee,
The fruitleſs end of all thy victory?

To

To ſee th' audacious foe, ſo late ſubdued,
Diſpute thoſe terms for which ſo long they ſued,
As if Britannia now were ſunk ſo low,
To beg that peace ſhe wonted to beſtow.
Be far that guilt! be never known that ſhame!
That England ſhould retract her rightful claim,
Or, ceaſing to be dreaded and ador'd,
Stain with her pen the luſtre of her ſword,
Or doſt thou give the winds afar to blow.
Each vexing thought, and heart-devouring woe,
And fix thy mind alone on rural ſcenes,
To turn the level'd lawns to liquid plains,
To raiſe the creeping rills from humble beds,
And force the latent ſprings to lift their heads,
On watery columns, capitals to rear,
That mix their flowing curls with upper air.
Or doſt thou, weary grown, theſe works neglect,
No temples, ſtatues, obeliſks erect,
But catch the morning breeze from fragrant meads,
Or ſhun the noontide ray in wholeſome ſhades,
Or ſlowly walk along the mazy wood,
To meditate on all that 's wiſe and good,
For nature bountiful in thee has join'd,
A perſon pleaſing with a worthy mind,
Not given the form alone, but means, and art,
To draw the eye, or to allure the heart,
Poor were the praiſe in fortune to excel,
Yet want the way to uſe that fortune well.
While thus adorn'd, while thus with virtue crown'd,
At home in peace, abroad in arms renown'd,

Graceful in form, and winning in addreſs,
While well you think, what aptly you expreſs,
With health, with honour, with a fair eſtate,
A table free, and eloquently neat,
What can be added more to mortal bliſs?
What can he want who ſtands poſſeſt of this?
What can the fondeſt wiſhing mother more
Of heaven attentive for her ſon implore?
And yet a happineſs remains unknown,
Or to philoſophy reveal'd alone;
A precept, which unpractis'd renders vain
Thy flowing hopes, and pleaſure turns to pain.
Should Hope and Fear thy heart alternate tear,
Or Love, or Hate, or Rage, or anxious Care,
Whatever paſſions may thy mind infeſt,
(Where is that mind which paſſions ne'er moleſt?)
Amidſt the pangs of ſuch inteſtine ſtrife,
Still think the preſent day, the laſt of life;
Defer not till to-morrow to be wiſe,
To-morrow's ſun to thee may never riſe.
Or ſhould to-morrow chance to cheer thy ſight,
With her enlivening and unlook'd-for light,
How grateful will appear her dawning rays!
As favours unexpected doubly pleaſe.
Who thus can think, and who ſuch thoughts purſues,
Content may keep his life, or calmly loſe;
All proofs of this thou may'ſt thyſelf receive,
When leiſure from affairs will give thee leave,
Come, ſee thy friend, retir'd without regret,
Forgetting care, or ſtriving to forget;

In eaſy contemplation ſoothing time
With morals much, and now and then with rhyme,
Not ſo robuſt in body, as in mind,
And always undejected, though declin'd;
Not wondering at the world's new wicked ways,
Compar'd with thoſe of our fore-fathers days,
For virtue now is neither more or leſs,
And vice is only varied in the dreſs;
Believe it, men have ever been the ſame,
And all the golden age, is but a dream.

WRITTEN AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS,

ON MISS TEMPLE,

Afterwards Lady of Sir THOMAS LYTTELTON.

LEAVE, leave the drawing-room,
Where flowers of beauty us'd to bloom;
The nymph that's fated to o'ercome,
Now triumphs at the wells.
Her ſhape, and air, and eyes,
Her face, the gay, the grave, the wiſe,
The beau, in ſpite of box and dice,
Acknowledge, all excels.

Ceaſe, ceaſe, to aſk her name,
The crowned Muſe's nobleſt theme,
Whoſe glory by immortal fame,
Shall only ſounded be.

But if you long to know,
Then look round yonder dazzling row,
Who moſt does like an angel ſhow,
You may be ſure 'tis ſhe.

See near thoſe ſacred ſprings,
Which cure to fell diſeaſes brings,
(As ancient fame of Ida ſings)
Three goddeſſes appear!
Wealth, glory, two poſſeſt;
The third with charming beauty bleſt,
So fair, that heaven and earth confeſt
She conquer'd every where.

Like her, this charmer now
Makes every love-ſick gazer bow;
Nay, even old age her power allow,
And baniſh'd flames recall.
Wealth can no trophy rear,
Nor glory now the garland wear:
To beauty every Paris here
Devotes the golden ball.

A PIN-

A PINDARIC ODE,

Humbly offered to the

QUEEN,

On the Victorious Progreſs of Her MAJESTY's Arms under the Conduct of the Duke of MARLBOROUGH.

To which is prefixed,

A DISCOURSE ON THE PINDARIC ODE.

" —— Operoſa parvus
" Carmina fingo." HOR. Lib. iv. Ode 2.

A DISCOURSE ON THE PINDARIC ODE.

THE following Ode is an attempt towards reſtoring the regularity of the antient Lyric Poetry, which ſeems to be altogether forgotten or unknown by our Engliſh writers.

There is nothing more frequent among us, than a ſort of poems intituled Pindaric Odes; pretending to be written in imitation of the manner and ſtile of Pindar, and yet I do not know that there is to this day extant in our language, one Ode contrived after his model. What idea can an Engliſh reader have of Pindar (to whoſe mouth, when a child, the bees

brought their honey, in omen of the future ſweetneſs and melody of his ſongs) when he ſhall ſee ſuch rumbling and grating papers of verſes, pretending to be copies of his works?

The character of theſe late Pindarics is, a bundle of rambling incoherent thoughts, expreſſed in a like parcel of irregular ſtanzas, which alſo conſiſt of ſuch another complication of diſproportioned, uncertain, and perplexed verſes and rhymes. And I appeal to any reader, if this is not the condition in which theſe titular Odes appear.

On the contrary, there is nothing more regular than the Odes of Pindar, both as to the exact obſervation of the meaſures and numbers of his ſtanzas and verſes, and the perpetual coherence of his thoughts. For though his digreſſions are frequent, and his tranſitions ſudden, yet is there ever ſome ſecret connection, which though not always appearing to the eye, never fails to communicate itſelf to the underſtanding of the reader.

The liberty which he took in his numbers, and which has been ſo miſunderſtood and miſapplied by his pretended imitators, was only in varying the ſtanzas in different Odes; but in each particular Ode they are ever correſpondent one to another in their turns, and according to the order of the Ode.

All the Odes of Pindar which remain to us, are ſongs of triumph, victory or ſucceſs in the Grecian games: they were ſung by a chorus, and adapted to the lyre, and ſometimes to the lyre and pipe; they conſiſted oftenest of three ſtanzas; the firſt was called the Strophé, from

from the verſion or circular motion of the ſingers in that ſtanza from the right hand to the left. The ſecond ſtanza was called the Antiſtrophé, from the contraverſion of the chorus; the ſingers, in performing that, turning from the left hand to the right, contrary always to their motion in the Strophé. The third ſtanza was called the Epode, (it may be as being the after-ſong) which they ſung in the middle, neither turning to one hand nor the other.

What the origin was of theſe different motions and ſtations in ſinging their Odes, is not our preſent buſineſs to enquire. Some have thought that by the contrariety of the Strophé and Antiſtrophé, they intended to repreſent the contrarotation of the Primum Mobile, in reſpect of the Secunda Mobilia; and that by their ſtanding ſtill at the Epode, they meant to ſignify the ſtability of the earth. Others aſcribe the inſtitution to Theſeus, who thereby expreſſed the windings and turnings of the labyrinth, in celebrating his return from thence.

The method obſerved in the compoſition of theſe Odes, was therefore as follows. The poet having made choice of a certain number of verſes to conſtitute his Strophé or firſt ſtanza, was obliged to obſerve the ſame in his Antiſtrophé, or ſecond ſtanza; and which accordingly perpetually agreed whenever repeated, both in number of verſes and quantity of feet: he was then again at liberty to make a new choice for his third ſtanza, or Epode; where, accordingly, he diverſified his numbers, as his ear or fancy led him: compoſing that ſtanza of more or fewer verſes than the former, and

thoſe

thoſe verſes of different meaſures and quantities, for the greater variety of harmony, and entertainment of the ear.

But then this Epode being thus formed, he was ſtrictly obliged to the ſame meaſure as often as he ſhould repeat it in the order of his Ode, ſo that every Epode in the ſame Ode is eternally the ſame in meaſure and quantity, in reſpect to itſelf; as is alſo every Strophé and Antiſtrophé, in reſpect to each other.

The lyric poet Steſichorus (whom Longinus reckons amongſt the ableſt imitators of Homer, and of whom Quintilian ſays, that if he could have kept within bounds, he would have been neareſt of any body, in merit, to Homer) was, if not the inventer of this order in the Ode, yet ſo ſtrict an obſerver of it in his compoſitions, that the three ſtanzas of Steſichorus became a common proverb to expreſs a thing univerſally known, "ne tria quidem Steſichori noſtri;" ſo that when any one had a mind to reproach another with exceſſive ignorance, he could not do it more effectually than by telling him, "he did not ſo much as know the "three ſtanzas of Steſichorus;" that is, did not know that an Ode ought to conſiſt of a Strophé, an Antiſtrophé, and an Epode. If this was ſuch a mark of ignorance among them, I am ſure we have been pretty long liable to the ſame reproof; I mean, in reſpect of our imitations of the Odes of Pindar.

My intention is not to make a long Preface to a ſhort Ode, nor to enter upon a diſſertation of Lyric Poetry in general: but thus much I thought proper to ſay,

ſay, for the information of thoſe readers whoſe courſe of ſtudy has not led them into ſuch enquiries.

I hope I ſhall not be ſo miſunderſtood, as to have it thought that I pretend to give an exact copy of Pindar in this enſuing Ode; or that I look upon it as a pattern for his imitators for the future: far from ſuch thoughts, I have only given an inſtance of what is practicable, and am ſenſible that I am as diſtant from the force and elevation of Pindar, as others have hitherto been from the harmony and regularity of his numbers.

Again, we having no chorus to ſing our Odes, the titles, as well as uſe of Strophé, Antiſtrophé, and Epode, are obſolete and impertinent: and certainly there may be very good Engliſh Odes, without the diſtinction of Greek appellations to their ſtanzas. That I have mentioned them here, and obſerved the order of them in the enſuing Ode, is therefore only the more intelligibly to explain the extraordinary regularity of the compoſition of theſe Odes, which have been repreſented to us hitherto, as the moſt confuſed ſtructures in nature.

However, though there be no neceſſity that our triumphal Odes ſhould conſiſt of the three afore-mentioned ſtanzas; yet if the reader can obſerve that the great variation of the numbers in the third ſtanza (call it Epode, or what you pleaſe) has a pleaſing effect in the Ode, and makes him return to the firſt and ſecond ſtanzas with more appetite than he could do, if always cloyed with the ſame quantities and meaſures; I cannot ſee why ſome uſe may not be made of Pindar's example,

laſt Strophé of the ſame Ode; which take in the paraphraſe of Sudorius.

" Qui multa paucis ſtringere commode
" Novere, morſus hi facile invidos
" Spernunt, & auris menſque pura
" Omne ſupervacuum rejectat."

O D E.

I.

DAUGHTER of Memory, immortal Muſe,
Calliope; what poet wilt thou chuſe,
Of Anna's name to ſing?
To whom wilt thou thy fire impart,
Thy lyre, thy voice, and tuneful art;
Whom raiſe ſublime on thy ætherial wing,
And conſecrate with dews of thy Caſtalian ſpring?

II.

Without thy aid, the moſt aſpiring mind
Muſt flag beneath, to narrow flights confin'd,
Striving to riſe in vain:
Nor e'er can hope with equal lays
To celebrate bright Virtue's praiſe.
Thy aid obtain'd, ev'n I, the humbleſt ſwain,
May climb Pierian heights, and quit the lowly plain.

III.

High in the ſtarry orb is hung,
And next Alcides' guardian arm,
That harp to which thy Orpheus ſung,
Who woods, and rocks, and winds, could charm;

That

That harp which on Cyllene's ſhady hill,
When firſt the vocal ſhell was found,
With more than mortal ſkill
Inventer Hermes taught to ſound:
Hermes on bright Latona's ſon,
By ſweet perſuaſion won,
The wondrous work beſtow'd;
Latona's ſon, to thine
Indulgent, gave the gift divine:
A god the gift, a god th' invention ſhow'd.

I.

To that high-ſounding lyre I tune my ſtrains;
A lower note his lofty ſong diſdains
Who ſings of Anna's name.
The lyre is ſtruck! the ſounds I hear!
O Muſe, propitious to my prayer!
O well-known ſounds! O Melody, the ſame
That kindled Mantuan fire, and rais'd Mæonian flame!

II.

Nor are theſe ſounds to Britiſh bards unknown,
Or ſparingly reveal'd to one alone:
Witneſs ſweet Spenſer's lays:
And witneſs that immortal ſong,
As Spenſer ſweet, as Milton ſtrong,
Which humble Boyne o'er Tiber's flood could raiſe,
And mighty William ſing, with well-proportion'd praiſe.

III.

Riſe, fair Auguſta, lift thy head,
With golden towers thy front adorn;
Come forth, as comes from Tithon's bed
With chearful ray the ruddy morn. Thy

Thy lovely form, and freſh-reviving ſtate,
In cryſtal flood of Thames ſurvey;
Then, bleſs thy better fate,
Bleſs Anna's moſt auſpicious ſway.
While diſtant realms and neighbouring lands,
Arm'd troops and hoſtile bands
On every ſide moleſt,
Thy happier clime is free,
Fair Capital of Liberty!
And plenty knows, and days of halcyon reſt.

I.

As Britain's iſle, when old vex'd Ocean roars,
Unſhaken ſees againſt her ſilver ſhoars
His foaming billows beat;
So Britain's Queen, amidſt the jars
And tumults of a world in wars,
Fix'd on the baſe of her well-founded ſtate,
Serene and ſafe looks down, nor feels the ſhocks of fate.

II.

But greateſt ſouls, though bleſt with ſweet repoſe,
Are ſooneſt touch'd with ſenſe of others woes.
Thus Anna's mighty mind,
To mercy and ſoft pity prone,
And mov'd with ſorrows not her own,
Has all her peace and downy reſt reſign'd,
To wake for common good, and ſuccour human-kind.

III.

Fly, tyranny; no more be known
Within Europa's bliſsful bound;
Far as th' unhabitable zone
Fly every hoſpitable ground.

To

To horid Zembla's frozen realms repair,
There with the baleful beldam, Night,
Unpeopled empire ſhare,
And rob thoſe lands of legal right.
For now is come the promiſ'd hour,
When Juſtice ſhall have power;
Juſtice to earth reſtor'd!
Again Aſtrea reigns!
Anna her equal ſcale maintains,
And Marlborough wields her ſure deciding ſword.

I.

Now, couldſt thou ſoar, my Muſe, to ſing the man
In heights ſublime, as when the Mantuan ſwan
Her towering pinions ſpread;
Thou ſhould'ſt of Marlborough ſing, whoſe hand
Unerring, from his Queen's command,
Far as the ſeven-mouth'd Iſter's ſecret head,
To ſave th' Imperial ſtate, her hardy Britons led.

II.

Nor there thy ſong ſhould end; though all the Nine
Might well their harps and heavenly voices join
To ſing that glorious day,
When bold Bavaria fled the field,
And veteran Gauls unus'd to yield
On Blenheim's Plain imploring mercy lay;
And ſpoils and trophies won, perplex'd the victor's way.

III.

But could thy voice of Blenheim ſing,
And with ſucceſs that ſong purſue;
What art could aid thy wearied wing
To keep the victor ſtill in view?

For as the ſun ne'er ſtops his radiant flight,
Nor ſets but with impartial ray
To all who want his light
Alternately transfers the day:
So in the glorious round of fame,
Great Marlborough, ſtill the ſame,
Inceſſant runs his courſe:
To climes remote, and near,
His conquering arms by turns appear,
And univerſal is his aid and force.

I.

Attempt not to proceed, unwary Muſe,
For O! what notes, what numbers could'ſt thou chuſe
Though in all numbers ſkill'd:
To ſing the hero's matchleſs deed,
Which Belgia ſav'd, and Brabant freed;
To ſing Ramillia's day! to which muſt yield
Cannæ's illuſtrious fight, and fam'd Pharſalia's field.

II.

In the ſhort courſe of a diurnal ſun,
Behold the work of many ages done!
What verſe ſuch worth can raiſe?
Luſtre and life, the Poet's art
To middle virtue may impart;
But deeds ſublime, exalted high like theſe,
Tranſcend his utmoſt fight; and mock his diſtant praiſe.

III.

Still would the willing Muſe aſpire,
With tranſport ſtill her ſtrains prolong;
But fear unſtrings the trembling lyre,
And admiration ſtops her ſong.

Go on, great chief, in Anna's cauſe proceed;
Nor ſheath the terrors of thy ſword,
Till Europe thou haſt freed,
And univerſal peace reſtor'd.
This mighty work when thou ſhalt end,
Equal rewards attend,
Of value far above
Thy trophies and thy ſpoils;
Rewards ev'n worthy of thy toils,
Thy Queen's juſt favour, and thy Country's love.

To the Right Honourable the

EARL OF GODOLPHIN,

Lord HIGH-TREASURER of GREAT BRITAIN.

PINDARIC ODE.

" ——Quemvis mediâ erue turbâ:
" Aut ob avaritiam, aut miſerâ ambitione laborat.
" Hunc capit argenti ſplendor——
" Hic mutat merces ſurgente à ſole, ad eum quo
" Veſpertina tepet regio; quin per mala præceps
" Fertur————
" Omnes hi metuunt verſus, odere poetas."
HOR. L. I. Sat. iv.

I.

TO hazardous attempts and hardy toils,
Ambition ſome excites;
And ſome, deſire of martial ſpoils
To bloody fields invites;
Others, inſatiate thirſt of gain
Provokes to tempt the dangerous main,
To paſs the burning line, and bear
Th' inclemency of winds, and ſeas, and air;
Preſſing the doubtful voyage till India's ſhore
Her ſpicy boſom bares, and ſpreads her ſhining ore.

II.

Nor widows tears, nor tender orphans cries,
Can ſtop th' invader's force;
Nor ſwelling ſeas, nor threatening ſkies,
Prevent the pirate's courſe:
Their lives to ſelfiſh ends decreed,
Through blood or rapine they proceed;
No anxious thoughts of ill repute
Suſpend th' impetuous and unjuſt purſuit:
But power and wealth obtain'd, guilty and great,
Their fellow-creatures fears they raiſe, or urge their hate.

III.

But not for theſe his ivory lyre
Will tuneful Phœbus ſtring,
Nor Polyhymnia crown'd amid the choir,
Th' immortal epode ſing.
Thy ſprings, Caſtalia, turn their ſtreams aſide
From rapine, avarice, and pride;
Nor do thy greens, ſhady Aonia, grow,
To bind with wreaths a tyrant's brow.

I.

How juſt, moſt mighty Jove, yet how ſevere
Is thy ſupreme decree,
That impious men ſhall joyleſs hear
The Muſes' harmony!
Their ſacred ſongs, (the recompence
Of virtue and of innocence)
Which pious minds to rapture raiſe,
And worthy deeds at once excite and praiſe,

To guilty hearts afford no kind relief;
But add inflaming rage, and more afflicting grief.

II.

Monſtrous Typhœus, thus, new terrors fill,
He, who aſſail'd the ſkies,
And now, beneath the burning hill
Of dreadful Ætna lies.
Hearing the lyre's celeſtial ſound,
He bellows in th' abyſs profound;
Sicilia trembles at his roar,
Tremble the ſeas, and far Campania's ſhore;
While all his hundred mouths, at once reſpire
Volumes of curling ſmoke, and floods of liquid fire.

III.

From heaven alone all good proceeds;
To heavenly minds belong
All power and love, Godolphin, of good deeds,
And ſenſe of ſacred ſong!
And thus moſt pleaſing are the Muſe's lays
To them who merit moſt her praiſe;
Wherefore, for thee, her ivory lyre ſhe ſtrings,
And ſoars with rapture while ſhe ſings.

I.

Whether affairs of moſt important weight
Require thy aiding hand,
And Anna's cauſe and Europa's fate
Thy ſerious thoughts demand;
Whether thy days and nights are ſpent
In cares, on public good intent;

Or,

Or whether leiſure hours invite
To manly ſports, or to refin'd delight;
In courts reſiding, or to plains retir'd,
Where generous ſteeds conteſt, with emulation fir'd!

II.

Thee ſtill ſhe ſeeks, and tuneful ſings thy name,
As once ſhe Theron ſung,
While with the deathleſs worthy's fame
Olympian Piſa rung:
Nor leſs ſublime is now her choice,
Nor leſs inſpir'd by thee her voice.
And now ſhe loves aloft to ſound
The man for more than mortal deeds renown'd;
Varying anon her theme, ſhe takes delight
The ſwift-heel'd horſe to praiſe, and ſing his rapid flight.

III.

And ſee! the air-born racers ſtart,
Impatient of the rein;
Faſter they run than flies the Scithian dart,
Nor, paſſing, print the plain!
The winds themſelves, who with their ſwiftneſs vie,
In vain their airy pinions ply;
So far in matchleſs ſpeed thy courſers paſs
Th' ætherial authors of their race.

I.

And now a while the well-ſtrain'd courſers breathe;
And now, my Muſe, prepare
Of olive leaves a twiſted wreath
To bind the victor's hair.

Pallas, in care of human-kind,
The fruitful olive firſt deſign'd;
Deep in the glebe her ſpear ſhe lanc'd,
When all at once the laden boughs advanc'd:
The Gods with wonder view'd the teeming earth,
And all, with one conſent, approv'd the beauteous birth.

II.

This done, earth-ſhaking Neptune next eſſay'd,
In bounty to the world,
To emulate the blue-ey'd maid;
And his huge trident hurl'd
Againſt the ſounding beach; the ſtroke
Transfix'd the globe, and open broke
The central earth, whence, ſwift as light,
Forth ruſh'd the firſt-born horſe. Stupendous ſight!
Neptune for human good the beaſt ordains,
Whom ſoon he tam'd to uſe, and taught to bear the reins.

III.

Thus gods contended (noble ſtrife,
Worthy the heavenly mind!)
Who moſt ſhould do to ſoften anxious life,
And moſt endear mankind.
Thus, thou, Godolphin, doſt with Marlborough ſtrive,
From whoſe joint toils we reſt derive:
Triumph in wars abroad his arm aſſures,
Sweet Peace at home thy care ſecures.

AN

AN IMPOSSIBLE THING.

A TALE.

TO thee, dear Dick, this tale I ſend,
Both as a critick and a friend.
I tell it with ſome variation
(Not altogether a tranſlation)
From La Fontaine; an author, Dick,
Whoſe Muſe would touch thee to the quick.
The ſubject is of that ſame kind,
To which thy heart ſeems moſt inclin'd:
How verſe may alter it, God knows,
Thou lov'ſt it well, I 'm ſure, in proſe.
So, without preface, or pretence,
To hold thee longer in ſuſpence,
I ſhall proceed, as I am able,
To the recital of my fable.

A goblin of the merry kind,
More black of hue, than curſt of mind,
To help a lover in diſtreſs,
Contriv'd a charm with ſuch ſucceſs,
That in ſhort ſpace the cruel dame
Relented, and return'd his flame.
The bargain, made betwixt them both,
Was bound by honour and by oath:
The lover laid down his ſalvation,
And Satan ſtak'd his reputation.

The

The latter promis'd on his part
(To ſerve his friend, and ſhew his art),
That madam ſhould by twelve o' clock,
Though hitherto as hard as rock,
Become as gentle as a glove,
And kiſs and coo like any dove.
In ſhort, the woman ſhould be his,
That is, upon condition---Viz.
That he, the lover, after taſting
What one would wiſh were everlaſting;
Should, in return for ſuch enjoyment,
Supply the fiend with freſh employment:
" That 's all, quoth Pug; my poor requeſt
" Is, only, never to have reſt;
" You thought, 'tis like, with reaſon too,
" That I ſhould have been ſerv'd, not you:
" But what? upon my friend impoſe!
" No—though a devil, none of thoſe.
" Your buſineſs then, pray underſtand me,
" Is nothing more but to command me.
" Of one thing only let me warn ye:
" Which ſomewhat nearly may concern ye:
" As ſoon as e'er one work is done,
" Strait name a new one; and ſo on;
" Let each to other quick ſucceed,
" Or elſe---you know how 'tis agreed—
" For if through any hums or haws
" There haps an intervening pauſe,
" In which, for want of freſh commands,
" Your ſlave obſequious, idle ſtands,

" Nor

" Nor ſoul nor body ever more
" Shall ſerve the nymph whom you adore;
" But both be laid at Satan's feet,
" To be diſpos'd as he thinks meet."
At once the lover all approves;
For who can heſitate that loves?
And thus he argues in his thought:
" Why, after all, I venture nought;
" What myſtery is in commanding?
" Does that require much underſtanding?
" Indeed, wert my part to obey,
" He'd go the better of the lay:
" But he muſt do what I think fit---
" Pſhaw, pſhaw, young Belzebub is bit."
Thus pleas'd in mind, he calls a chair,
Adjuſts, and combs, and courts the fair:
The ſpell takes place, and all goes right,
And happy he employs the night
In ſweet embraces balmy kiſſes,
And riots in the bliſs of bliſſes.
" O joy," cried he, " that has no equal!"
But hold---no raptures---mark the ſequel.
For now, when near the morning's dawn,
The youth began as 'twere to yawn;
His eyes a ſilky ſlumber ſeiz'd,
Or would have done, if Pug had pleas'd:
But that officious Dæmon near,
Now buzz'd for buſineſs in his ear;
In haſte, he names a thouſand things:
The goblin plies his wicker wings,

And

And in a trice returns to aſk
Another and another taſk.
Now palaces are built and towers,
The work of ages in few hours.
Then ſtorms are in an inſtant rais'd,
Which the next moment are appeas'd.
Now ſhowers of gold and gems are rain'd,
As if each India had been drain'd:
And he, in one aſtoniſh'd view,
Sees both Golconda and Peru.
Theſe things, and ſtranger things than theſe,
Were done with equal ſpeed and eaſe.
And now to Rome poor Pug he 'll ſend;
And Pug ſoon reach'd his journey's end,
And ſoon return'd with ſuch a pack
Of bulls and pardons at his back,
That now, the Squire (who had ſome hope
In holy water and the pope)
Was out of heart, and at a ſtand
What next to wiſh, and what command;
Invention flags, his brain grows muddy,
And black deſpair ſucceeds brown ſtudy.
In this diſtreſs the woeful youth
Acquaints the nymph with all the truth,
Begging her counſel, for whoſe ſake
Both ſoul and body were at ſtake,
"And is this all?" replies the fair:
"Let me alone to cure this care.
"When next your Dæmon ſhall appear,
"Pray give him---look, what I hold here,

"And

" And bid him labour, ſoon or late,
" To lay theſe ringlets lank and ſtrait."
Then, ſomething ſcarcely to be ſeen,
Her finger and her thumb between
She held, and ſweetly ſmiling, cry'd,
" Your Goblin's ſkill ſhall now be try'd."
She ſaid; and gave---what ſhall I call
That thing ſo ſhining, criſp, and ſmall,
Which round his finger ſtrove to twine?
A tendril of the Cyprian vine?
Or ſprig from Cytherea's grove;
Shade of the labyrinth of love?
With awe, he now takes from her hand
That fleece-like flower of fairy land:
Leſs precious, whilom, was the fleece
Which drew the Argonauts from Greece?
Or that, which modern ages ſee
The ſpur and prize of chivalry,
Whoſe curls of kindred texture grace
Heroes and kings of Spaniſh race.
The ſpark prepar'd, and Pug at hand,
He iſſues, thus, his ſtrict command:
" This line, thus curve and thus orbicular,
" Render direct, and perpendicular;
" But ſo direct, that in no ſort
" It ever may in rings retort.
" See me no more till this be done:
" Hence, to thy taſk---avaunt, be gone."
Away the fiend like lightning flies,
And all his wit to work applies:

Anvil

Anvils and preſſes he employs,
And dins whole hell with hammering noiſe.
In vain: he to no terms can bring
One twirl of that reluctant thing;
Th' elaſtic fibre mocks his pains,
And its firſt ſpiral form retains.
New ſtratagems the ſprite contrives,
And down the depths of ſea he dives:
"This ſprunt its pertneſs ſure will loſe
"When laid (ſaid he) to ſoak in ooze."
Poor fooliſh fiend! he little knew
Whence Venus and her garden grew.
Old Ocean, with paternal waves
The child of his own bed receives;
Which oft as dipt new force exerts,
And in more vigorous curls reverts.
So when to earth Alcides flung
The huge Antæus, whence he ſprung,
From every fall freſh ſtrength he gain'd,
And with new life the fight maintain'd.
The baffled Goblin grows perplex'd,
Now knows what ſlight to practiſe next:
The more he tries, the more he fails;
Nor charm, nor art, nor force avails.
But all concur his ſhame to ſhow,
And more exaſperate the foe.
And now he penſive turns and ſad,
And looks like melancholic mad.
He rolls his eyes now off, now on
That wonderful phænomenon.

Some-

Sometimes he twiſts and twirls it round,
Then, pauſing, meditates profound:
No end he ſees of his ſurprize,
Nor what it ſhould be can deviſe:
For never yet was wool or feather,
That could ſtand buff againſt all weather;
And unrelax'd, like this, reſiſt
Both wind and rain, and ſnow and miſt.
What ſtuff, or whence, or how 'twas made,
What ſpinſter which could ſpin ſuch thread,
He nothing knew; but, to his coſt,
Knew all his fame and labour loſt.
Subdued, abaſh'd, he gave it o'er;
'Tis ſaid, he bluſh'd; 'tis ſure, he ſwore
Not all the wiles that hell could hatch
Could conquer that Superb Muſtach.
Defeated thus, thus diſcontent,
Back to the man the Dæmon went:
" I grant," quoth he, " our contract null,
" And give you a diſcharge in full.
" But tell me now, in name of wonder,
" (Since I ſo candidly knock under)
" What is this thing? Where could it grow?
" Pray take it---'tis in ſtatu quo.
" Much good may 't do you; for my part,
" I waſh my hands of 't from my heart."
" In truth, Sir Goblin or Sir Fairy,"
Replies the lad, " you 're too ſoon weary.
" What, leave this trifling taſk undone!
" And think'ſt thou this the only one?

To guilty hearts afford no kind relief;
But add inflaming rage, and more afflicting grief.

II.

Monſtrous Typhœus, thus, new terrors fill,
He, who aſſail'd the ſkies,
And now, beneath the burning hill
Of dreadful Ætna lies.
Hearing the lyre's celeſtial ſound,
He bellows in th' abyſs profound;
Sicilia trembles at his roar,
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Require thy aiding hand,
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To manly ſports, or to refin'd delight;
In courts reſiding, or to plains retir'd,
Where generous ſteeds conteſt, with emulation fir'd!

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As once ſhe Theron ſung,
While with the deathleſs worthy's fame
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Nor leſs ſublime is now her choice,
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And now ſhe loves aloft to ſound
The man for more than mortal deeds renown'd;
Varying anon her theme, ſhe takes delight
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And ſee! the air-born racers ſtart,
Impatient of the rein;
Faſter they run than flies the Scithian dart,
Nor, paſſing, print the plain!
The winds themſelves, who with their ſwiftneſs vie,
In vain their airy pinions ply;
So far in matchleſs ſpeed thy courſers paſs
Th' ætherial authors of their race.

I.

And now a while the well-ſtrain'd courſers breathe;
And now, my Muſe, prepare
Of olive leaves a twiſted wreath
To bind the victor's hair.

" Alas! were this ſubdued, thoud'ſt find
" Millions of more ſuch ſtill behind;
" Which might employ, ev'n to eternity,
" Both you and all your whole fraternity."

The PEASANT in Search of his HEIFER.

A TALE AFTER M. DE LA FONTAINE.

IT ſo befell: a ſilly ſwain
Had ſought his heifer long in vain;
For wanton ſhe had friſking ſtray'd,
And left the lawn, to ſeek the ſhade,
Around the plain he rolls his eyes,
Then, to the wood, in haſte he hies;
Where, ſingling out the faireſt tree,
He climbs, in hopes to hear or ſee.
Anon, there chanc'd that way to paſs
A jolly lad and buxom laſs:
The place was apt, the paſtime pleaſant;
Occaſion with her forelock preſent:
The girl agog, the gallant ready;
So lightly down he lays my lady.
But ſo ſhe turn'd, or ſo was laid,
That ſhe ſome certain charms diſplay'd,
Which with ſuch wonder ſtruck his ſight
(With wonder, much; more, with delight)
That loud he cry'd in rapture, " What?
" What ſee I, gods! What ſee I not!"

But

But nothing nam'd; from whence 'tis gueſs'd,
'Twas more than well could be expreſs'd.
The clown aloft, who lent an ear,
Strait ſtopt him ſhort in mid career:
And louder cry'd, "Ho! honeſt friend,
"That of thy ſeeing ſeeſt no end;
"Doſt ſee the heifer, that I ſeek?
"If do'ſt, pray be ſo kind to ſpeak."

HOMER'S HYMN TO VENUS.

SING, Muſe, the force and all-inf:rming fire
Of Cyprian Venus, goddeſs of deſire:
Her charms th' immortal minds of gods can move,
And tame the ſtubborn race of men to love.
The wilder herds and ravenous beaſt of prey
Her influence feel, and own her kindly ſway.
Through pathleſs Air, and boundleſs Ocean's ſpace,
She rules the feather'd kind and finny race;
Whole nature on her ſole ſupport depends,
And far as life exiſts, her care extends.
Of all the numerous hoſt of gods above,
But three are found inflexible to love.
Blue-ey'd Minerva free preſerves his heart,
A virgin unbeguil'd by Cupid's art;
In ſhining arms the martial maid delights,
O'er war preſides, and well-diſputed fights;
With thirſt of fame ſhe firſt the hero fir'd,
And firſt the ſkill of uſeful arts inſpir'd;

Taught artiſts firſt the carving tool to wield,
Chariots with braſs to arm, and form the fenceful ſhield;
She firſt taught modeſt maids in early bloom
To ſhun the lazy life, and ſpin, or ply the loom.

Diana next, the Paphian queen defies,
Her ſmiling arts and proffer'd friendſhip flies:
She loves, with well-mouth'd hounds and chearful horn
Or ſilver-ſounding voice, to wake the morn,
To wound the mountain boar, or rouſe the wood-land deer:
To draw the bow, or dart the pointed ſpear,
Sometimes, of gloomy groves ſhe likes the ſhades,
And there of virgin nymph the chorus leads;
And ſometimes ſeeks the town, and leaves the plains,
And loves ſociety where virtue reigns.

The third celeſtial power averſe to love
Is virgin Veſta, dear to mighty Jove;
Whom Neptune ſought to wed, and Phœbus woo'd;
And both with fruitleſs labour long purſued;
For ſhe, ſeverely chaſte, rejected both,
And bound her purpoſe with a ſolemn oath,
A virgin life inviolate to lead;
She ſwore, and Jove aſſenting bow'd his head.
But ſince her rigid choice the joys deny'd
Of nuptial rites, and bleſſings of a bride,
The bounteous Jove with gifts that want ſupply'd.
High on a throne ſhe ſits amidſt the ſkies,
And firſt is fed with fumes of ſacrifice:
For holy rites to Veſta firſt are paid,
And on her altar firſt-fruit offerings laid;
So Jove ordain'd in honour of the maid.

Theſe are the powers above, and only theſe,
Whom Love and Chytherea's art diſpleaſe:
Of other beings, none in earth or ſkies
Her force reſiſts, or influence denies.
With eaſe, her charms the thunderer can bind.
And captivate with love th' almighty mind:
Ev'n he, whoſe dread commands the gods obey,
Submits to her, and owns ſuperior ſway;
Enſlav'd to mortal beauties by her power,
He oft deſcends, his creatures to adore;
While, to conceal the theft from Juno's eyes,
Some well-diſſembled ſhape the gods belies.
Juno, his wife and ſiſter, both in place
And beauty, firſt among th' ætherial race;
Whom, all-tranſcending in ſuperior worth,
Wiſe Saturn got, and Cybele brought forth:
And Jove, by never-erring counſel ſway'd,
The partner of his bed and empire made.
But Jove at length, with juſt reſentment fir'd,
The laughing queen herſelf with love inſpir'd.
Swift through her veins the ſweet contagion ran,
And kindled in her breaſt deſire of mortal man;
That ſhe, like other deities, might prove
The pains and pleaſures of inferior love;
And not inſultingly the gods deride,
Whoſe ſons were human by the mother's ſide:
Thus, Jove ordain'd ſhe now for man ſhould burn,
And bring forth mortal offſpring in her turn.
Amongſt the ſprings which flow from Ida's head,
His lowing herds the young Anchiſes fed:

Whoſe godlike form and face the ſmiling queen
Beheld, and lov'd to madneſs ſoon as ſeen,
To Cyprus ſtrait the wounded goddeſs flies,
Where Paphian temples in her honour riſe,
And altars ſmoke with daily ſacrifice.
Soon as arriv'd, ſhe to her ſhrine repair'd,
Where entering quick, the ſhining gates ſhe barr'd.
The ready Graces wait, her baths prepare,
And oint with fragrant oils her flowing hair,
Her flowing hair around her ſhoulders ſpreads,
And all adown ambroſial odour ſheds.
Laſt, in tranſparent robes her limbs they fold,
Enrich'd with ornaments of pureſt gold.
And thus attir'd, her chariots ſhe aſcends,
And, Cyprus left, her flight to Troy ſhe bends.
On Ida ſhe alights, then ſeeks the ſeat
Which lov'd Anchiſes choſe for his retreat:
And ever as ſhe walk'd through lawn or wood,
Promiſcuous herds of beaſts admiring ſtood,
Some humbly follow, while ſome fawning meet,
And lick the ground, and crouch beneath her feet.
Dogs, lions, wolves, and bears, their eyes unite,
And the ſwift panther ſtops to gaze with fix'd delight.
For, every glance ſhe gives, ſoft fire imparts,
Enkindling ſweet deſire in ſavage hearts.
Inflam'd with love, all ſingle out their mates,
And to their ſhady dens each pair retreats.
Meantime the tent ſhe ſpies ſo much deſir'd,
Where her Anchiſes was alone retir'd;

With-

Withdrawn from all his friends and fellow-ſwains,
Who fed their flocks beneath, and ſought the plains:
In pleaſing ſolitude the youth ſhe found.
Intent upon his lyre's harmonious ſound.
Before his eyes Jove's beauteous daughter ſtood,
In form and dreſs, a huntreſs of the wood;
For had he ſeen the goddeſs undiſguis'd,
The youth with awe and fear had been ſurpriz'd.
Fix'd he beheld her, and with joy admir'd
To ſee a nymph ſo bright, and ſo attir'd.
For from her flowing robe a luſtre ſpread,
As if with radiant flames ſhe were array'd;
Her hair in part diſclos'd, in part conceal'd,
In ringlets fell, or was with jewels held;
With various gold and gems her neck was grac'd,
And orient pearls heav'd on her panting breaſt:
Bright as the moon ſhe ſhone, with ſilent light,
And charm'd his ſenſe with wonder and delight.
Thus while Anchiſes gaz'd, through every vein
A thrilling joy he felt, and pleaſing pain.
At length he ſpake---"All hail, celeſtial fair!
"Who humbly doſt to viſit earth repair.
"Whoe'er thou art, deſcended from above,
"Latona, Cynthia, or the Queen of Love,
"All hail! all honour ſhall to thee be paid;
"Or art thou *Themis? or the †blue-ey'd maid!
"Or, art thou faireſt of the Graces three,
"Who with the gods ſhare immortality?

* The Goddeſs of Equity and Right. † Pallas.

"Or

" Or elſe, ſome nymph, the guardian of theſe woods,
" Theſe caves, theſe fruitful hills, or cryſtal floods?
" Whoe'er thou art, in ſome conſpicuous field,
" I, to thy honour, will an altar build,
" Where holy offerings I 'll each hour prepare;
" O prove but thou propitious to my prayer!
" Grant me, among the Trojan race, to prove
" A patriot worthy of my country's love;
" Bleſs'd in myſelf, I beg I next may be
" Bleſs'd in my children and poſterity:
" Happy in health, long let me ſee the ſun,
" And, lov'd by all, late may my days be done."
He ſaid.---Jove's beauteous daughter thus reply'd,
" Delight of human-kind, thy ſex's pride!
" Honour'd Anchiſes, you behold in me
" No goddeſs bleſs'd with immortality;
" But mortal I, of mortal mother came,
" Otreus my father (you have heard the name)
" Who rules the fair extent of Phrygia's lands,
" And all her towns and fortreſſes commands.
" When yet an infant, I to Troy was brought,
" There was I nurs'd, and there your language taught;
" Then wonder not, if, thus inſtructed young,
" I, like my own, can ſpeak the Trojan tongue.
" In me, one of Diana's nymphs behold;
" Why thus arriv'd, I ſhall the cauſe unfold.
" As late our ſports we practis'd on the plain,
" I and my fellow-nymph of Cynthia's train
" Dancing in chorus, and with garlands crown'd,
" And by admiring crowds encompaſs'd round,

" Lo!

" Lo! hovering o'er my head I ſaw the god
" Who Argus ſlew, and bears the golden rod:
" Sudden he ſeiz'd, then bore me from their ſight,
" Cutting through liquid air his rapid flight.
" O'er many ſtates and peopled towns we paſs'd,
" O'er hills and valleys, and o'er deſerts waſte;
" O'er barren moors, and o'er unwholeſome fens,
" And woods where beaſts inhabit dreadful dens.
" Through all which pathleſs way our ſpeed was ſuch,
" We ſtopt not once the face of earth to touch.
" Meantime he told me, while through air we fled,
" That Jove ordain'd I ſhould Anchiſes wed,
" And with illuſtrious offspring bleſs his bed:
" This ſaid, and pointing to me your abode,
" To heaven again up-ſoar'd the ſwift-wing'd God;
" Thus, of neceſſity, to you I come,
" Unknown, and loſt, far from my native home.
" But I conjure you, by the throne of Jove,
" By all that's dear to you, by all you love,
" By your good parents (for no bad could e'er
" Produce a ſon ſo graceful, good, and fair);
" That you no wiles employ to win my heart,
" But let me hence an untouch'd maid depart;
" Inviolate and guiltleſs of your bed,
" Let me be to your houſe and mother led.
" Me to your father and your brothers ſhow,
" And our alliance firſt let them allow:
" Let me be known, and my condition own'd,
" And no unequal match I may be found.

" Equality to them my birth may claim,
" Worthy a daughter's or a ſiſter's name,
" Though for your wife, of too inferior fame.
" Next, let ambaſſadors to Phrygia haſte,
" To tell my father of my fortunes paſs'd,
" And eaſe my mother in that anxious ſtate,
" Of doubts and fears, which cares for me create.
" They in return ſhall preſents bring from thence
" Of rich attire, and ſums of gold immenſe:
" You in peculiar ſhall with gifts be grac'd,
" In price and beauty far above the reſt.
" This done, perform the rites of nuptial love,
" Grateful to men below, and Gods above."
She ſaid, and from her eyes ſhot ſubtle fires,
Which to his heart inſinuate deſires.
Reſiſtleſs love invading thus his breaſt,
The panting youth the ſmiling queen addreſs'd:
" Since mortal you, of mortal mother came,
" And Otreus you report your father's name;
" And ſince th' immortal Hermes from above,
" To execute the dread commands of Jove,
" Your wondrous beauties hither has convey'd,
" A nuptial life with me henceforth to lead:
" Know, now, that neither gods nor men have power
" One minute to defer the happy hour,
" This inſtant will I ſeize upon thy charms,
" Mix with thy ſoul, and melt within thy arms:
" Though Phœbus, arm'd with his unerring dart,
" Stood ready to transfix my panting heart;

" Though

" Though Death, though Hell, in conſequence attend,
" Thou ſhalt with me the genial bed aſcend."
He ſaid, and ſudden ſnatch'd her beauteous hand;
The goddeſs ſmil'd, nor did th' attempt withſtand:
But fix'd her eyes upon the hero's bed,
Where ſoft and ſilken coverlets were ſpread,
And over all a counterpane was plac'd,
Thick ſown with furs of many a ſavage beaſt,
Of bears and lions, heretofore his ſpoil;
And ſtill remain'd the trophies of his toil.
Now to aſcend the bed they both prepare,
And he with eager haſte diſrobes the fair.
Her ſparkling necklace, firſt, he laid aſide;
Her bracelets next, and braided hair unty'd:
And now, his buſy hand her zone unbrac'd,
Which girt her radiant robe around her waſte;
Her radiant robe at laſt aſide was thrown,
Whoſe roſy hue with dazzling luſtre ſhone.
The Queen of Love the youth thus diſarray'd,
And on a chair of gold her veſtments laid.
Anchiſes now (ſo Jove and fate ordain'd)
The ſweet extreme of ecſtaſy attain'd;
And mortal he, was like th' immortals bleſs'd,
Not conſcious of the goddeſs he poſſeſs'd.
But when the ſwains their flocks and herds had fed,
And from the flowery field returning, led
Their ſheep to fold, and oxen to the ſhed;
In ſoft and pleaſing chains of ſleep profound,
The wary goddeſs her Anchiſes bound:

Then

Then gently riſing from his ſide and bed,
In all her bright attire her limbs array'd.
And now, her fair-crown'd head aloft ſhe rears,
Nor more a mortal, but herſelf appears:
Her face refulgent, and majeſtic mien,
Confeſs'd the goddeſs, Love's and Beauty's Queen.
Then thus, aloud, ſhe calls: "Anchiſes, wake;
"Thy fond repoſe and lethargy forſake:
"Look on the nymph who late from Phrygia came,
"Behold me well---ſay, if I ſeem the ſame."
At her firſt call, the chains of ſleep were broke,
And, ſtarting from his bed, Anchiſes woke:
But when he Venus view'd without diſguiſe,
Her ſhining neck beheld, and radiant eyes;
Aw'd and abaſh'd, he turn'd his head aſide,
Attempting with his robe his face to hide.
Confus'd with wonder, and with fear oppreſs'd,
In winged words, he thus the Queen addreſs'd:
"When firſt, O Goddeſs, I thy form beheld,
"Whoſe charms ſo far humanity excell'd;
"To thy celeſtial power my vows I paid,
"And with humility implor'd thy aid:
"But thou, for ſecret cauſe to me unknown,
"Didſt thy divine immortal ſtate diſown.
"But now, I beg thee by the filial love
"Due to thy father, Ægis-bearing Jove,
"Compaſſion on my human ſtate to ſhow;
"Nor let me lead a life infirm below;
"Defend me from the woes which mortals wait,
"Nor let me ſhare of men the common fate:

"Since

" Since never man with length of days was bleſt,
" Who in delights of love a deity poſſeſs'd."
To him, Jove's beauteous daughter thus replied:
" Be bold, Anchiſes; in my love confide:
" Nor me, nor other God, thou need'ſt to fear,
" For thou to all the heavenly race art dear.
" Know, from our loves, thou ſhalt a ſon obtain,
" Who over all the realm of Troy ſhall reign;
" From whom a race of monarchs ſhall deſcend,
" And whoſe poſterity ſhall know no end.
" To him thou ſhalt the name Æneas give,
" As one, for whoſe conception I muſt grieve,
" Oft as I think, he to exiſt began
" From my conjunction with a mortal man."
But Troy, of all the habitable earth,
To a ſuperior race of men gives birth;
Producing heroes of th' ætherial kind,
And next reſembling gods in form and mind.
From thence great Jove to azure ſkies convey'd
To live with gods, the lovely Ganymede.
Where, by th' immortals honour'd (ſtrange to ſee!)
The youth enjoys a bleſs'd eternity.
In bowls of gold he ruddy nectar pours,
And Jove regales in his unbended hours.
Long did the King, his ſire, his abſence mourn,
Doubtful by whom, or where, the boy was borne:
Till Jove at length, in pity of his grief,
Diſpatch'd Argicides to his relief;
And, more with gifts to pacify his mind,
He ſent him horſes of a deathleſs kind,
Whoſe feet outſtript in ſpeed the rapid wind.

Charging

Charging withal ſwift Hermes to relate
The youth's advancement to a heavenly ſtate;
Where all his hours are paſs'd in circling joy,
Which age can ne'er decay, nor death deſtroy.
Now, when this embaſſy the King receives,
No more for abſent Ganymede he grieves;
The pleaſing news his aged heart revives,
And with delight his ſwift-heel'd ſteeds he drives.
" But when the golden-thron'd Aurora made
" Tithonus partner of her roſy bed,
" (Tithonus too was of the Trojan line,
" Reſembling gods in face and form divine)
" For him ſhe ſtrait the thunderer addreſs'd,
" That with perpetual life he might be bleſs'd:
" Jove heard her prayer, and granted her requeſt.
" But ah! how raſh was ſhe, how indiſcreet!
" The moſt material bleſſing to omit;
" Neglecting, or not thinking to provide,
" That length of days might be with ſtrength ſupplied;
" And to her lover's endleſs life, engage
" An endleſs youth, incapable of age.
" But hear what fate befell this heavenly fair,
" In gold enthron'd, the brighteſt child of air.
" Tithonus, while of pleaſing youth poſſeſs'd,
" Is by Aurora with delight careſs'd;
" Dear to her arms, he in her court reſides,
" Beyond the verge of earth, and ocean's utmoſt tides.
" But when ſhe ſaw grey hairs begin to ſpread,
" Deform his beard, and diſadorn his head,

" The

" The goddeſs cold in her embraces grew,
" His arms declin'd, and from his bed withdrew;
" Yet ſtill a kind of nurſing care ſhe ſhow'd,
" And food ambroſial, and rich cloaths beſtow'd:
" But when of age he felt the ſad extreme,
" And every nerve was ſhrunk, and limb was lame,
" Lock'd in a room her uſeleſs ſpouſe ſhe left,
" Of youth, of vigour, and of voice bereft.
" On terms like theſe, I never can deſire
" Thou ſhould'ſt to immortality aſpire.
" Could'ſt thou indeed, as now thou art, remain,
" Thy ſtrength, thy beauty, and thy youth retain,
" Could'ſt thou for ever thus my huſband prove,
" I might live happy in thy endleſs love;
" Nor ſhould I e'er have cauſe to dread the day,
" When I muſt mourn thy loſs and life's decay.
" But thou, alas! too ſoon and ſure muſt bend
" Beneath the woes which painful age attend;
" Inexorable age! whoſe wretched ſtate
" All mortals dread, and all immortals hate.
" Now, know, I alſo muſt my portion ſhare,
" And for thy ſake reproach and ſhame muſt bear.
" For I, who heretofore in chains of love
" Could captivate the minds of gods above,
" And force them, by my all-ſubduing charms,
" To ſigh and languiſh in a woman's arms:
" Muſt now no more that power ſuperior boaſt,
" Nor tax with weakneſs the celeſtial hoſt;
" Since I myſelf this dear amends have made,
" And am at laſt by my own arts betray'd.

" Erring

" Erring like them, with appetite deprav'd,
" This hour, by thee, I have a ſon conceiv'd;
" Whom hid beneath my zone, I muſt conceal,
" Till Time his being and my ſhame reveal.
" Him ſhall the nymphs who theſe fair woods adorn
" In their deep boſoms nurſe, as ſoon as born;
" They nor of mortal nor immortal ſeed
" Are ſaid to ſpring, yet on Ambroſia feed,
" And long they live, and oft in chorus join
" With gods and goddeſſes in dance divine.
" Theſe the Sileni court; theſe Hermes loves,
" And their embraces ſeeks in ſhady groves.
" Their origin and birth theſe nymphs deduce
" From common parent earth's prolific juice;
" With lofty firs which grace the mountain's brow,
" Or ample-ſpreading oaks at once they grow;
" All have their trees allotted to their care,
" Whoſe growth, duration, and decreaſe they ſhare.
" But holy are theſe groves by mortals held,
" And therefore by the ax are never fell'd.
" But when the fate of ſome fair tree draws nigh,
" It firſt appears to droop, and then grows dry;
" The bark to crack and periſh next is ſeen,
" And laſt the boughs it ſheds, no longer green:
" And thus the nymphs expire by like degrees,
" And live and die coæval with their trees.
" Theſe gentle nymphs, by my perſuaſion won,
" Shall in their ſweet receſſes nurſe my ſon;
" And when his cheeks with youth's firſt bluſhes glow,
" To thee the ſacred maids the boy ſhall ſhow.

" More

" More to inſtruct thee, when five years ſhall end,
" I will again to viſit thee deſcend,
" Bringing thy beauteous ſon to charm thy ſight,
" Whoſe godlike form ſhall fill thee with delight;
" Him will I leave thenceforward to thy care,
" And will that with him thou to Troy repair:
" There, if enquiry ſhall be made, to know
" To whom thou doſt ſo bright an offspring owe;
" Be ſure thou nothing of the truth detect,
" But ready anſwer make as I direct.
" Say of a ſylvan nymph the fair youth came,
" And Calycopis call his mother's name.
" For ſhould'ſt thou boaſt the truth, and madly own
" That thou in bliſs hadſt Cytherea known,
" Jove would his anger pour upon thy head,
" And with avenging thunder ſtrike thee dead.
" Now all is told thee, and juſt caution given,
" Be ſecret thou, and dread the wrath of heaven."
She ſaid, and ſudden ſoar'd above his ſight,
Cutting through liquid air her heavenward flight.
All hail, bright Cyprian Queen! thee firſt I praiſe,
Then to ſome other power transfer my lays.

CON-

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THE

POEMS

OF

ELIJAH FENTON.

POEMS

BY

ELIJAH FENTON.

To the Right Honourable CHARLES, Earl of Orrery, theſe POEMS are moſt humbly dedicated by his Lordſhip's moſt obliged, and moſt obedient Servant, E. FENTON.

AN ODE TO THE SUN,

For the NEW-YEAR, 1707.

" Augur, & fulgente decorus arcu
" Phœbus acceptuſque novem Camœnis,
" Qui ſalutari levat arte feſſos
" Corporis artus;——————
" Alterum in Luſtrum meliuſque ſemper
" Proroget ævum." HOR.

I.

BEGIN, celeſtial ſource of light,
To gild the new-revolving ſphere;
And from the pregnant womb of night,
Urge on to birth the infant year.

Rich with auſpicious luſtre riſe,
Thou faireſt regent of the ſkies,
Conſpicuous with thy ſilver bow!
To thee, a god, 'twas given by Jove
To rule the radiant orbs above,
To Gloriana this below.

II.

With joy renew thy deſtin'd race,
And let the mighty months begin:
Let no ill omen cloud thy face,
Through all thy circle ſmile ſerene.
While the ſtern miniſters of fate
Watchful o'er pale Lutetia wait,
To grieve the Gaul's perfidious head;
The hours, thy offspring heavenly fair,
Their whiteſt wings ſhould ever wear,
And gentle joys on Albion ſhed.

III.

When Ilia bore the future fates of Rome,
And the long honours of her race began,
Thus, to prepare the graceful age to come,
They from thy ſtores in happy order ran.
Heroes elected to the liſt of fame,
Fix'd the ſure columns of her riſing ſtate:
Till the loud triumphs of the Julian name
Render'd the glories of her reign compleat,
Each year advanc'd a rival to the reſt,
In comely ſpoils of war, and great atchievements dreſt.

Say,

I.

Say, Phœbus, for thy ſearching eye
Saw Rome the darling child of fate,
When nothing equal here could vie
In ſtrength with her imperious ſtate;
Say if high virtues there did reign
Exalted in a nobler ſtrain,
Than in fair Albion thou haſt ſeen:
Or can her demi-gods compare
Their trophies for ſucceſsful war,
To thoſe that riſe for Albion's Queen!

II.

When Albion firſt majeſtic ſhew'd
High o'er the circling ſeas her head,
Her the great Father ſmiling view'd,
And thus to bright Victoria ſaid:
Mindful of Phlegra's happy plain,
On which, fair nymph, you fix'd my reign,
This iſle to you ſhall ſacred be;
Her hand ſhall hold the rightful ſcale,
And crowns be vanquiſh'd, or prevail,
As Gloriana ſhall decree.

III.

Victoria triumph in thy great increaſe!
With joy the Julian ſtem the Tyber claims,
Young Ammon's might the Granic waves confeſs;
The Heber had a Mars, a Churchill Thames:
Roll, Sovereign of the ſtreams! thy rapid tide,
And bid thy brother floods revere the Queen,
Whoſe voice the hero's happy hand employ'd
To ſave the Danube, and ſubdue the Seine;

III.

But, Phœbus, god of numbers, high to raiſe
The honours of thy art, and heavenly lyre,
What Muſe is deſtin'd to our ſovereign's praiſe,
Worthy her acts, and thy informing fire?
To him, for whom this ſpringing laurel grows,
Eternal on the topmoſt heights of fame,
Be kind, and all thy Helicon diſcloſe;
And all intent on Gloriana's name,
Let ſilence brood o'er ocean, earth, and air,
As when to victor Jove thou ſung'ſt the giants war.

I.

In ſure records each ſhining deed,
When faithful Clio ſets to view,
Poſterity will doubting read,
And ſcarce believe her annals true:
The Muſes toil with art to raiſe
Fictitious monuments of praiſe,
When other actions they rehearſe;
But half of Gloriana's reign,
That ſo the reſt may credit gain,
Should paſs unregiſter'd in verſe.

II.

High on its own eſtabliſh'd baſe
Prevailing virtue's pleas'd to riſe;
Divinely deck'd with native grace,
Rich in itſelf with ſolid joys:
Ere Gloriana on the throne,
Quitting for Albion's reſt her own,

In

But when (ſo Heaven ordains!) her ſmiling ray
Diſtinguiſh'd o'er the balance ſhall preſide,
Whilſt future kings her ancient ſceptre ſway,
May her mild influence all their councils guide:
To Albion ever conſtant in her love,
Of Sovereigns here the beſt, the brighteſt ſtar above.

I.

For lawleſs power, reclaim'd to right,
And virtue rais'd by pious arms.
Let Albion be thy fair delight,
And ſhield her ſafe from threaten'd harms:
With flowers and fruit her boſom fill,
Let laurel riſe on every hill
Freſh as the firſt on Daphne's brow:
Inſtruct her tuneful ſons to ſing,
And make each vale with Pæans ring,
To Blenheim and Ramillia due.

II.

Secure of bright eternal fame,
With happy wing the Theban ſwan
Towering from Piſa's ſacred ſtream,
Inſpir'd by thee the ſong began:
Through deſarts of unclouded light,
When he harmonious took his flight,
The gods conſtrain'd the ſounding ſpheres:
Still Envy darts her rage in vain,
The luſtre of his worth to ſtain,
He growing whiter with his years.

But

Thou, Phœbus, ſaw'ſt the hero's face,
When Mars had breath'd a purple grace,
And mighty fury fill'd his breaſt:
How like thyſelf, when to deſtroy
The Greeks thou didſt thy darts employ,
Fierce with thy golden quiver dreſt!

III.

Sudden, whilſt baniſh'd from his native land,
Red with diſhoneſt wounds Bavaria mourn'd,
The Chief, at Gloriana's high command,
Like a rouz'd lion to the Maes return'd;
With vengeful ſpeed the Britiſh ſword he drew,
Unus'd to grieve his hoſt with long delay;
Whilſt wing'd with fear the force of Gallia flew;
As when the morning ſtar reſtores the day,
The wandering ghoſts of twenty thouſand ſlain
Fleet ſullen to the ſhades from Blenheim's mournful plain.

I.

Britannia, wipe thy duſty brow,
And put the Bourbon laurels on;
To thee deliver'd nations bow,
And bleſs the ſpoils thy wars have won.
For thee Bellona points her ſpear,
And whilſt lamenting mothers fear,
On high her ſignal torch diſplays;
But when thy ſword is ſheath'd, again
Obſequious ſhe receives thy chain,
And ſmooths her violence of face.

II.

Parent of arms! for ever ſtand
With large increaſe of fame rever'd,
Whilſt arches to thy ſaving hand
On Danube's grateful banks are rear'd.
Eugene, inſpir'd to war by thee,
Auſonia's weeping ſtates to free,
Swift on th' imperial eagle flies;
Whilſt, bleeding, from his azure bed
Th' aſſerted Iber lifts his head,
And ſafe his Auſtrian lord enjoys.

III.

I Britannia! fix'd on foreign wars,
Guiltleſs of civil rage extend thy name:
The waves of utmoſt ocean, and the ſtars,
Are bounds but equal to thy ſovereign's fame.
With deeper wrath thy victor lion roars,
Wide o'er the ſubject world diffuſing fear,
Whilſt Gallia weeps her guilt, and peace implores;
So Earth, transfix'd by fierce Minerva's ſpear,
A gentler birth obedient did diſcloſe;
And ſudden from the wound eternal olives roſe.

I.

When with eſtabliſh'd freedom bleſs'd,
The globe to great Alcides bow'd,
Whoſe happy power reliev'd th' oppreſs'd
From lawleſs chains, and check'd the proud;
Mature in fame, the grateful gods
Receiv'd him to their bright abodes:

Where

Where Hebe crown'd his blooming joys;
Garlands the willing Muſes wove,
And each with emulation ſtrove
T' adorn the Churchill of the ſkies.

II.

For Albion's Chief, ye ſacred Nine!
Your harps with generous ardour ſtring,
With Fame's immortal trumpet join,
And ſafe beneath his laurel ſing:
When clad in vines the Seine ſhall glide,
And duteous in a ſmoother tide
To Britiſh Seas her tribute yield;
Wakeful at Honour's ſhrine attend,
And long with living beams defend
From night, the warrior's votive ſhield.

III.

And, Woodſtock, let his dome exalt thy fame,
Great o'er thy Norman ruins be reſtor'd;
Thou that with pride doſt * Edward's cradle claim,
Receive an equal hero for thy lord:
Whilſt every column to record their toils
Eternal monuments of conqueſt wears,
And all thy walls are dreſs'd with mingled ſpoils,
Gather'd on fam'd Ramillia and Poictiers,
High on thy tower the grateful flag diſplay,
Due to thy Queen's reward, and Blenheim's glorious day.

* The Black Prince.

FLORE-

FLORELIO.

A PASTORAL.

Lamenting the Death of the late

MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD.

ASK not the cauſe why all the tuneful ſwains,
Who us'd to fill the vales with tender ſtrains,
In deep deſpair neglect the warbling reed,
And all their bleating flocks refuſe to feed.
Aſk not why greens and flowers ſo late appear
To cloath the glebe, and deck the ſpringing year;
Why ſounds the lawn with loud laments and cries,
And ſwoln with tears to floods the rivulets riſe:
The fair Florelio now has left the plain,
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every Britiſh ſwain.
For thee, lov'd youth! on every vale and lawn,
The nymphs and all thy fellow-ſhepherds moan.
The little birds now ceaſe to ſing and love,
Silent they ſit, and droop on every grove:
No mounting lark now warbles on the wing,
Nor linnets chirp to chear the ſullen ſpring:
Only the melancholy turtles coo,
And Philomel by night repeats her woe.
O, charmer of the ſhades! the tale prolong,
Nor let the morning interrupt thy ſong:

Or

Or ſoftly tune thy tender notes to mine,
Forgetting Tereus, make my ſorrows thine.
Now the dear youth has left the lonely plain,
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every Britiſh ſwain.
Say, all ye ſhades, where late he us'd to reſt,
If e'er your beds with lovelier ſwain were preſt;
Say, all ye ſilver ſtreams, if e'er ye bore
The image of ſo fair a face before.
But now, ye ſtreams, aſſiſt me whilſt I mourn,
For never muſt the lovely ſwain return;
And, as theſe flowing tears increaſe your tide,
O, murmur for the ſhepherd as ye glide:
Be ſure, ye rocks, while I my grief diſcloſe,
Let your ſad echoes lengthen out my woes:
Ye breezes, bear the plaintive accent on,
And, whiſpering, tell the woods Florelio's gone.
For ever gone, and left the lonely plain,
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every Britiſh ſwain.
Ripe ſtrawberries for thee, and peaches grew,
Sweet to the taſte, and tempting red to view.
For thee the roſe put ſweeter purple on,
Preventing, by her haſte, the ſummer-ſun.
But now the flowers all pale and blighted lie,
And in cold ſweats of ſickly mildew die.
Nor can the bees ſuck from the ſhrivel'd blooms
Ætherial ſweets, to ſtore their golden combs.
Oft' on thy lips they would their labour leave,
And ſweeter odours from thy mouth receive:
Sweet as the breath of Flora, when ſhe lies
In jaſmine ſhades, and for young Zephyr ſighs.

But now thoſe lips are cold; relentleſs death
Hath chill'd their charms, and ſtopt thy balmy breath.
Thoſe eyes, where Cupid tipp'd his darts with fire,
And kindled in the coldeſt nymphs deſire,
Robb'd of their beams, in everlaſting night
Are clos'd, and give us woes as once delight:
And thou, dear youth, haſt left the lonely plain,
And art the grief, who wert the grace, of every Britiſh ſwain.
As in his bower the dying ſhepherd lay,
The ſhepherd yet ſo young, and once ſo gay!
The nymphs that ſwim the ſtream, and range the wood,
And haunt the flowery meads, around him ſtood.
There tears down each fair cheek unbounded fell,
And, as he gaſp'd, they gave a ſad farewel.
Softly, they cry'd, as ſleeping flowers are clos'd
By night, be thy dear eyes by death compos'd:
A gentle fall may thy young beauties have,
And golden ſlumbers wait thee in the grave:
Yearly thy hearſe with garlands we'll adorn,
And teach young nightingales for thee to mourn;
Bees love the blooms, the flocks the bladed grain,
Nor leſs wert thou belov'd by every ſwain.
Come, ſhepherds, come, perform the funeral due,
For he was ever good and kind to you:
On every ſmootheſt beech, in every grove,
In weeping characters record your love.
And as in memory of Adonis ſlain,
When for the youth the Syrian maids complain,
His river, to record the guilty day,
With freſhly bleeding purple ſtains the ſea:

So thou, dear Cam, contribute to our woe,
And bid thy ſtream in plaintive murmurs flow:
Thy head with thy own willow boughs adorn,
And with thy tears ſupply the frugal urn.
The ſwains their ſheep, the nymphs ſhall leave the lawn;
And yearly on their banks renew their moan:
His mother, while they there lament, ſhall be
The queen of love, the lov'd Adonis he:
On her, like Venus, all the Graces wait,
And he too like Adonis in his fate!
For freſh in fragrant youth he left the plan,
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every Britiſh ſwain.
No more the nymphs, that o'er the brooks preſide,
Dreſs their gay beauties by the cryſtal tide;
Nor fly the wintery winds, nor ſcorching ſun,
Now he, for whom they ſtrove to charm, is gone.
Oft' they beneath their reedy coverts ſigh'd,
And look'd, and long'd, and for Florelio dy'd.
Of him they ſang, and with ſoft ditties ſtrove
To ſooth the pleaſing agonies of love.
But now they roam, diſtracted with deſpair,
And cypreſs, twin'd with mournful willows, wear.
Thus, hand in hand, around his grave they go,
And ſaffron-buds and fading lilies ſtrow,
With ſprigs of myrtle mix'd, and ſcattering cry,
So ſweet and ſoft the ſhepherd was! ſo ſoon decreed to die!
There freſh, in dear remembrance of their woes,
His name the young anemonies diſcloſe:
Nor ſtrange they ſhould a double grief avow,
Venus wept, and Paſtorella now.

Breathe ſoft, ye winds! long let them paint the plain,
Unhurt, untouch'd by every paſſing ſwain.
And when, ye nymphs, to make the garlands gay,
With which ye crown the Miſtreſs of the May:
Ye ſhall theſe flowers to bind her temples take,
O pluck them gently for Florelio's ſake!
And when through Woodſtock's green retreats ye ſtray,
Or Althrop's flowery vales invite to play;
O'er which young Paſtorella's beauties bring
Elyſium early, and improve the ſpring:
When evening gales attentive ſilence keep,
And heaven its balmy dew begins to weep,
By the ſoft fall of every warbling ſtream,
Sigh your ſad airs, and bleſs the ſhepherd's name:
There to the tender lute attune your woe,
While hyacinths and myrtles round ye grow.
So may Sylvanus ever 'tend your bowers,
And Zephyr bruſh the mildew from the flowers!
Bid all the ſwans from Cam and Iſis haſte,
In the melodious choir to breathe their laſt.
O Colin, Colin, could I there complain
Like thee, when young Philiſides was ſlain!
Thou ſweet frequenter of the Muſes' ſtream!
Why have I not thy voice, or thou my theme?
Though weak my voice, though lowly be my lays,
They ſhall be ſacred to the ſhepherd's praiſe:
To him my voice, to him my lays belong,
And bright Myrtilla now muſt live unſung:
Even ſhe, whoſe artleſs beauty bleſs'd me more
Than ever ſwain was bleſs'd by nymph before;

While every tender ſigh to ſeal our bliſs,
Brought a kind vow, and every vow a kiſs:
Fair, chaſte, and kind, yet now no more can move,
So much my grief is ſtronger than my love:
Now the dear youth has left the lonely plain,
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every Britiſh ſwain.

As when ſome cruel hind has borne away
The turtle's neſt, and made the young his prey,
Sad in her native grove ſhe ſits alone,
There hangs her wings, and murmurs out her moan.
So the bright ſhepherdeſs, who bore the boy,
Beneath a baleful yew does weeping lie;
Nor can the fair the weighty woe ſuſtain,
But bends, like roſes cruſh'd with falling rain;
Nor from the ſilent earth her eyes removes,
That, weeping, languiſh like a dying dove's.
Not ſuch her look (ſevere reverſe of fate!)
When little Loves in every dimple ſate;
And all the Smiles delighted to reſort
On the calm heaven of her ſoft cheeks to ſport:
Soft as the clouds mild April evenings wear,
Which drop freſh flowrets on the youthful year.
The fountain's fall can't lull her wakeful woes,
Nor poppy-garlands give the nymph repoſe:
Through prickly brakes, and unfrequented groves,
O'er hills and dales, and craggy cliffs, ſhe roves.
And when ſhe ſpies, beneath ſome ſilent ſhade,
The daiſies preſs'd, where late his limbs were laid,
To the cold print there cloſe ſhe joins her face,
And all with guſhing tears bedews the graſs.

There with loud plaints ſhe wounds the pitying ſkies,
And, oh! return, my lovely youth, ſhe cries;
Return, Florelio, with thy wonted charms
Fill the ſoft circle of my longing arms.——
Ceaſe, fair affliction, ceaſe! the lovely boy
In Death's cold arms muſt pale and breathleſs lie.
The Fates can never change their firſt decree,
Or ſure they would have chang'd this one for thee.
Pan for his Syrinx makes eternal moan,
Ceres her daughter loſt, and thou thy ſon.
Thy ſon for ever now has left the plain,
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every Britiſh ſwain.
Adieu, ye moſſy caves, and ſhady groves,
Once happy ſcenes of our ſucceſsful loves:
Ye hungry herds, and bleating flocks, adieu!
Flints be your beds, and browze the bitter yew.
Two lambs alone ſhall be my charge to feed,
For yearly on his grave two lambs ſhall bleed.
This pledge of laſting love, dear ſhade, receive.
'Tis all, alas, a ſhepherd's love can give!
But grief from its own power will ſet me free,
Will ſend me ſoon a willing ghoſt to thee:
Cropt in the flowery ſpring of youth, I'll go
With haſty joy to wait thy ſhade below:
In ever-fragrant meads, and jaſmine-bowers
We'll dwell, and all Elyſium ſhall be ours.
Where citron groves æthereal odours breathe,
And ſtreams of flowing cryſtal purl beneath;
Where all are ever young, and heavenly fair,
As here above thy ſiſter Graces are.

ODE.

I.

WHAT art thou, Life, whoſe ſtay we court?
What is thy rival death we fear?
Since we 're but fickle Fortune's ſport,
Why ſhould ſhe wiſh t' inhabit here,
And think the race we find ſo rough too ſhort?

II.

While in the womb we forming lie,
While yet the lamp of life diſplays
A doubtful dawn with feeble rays,
New iſſuing from Non-entity;
The ſhell of fleſh pollutes with ſin
Its gem, the ſoul, juſt enter'd in;
And, by tranſmitted vice defil'd,
The fiend commences with the child.

III.

In this dark region future fates are bred,
And mines of ſecret ruin laid:
Hot fevers here long kindling lie,
Prepar'd with flaming whips to rage,
And laſh on lingering deſtiny,
Whene'er exceſs has fir'd our riper age.
Here brood in infancy the gout and ſtone,
Fruits of our fathers' follies, not our own.

Ev'n

Ev'n with our nouriſhment we death receive,
For here our guiltleſs mothers give
Poiſon for food when firſt we live.
Hence noiſome humours * ſweat through every pore,
And blot us with an undiſtinguiſh'd ſore:
Nor, mov'd with beauty, will the dire diſeaſe
Forbear on faultleſs forms to ſeize;
But vindicates the good, the gay,
The wiſe, the young, its common prey.
Had all, conjoin'd in one, had power to ſave,
The Muſes had not wept o'er Blandford's grave.

IV.

The ſpark of pure ætherial light
That actuates this fleeting frame,
Darts through the cloud of fleſh a ſickly flame,
And ſeems a glow-worm in a winter-night.
But man would yet look wondrous wiſe,
And equal chains of thought deviſe;
Intends his mind on mighty ſchemes,
Refutes, defines, confirms, declaims;
And diagrams he draws, t' explain
The learn'd chimeras of his brain;
And, with imaginary wiſdom proud,
Thinks on the goddeſs while he clips the cloud.

V.

Through Error's mazy grove, with fruitleſs toil,
Perplex'd with puzzling doubts we roam;
Falſe images our ſight beguile,
But ſtill we ſtumble through the gloom,

* The ſmall-pox.

And

And ſcience ſeek, which ſtill deludes the mind.
Yet, more enamour'd with the race,
With diſproportion'd ſpeed we urge the chace:
In vain! the various prey no bounds reſtrain;
Fleeting it only leaves, t' increaſe our pain,
A cold unſatisfying ſcent behind.

VI.

Yet, gracious God! preſumptuous man
With random gueſſes makes pretence
To ſound thy ſearchleſs providence
From which he firſt began:
Like hooded hawks we blindly tower,
And circumſcribe, with fancy'd laws, thy power.
Thy will the rolling orbs obey,
The moon, preſiding o'er the ſea,
Governs the waves with equal ſway:
But man perverſe, and lawleſs ſtill,
Boldly runs counter to thy will;
Thy patient thunder he defies;
Lays down falſe principles, and moves
By what his vicious choice approves;
And, when he 's vainly wicked, thinks he 's wiſe.

VII.

Return, return, too long miſled!
With filial fear adore thy God:
Ere the vaſt deep of heaven was ſpread,
Or body firſt in ſpace abode,
Glories ineffable adorn'd his head.
Unnumber'd ſeraphs round the burning throne,
Sung to th' incomprehenſible Three-One:

Yet

Yet then his clemency did pleaſe
With lower forms t' augment his train,
And made thee, wretched creature, Man,
Probationer of happineſs.

VIII.

On the vaſt ocean of his wonders here,
We momentary bubbles ride,
Till, cruſh'd by the tempeſtuous tide,
Sunk in the parent flood we diſappear:
We, who ſo gawdy on the waters ſhone,
Proud, like the ſhowery bow, with beauties not our own.

IX.

But, at the ſignal given, this earth and ſea
Shall ſet their ſleeping vaſſals free;
And the belov'd of God,
The Faithful, and the Juſt,
Like Aaron's choſen rod,
Though dry, ſhall bloſſom in the duſt:
Then, gladly bounding from their dark reſtraints,
The ſkeletons ſhall brighten into ſaints,
And, from mortality refin'd, ſhall riſe
To meet their Saviour coming in the ſkies:
Inſtructed then by intuition, we
Shall the vain efforts of our wiſdom ſee;
Shall then impartially confeſs
Our demonſtration was but gueſs;
That Knowledge, which from human reaſon flows,
Unleſs Religion guide its courſe,
And Faith her ſteady mounds oppoſe,
Is Ignorance at beſt, and often worſe.

PART

PART OF THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER OF ISAIAH PARAPHRASED.

NOW has th' Almighty Father, ſeated high
In ambient glories from th' eternal throne
Vouchſaf'd compaſſion; and th' afflictive power
Has broke, whoſe iron ſceptre long had bruis'd
The groaning nations. Now returning Peace,
Dove-ey'd, and rob'd in white, the bliſsful land
Deigns to re-viſit; whilſt beneath her ſteps
The ſoil, with civil ſlaughter oft' manur'd,
Pours forth abundant olives. Their high tops
The cedars wave, exulting o'er thy fall,
Whoſe ſteel from the tall monarch of the grove
Sever'd the regal honours, and up tore
The ſcions blooming in the parent ſhade.
When vehicled in flame, thou ſlow didſt paſs
Prone through the gates of night, the dreary realms
With loud acclaim receiv'd thee. Tyrants old
(Gigantic forms, with human blood beſmear'd)
Roſe from their thrones; for thrones they ſtill poſſeſs,
Their penance and their guilt: Art thou, they cry,
O emulous of our crimes, here doom'd to reign
Aſſociate of our woe? Nor com'ſt thou girt
With livery'd ſlaves, or bands of warrior-knights,
Which erſt before thee ſtood, a flattering crowd,

Obſervant

Obſervant of thy brow; nor hireling quires
Attempering to the harp their warbled airs,
Thy panegyric chaunt; but, huſh'd in death,
Like us thou ly'ſt unwept; a corſe obſcene
With duſt, and preying worms, bare and deſpoil'd
Of ill-got pomp. We hail thee our compeer!
How art thou with diminiſh'd glory fall'n
From thy proud zenith, ſwift as meteors glide
Aſlope a ſummer-eve! Of all the ſtars
Titled the firſt and faireſt, thou didſt hope
To ſhare divinity, or haply more,
Elated as ſupreme when o'er the North
Thy bloody banners ſtream'd, to rightful kings
Portending ruinous downfal; wondrous low,
Opprobrious and deteſted art thou thrown,
Diſrob'd of all thy ſplendors: round thee ſtand
The ſwarming populace, and with fix'd regard
Eyeing thee pale and breathleſs, ſpend their rage
In taunting ſpeech, and jovial aſk their friends,
Is this The Mighty, whoſe imperious yoke
We bore reluctant, who to deſert wilds
And haunts of ſavages transform'd the marts,
And capital cities raz'd, pronouncing thrall
Or exile on the peerage? How becalm'd
The tyrant lies, whoſe noſtrils us'd to breathe
Tempeſts of wrath, and ſhook eſtabliſh'd thrones!
In ſolemn ſtate the bones of pious kings,
Gather'd to their great ſires, are ſafe repos'd
Beneath the weeping vault: but thou, a branch
Blaſted and curs'd by heaven, to dogs and fowls

Art doom'd a banquet; mingling ſome remains
With criminals unabſolv'd; on all thy race
Tranſmitting guilt and vengeance. From thy domes
Thy children ſkulk erroneous and forlorn,
Fearing perdition, and for mercy ſue
With eyes uplift, and tearful. From thy ſeed
The ſceptre heaven reſumes, by thee uſurp'd
By guile and force, and ſway'd with lawleſs rage.

VERSES ON THE UNION.

THE Gaul, intent on univerſal ſway,
Sees his own ſubjects with conſtraint obey;
And they who moſt his riſing beams ador'd,
Weep in their chains, and wiſh another lord.
But, if the Muſe not uninſpir'd preſage,
Juſtice ſhall triumph o'er oppreſſive rage:
His power ſhall be reclaim'd to rightful laws,
And all, like Savoy, ſhall defert his cauſe.
So when to diſtant vales an eagle ſteers,
His fierceneſs not diſarm'd by length of years;
From his ſtretch'd wing he ſees the feathers fly,
Which bore him to his empire of the ſky.
Unlike, great Queen, thy ſteps to deathleſs fame;
O beſt, O greateſt of thy royal name!
Thy Britons, fam'd for arts, in battle brave,
Have nothing now to cenſure, or to crave:
Ev'n Vice and factious Zeal are held in awe,
Thy court a temple, and thy life a law.

When

When edg'd with terrors, by thy vengeful hand
The ſword is drawn to gore a guilty land;
Thy mercy cures the wound thy juſtice gave,
For 'tis thy lov'd prerogative to ſave:
And Victory, to grace thy triumph, brings
Palms in her hand, with healing in her wings.

But as mild heaven on Eden's op'ning gems
Beſtow'd the balmieſt dews, and brighteſt beams:
So, whilſt remoteſt climes thy influence ſhare,
Britain 's the darling object of thy care:
By thy wiſe councils, and reſiſtleſs might,
Abroad we conquer, and at home unite:
Before thou bid'ſt the diſtant battles ceaſe,
Thy piety cements domeſtic peace;
Impatient of delay to fix the ſtate,
Thy dove brings olive ere the waves abate.

Hail, happy ſiſter-lands! for ever prove
Rivals alone in loyalty and love;
Kindled from heaven, be your auſpicious flame
As laſting, and as bright, as Anna's fame!
And thou, fair northern nymphs, partake our toil,
With us divide the danger, and the ſpoil;
When thy brave ſons, the friends of Mars avow'd,
In ſteel around our Albion ſtandards crowd;
What wonders in the war ſhall now be ſhown
By her, who ſingle ſhook the Gallic throne!

The day draws nigh, in which the warrior-queen
Shall wave her union-croſſes o'er the Seine:
Rouz'd with heroic warmth unfelt before,
Her lions with redoubled fury roar;

And

And urging on to fame, with joy behold
The woody walks in which they rang'd of old.
O Louis, long the terror of thy arms
Has aw'd the continent with dire alarms;
Exulting in thy pride, with hope to ſee
Empires and ſtates derive their power from thee;
From Britain's equal hand the ſcale to wreſt,
And reign without a rival o'er the weſt:
But now the laurels, by thy rapine torn
From Belgiam groves, in early triumphs borne;
Wither'd and leafleſs in thy winter ſtand,
Expos'd a prey to every hoſtile hand:
By ſtrange extremes of deſtiny decreed
To flouriſh, and to fall with equal ſpeed.
So the young gourd, around the prophet's head
With ſwift encreaſe her fragrant honours ſpread;
Beneath the growing ſhade ſecure he ſate,
To ſee the towers of Ninus bow to fate:
But, curs'd by heaven, the greens began to fade,
And, ſickening, ſudden as they roſe, decay'd.

CUPID AND HYMEN.

CUPID reſign'd to Sylvia's care
His bow, and quiver ſtor'd with darts;
Commiſſioning the matchleſs fair,
To fill his ſhrine with bleeding hearts.

His

His empire thus ſecur'd, he flies
To ſport amid th' Idalian grove;
Whoſe feather'd choirs proclaim'd the joys,
And bleſs'd the pleaſing power of love.

The god their grateful ſongs engage,
To ſpread his nets which Venus wrought;
Whilſt Hymen held the golden cage,
To keep ſecure the game they caught.

The warblers, briſk with genial flame,
Swift from the myrtle ſhades repair;
A willing captive each became,
And ſweetlier carol'd in the ſnare.

When Hymen had receiv'd the prey,
To Cytherea's fane they flew;
Regardleſs, while they wing'd their way,
How ſullen all the ſongſters grew.

Alas! no ſprightly note is heard,
But each with ſilent grief conſumes;
Though to celeſtial food prefer'd,
They pining drop their painted plumes.

Cupid, afflicted at the change,
To beg her aid to Venus run;
She heard the tale, nor thought it ſtrange,
But, ſmiling, thus adviſ'd her ſon:

Pleaſure grows languid with reſtraint,
'Tis Nature's privilege to roam:
If you'd not have your linnets faint,
Leave Hymen with his cage at home.

OLIVIA.

OLIVIA.

I.

OLIVIA's lewd, but looks devout,
And ſcripture-proofs ſhe throws about,
When firſt you try to win her:
Pull your fob of guineas out;
Fee Jenny firſt, and never doubt
To find the ſaint a ſinner.

II.

Baxter by day is her delight:
No chocolate muſt come in ſight
Before two morning chapters:
But, leſt the ſpleen ſhould ſpoil her quite,
She takes a civil friend at night
To raiſe her holy raptures.

III.

Thus oft' we ſee a glow-worm gay,
At large her fiery tail diſplay,
Encourag'd by the dark:
And yet the ſullen thing all day
Snug in the lonely thicket lay,
And hid the native ſpark.

TO A LADY,

SITTING BEFORE HER GLASS.

I.

SO ſmooth and clear the fountain was
In which his face Narciſſus ſpy'd,
When, gazing in that liquid glaſs,
He for himſelf deſpair'd and dy'd:
Nor, Chloris, can you ſafer ſee
Your own perfections here than he.

II.

The lark before the mirror plays,
Which ſome deceitful ſwain has ſet;
Pleas'd with herſelf ſhe fondly ſtays
To die deluded in the net.
Love may ſuch frauds for you prepare,
Yourſelf the captive, and the ſnare.

III.

But, Chloris, whilſt you there review
Thoſe graces opening in their bloom,
Think how diſeaſe and age purſue,
Your riper glories to conſume:
Then ſighing you would wiſh your glaſs
Could ſhew to Chloris what ſhe was.

IV.

Let Pride no more give Nature law,
But free the youth your power enſlaves:
Her form, like yours, bright Cynthia ſaw
Reflected on the cryſtal waves,

Yet priz'd not all her charms above
The pleaſure of Endymion's love.

V.

No longer let your glaſs ſupply
Too juſt an emblem of your breaſt;
Where oft' to my deluded eye
Love's image has appear'd impreſt;
But play'd ſo lightly on your mind,
It left no laſting print behind.

TO THE SAME.

READING THE ART OF LOVE.

WHILST Ovid here reveals the various arts,
Both how to poliſh, and direct their darts,
Let meaner beauties by his rule improve,
And read theſe lines to gain ſucceſs in love:
But heaven alone, that multiplies our race,
Has power t' increaſe the conqueſts of your face.
The Spring, before he paints the riſing flowers,
Receives mild beams, and ſoft deſcending ſhowers;
But love blooms ever freſh beneath your charms,
Though neither Pity weeps, nor Kindneſs warms.
The chiefs who doubt ſucceſs, aſſert their claim
By ſtratagems, and poorly ſteal a name:
The generous * Son of Jove, in open fight,
Made bleeding Victory proclaim his might:

* Alexander,

Like

Like him reſiſtleſs, when you take the field
Love ſounds the ſignal, and the world muſt yield.

THE FAIR NUN.

A TALE.

" —— Ire per ignes,
" Et gladios auſim. Neque ad hoc tamen ignibus ullis,
" Aut gladiis opus eſt; opus eſt mihi crine."—"
OVID. Met. Lib. viii.

WE ſage Carteſians, who profeſs
Ourſelves ſworn foes to emptineſs,
Aſſert that ſouls a tip-toe ſtand
On what we call the Pineal Gland;
As weather-cocks on ſpires are plac'd,
To turn the quicker with each blaſt.
This granted, can you think it ſtrange
We all ſhould be ſo prone to change;
Ev'n from the go-cart till we wear
A ſattin cap i' th' elbow chair?
The follies that the child began,
Cuſtom makes current in the man;
And firm by livery and ſeiſin
Holds the fee-ſimple of his reaſon.
But ſtill the guſts of love we find
Blow ſtrongeſt on a woman's mind;
Nor need I learnedly purſue
The latent cauſe, th' effect is true,

For proof of which, in manner ample,
I mean to give you one example.
Upon a time (for ſo my nurſe,
Heaven reſt her bones! began diſcourſe)
A lovely nymph, and juſt nineteen,
Began to languiſh with the ſpleen:
She who had ſhone at balls and play
In gold brocade extremely gay,
All on a ſudden grew preciſe,
Declaim'd againſt the growth of vice,
A very Prude in half a year,
And moſt believ'd ſhe was ſincere:
Necklace of pearl no more ſhe wears,
That's ſanctify'd to count her prayers:
Venus, and all her naked Loves,
The reformado nymph removes;
And Magdalen, with ſaints and martyrs,
Was plac'd in their reſpective quarters.
Nor yet content, ſhe could not bear
The rankneſs of the public air,
'Twas ſo infected with the vice
Of luſcious ſongs, and lovers' ſighs:
So moſt devoutly would be gone,
And ſtrait profeſs herſelf a Nun.
A youth of breeding and addreſs,
And call him Thyrſis if you pleaſe,
Who had ſome wealth to recompenſe
His ſlender divdend of ſenſe;
Yet could with little thought and care
Write tender things to pleaſe the fair;

And then ſucceſſively did grow
From a half-wit, a finiſh'd beau!
(For fops thus naturally riſe,
As maggots turn to butterflies)
This ſpark, as ſtory tells, before
Had held with madam an amour,
Which he reſolving to purſue,
Exactly took the proper cue;
And on the wings of love he flies
To Lady Abbeſs in diſguiſe,
And tells her he had brought th' advowſon
Of ſoul and body to diſpoſe on.
Old Sanctity, who nothing fear'd
In petticoats without a beard,
Fond of a proſelyte, and fees,
Admits the fox among the geeſe.
Here duty, wealth, and honour prove,
Though three to one, too weak for Love;
And to deſcribe the war throughout
Would make a glorious piece no doubt,
Where moral virtues might be ſlain,
And riſe, and fight, and fall again:
Love ſhould a bloody myrtle wear,
And, like Camilla, fierce and fair,
The Nun ſhould charge.—But I forbear.
All human joys, though ſweet in taſting,
Are ſeldom (more's the pity!) laſting:
The nymph had qualms, her cheeks were pale,
Which others thought th' effects of zeal:

But ſhe, poor ſhe, began to doubt,
(Beſt knowing what ſhe'd been about)
The marriage earneſt-penny lay
And burnt her pocket, as we ſay.
She now invokes, to eaſe her ſoul,
The dagger, and the poiſon'd bowl;
And, ſelf-condemn'd for breach of vow,
To loſe her life and honour too,
Talk'd in as tragical a ſtrain, as
Your craz'd Monimia's and Roxana's.
But as ſhe in her cell lay ſighing,
Diſtracted, weeping, drooping, dying,
The fiend (who never wants addreſs
To ſuccour damſels in diſtreſs)
Appearing, told her he perceiv'd
The fatal cauſe for which ſhe griev'd;
But promis'd her *en cavalier*,
She ſhould be freed from all her fear,
And with her Thyrſis lead a life
Devoid of all domeſtic ſtrife,
If ſhe would ſign a certain ſcrawl---
Aye, that ſhe would, if that was all.
She ſign'd, and he engag'd to do
Whate'er ſhe pleas'd to ſet him to.
The critics muſt excuſe me now;
They both were freed, no matter how:
For when we epic writers uſe
Machines to diſengage the Muſe,
We're clean acquit of all demands,
The matter 's left in abler hands;

And

And if they cannot looſe the knot,
Should we be cenſur'd? I think not.
The ſcene thus alter'd, both were gay,
For pomp and pleaſures who but they,
Who might do every thing but pray?
Madam in her gilt chariot flaunted,
And Pug brought every thing ſhe wanted;
A ſlave devoted to her will;
But women will be wavering ſtill.
Ev'n vice without variety
Their ſqueamiſh appetites will cloy:
And having ſtol'n from Lady Abbeſs
One of our merry modern Rabbies,
She found a trick ſhe thought would paſs,
And prove the devil but an aſs.
His next attendance happen'd right
Amidſt a moonleſs ſtormy night,
When madam and her ſpouſe together
Gueſs'd at his coming by the weather.
He came: To-night, ſays he, I drudge
To fetch a heriot for a judge,
A gouty nine-i'th' hundred knave;
But, madam, do you want your ſlave?
I need not preſently be gone,
Becauſe the doctors have not done.
A roſy vicar and a quack
Repuls'd me in my laſt attack:
But all in vain, for mine he is;
A fig for both the faculties.

The dame produc'd a ſingle hair,
But whence it came I cannot ſwear;
Yet this I will affirm is true;
It curl'd like any bottle-ſcrew.
Sir Nic, quoth ſhe, you know us all,
We ladies are fantaſtical:
You ſee this hair---Yes, madam---Pray
In preſence of my huſband ſtay,
And make it ſtrait; or elſe you grant
Our ſolemn league and covenant
Is void in law.---It is, I own it:
And ſo he ſets to work upon it.
He tries, not dreaming of a cheat,
If wetting would not do the feat:
And 'twas, in truth, a proper notion;
But ſtill it kept th' elaſtic motion.
Well! more ways may be found than one
To kill a witch that will not drown.
If I, quoth he, conceive its nature,
This hair has flouriſh'd nigh the water.
'Tis criſp'd with cold, perhaps, and then
The fire will make it ſtrait again.
In haſte he to the fire applies it,
And turns it round and round, and eyes it.
Heigh jingo, worſe than 'twas before!
The more it warms, it twirls the more.
He ſtamp'd his cloven foot, and chaf'd;
The huſband and the lady laugh'd.
Howe'er he fancy'd ſure enough
He ſhould not find it hammer-proof.

No

No Cyclops e'er at work was warmer,
At forging thunder-bolts or armour,
Than Satan was: but all in vain;
Again he beats.---It curls again!
At length he bellow'd in a rage,
This hair will take me up an age.
This take an age! the huſband ſwore,
Z——ds! Betty has five hundred more.
More! Take your bond, quoth Pug; adieu,
'Tis loſs of time to ply for you.

AN

EPISTLE TO MR. SOUTHERNE,

FROM KENT, JANUARY 28, 1710-11.

BOLD is the Muſe to leave her humble cell,
And ſing to thee, who know'ſt to ſing ſo well:
Thee! who to Britain ſtill preſerv'ſt the crown,
And mak'ſt her rival Athens in renown.
Could Sophocles behold in mournful ſtate
The weeping Graces on Imoinda wait;
Or hear thy Iſabella's moving moan,
Diſtreſs'd and loſt for vices not her own;
If envy could permit, he'd ſure agree
To write by nature were to copy thee:
So full, ſo fair, thy images are ſhown,
He by thy pencil might improve his own.

There

There was an age (its memory will laſt!)
Before Italian airs debauch'd our taſte,
In which the ſable Muſe with hopes and fears
Fill'd every breaſt, and every eye with tears.
But where's that art which all our paſſions rais'd,
And mov'd the ſprings of Nature as it pleas'd?
Our poets only practiſe on the pit
With florid lines, and trifling turns of wit.
Howe'er 'tis well the preſent times can boaſt
The race of Charles's reign not wholly loſt.
Thy ſcenes, immortal in their worth, ſhall ſtand
Among the choſen claſſics of our land:
And whilſt our ſons are by tradition taught
How Barry ſpoke what thou and Otway wrote,
They'll think it praiſe to reliſh and repeat,
And own thy works inimitably great.

Shakeſpeare, the genius of our iſle, whoſe mind
(The univerſal mirror of mankind)
Expreſs'd all images, enrich'd the ſtage,
But ſometimes ſtoop'd to pleaſe a barbarous age.
When his immortal bays began to grow,
Rude was the language, and the humour low:
He, like the God of Day, was always bright,
But rolling in its courſe, his orb of light
Was ſully'd, and obſcur'd, though ſoaring high,
With ſpots contracted from the nether ſky.
But whither is th' adventrous Muſe betray'd?
Forgive her raſhneſs, venerable ſhade!
May Spring with purple flowers perfume thy urn,
And Avon with his greens thy grave adorn:

Be all thy faults, whatever faults there be,
Imputed to the times, and not to thee.
Some ſcions ſhot from this immortal root,
Their tops much lower, and leſs fair the fruit,
Jonſon the tribute of my verſe might claim,
Had he not ſtrove to blemiſh Shakeſpeare's name.
But, like the radiant twins that gild the ſphere,
Fletcher and Beaumont next in pomp appear:
The firſt a fruitful vine, in blooming pride,
Had been by ſuperfluity deſtroy'd,
But that his friend, judiciouſly ſevere,
Prun'd the luxuriant boughs with artful care;
On various ſounding harps the Muſes play'd,
And ſung, and quaff'd their nectar in the ſhade.
Few moderns in the liſts with theſe may ſtand,
For in thoſe days were giants in the land:
Suffice it now by lineal right to claim,
And bow with filial awe to Shakeſpeare's fame;
The ſecond honours are a glorious name.
Achilles dead, they found no equal lord
To wear his armour, and to wield his ſword.
An age moſt odious and accurs'd enſued.
Diſcolour'd with a pious monarch's blood;
Whoſe fall when firſt the tragic virgin ſaw,
She fled, and left her province to the law.
Her merry ſiſter ſtill purſued the game,
Her garb was alter'd, but her gifts the ſame.
She firſt reform'd the muſcles of her face,
And learnt the ſolemn ſcrew for ſigns of grace;

Then

Then circumcis'd her locks, and form'd her tone,
By humming to a tabor and a drone;
Her eyes ſhe diſciplin'd preciſely right,
Both when to wink, and how to turn the white:
Thus baniſh'd from the ſtage, ſhe gravely next
Aſſum'd a cloak, and quibbled o'er a text.
But when, by miracles of mercy ſhown,
Much-ſuffering Charles regain'd his father's throne;
When peace and plenty overflow'd the land,
She ſtrait pull'd off her ſatin cap and band;
Bade Wycherley be bold in her defence,
With pointed wit, and energy of ſenſe,
Etherege and Sedley join'd him in her cauſe,
And all deſerv'd, and all receiv'd, applauſe.
Reſtor'd with leſs ſucceſs, the Tragic Muſe
Had quite forgot her ſtyle by long diſuſe:
She taught her Maximins to rant in rhyme,
Miſtaking rattling nonſenſe for ſublime;
Till witty Buckingham reform'd her taſte,
And ſneering ſham'd her into ſenſe at laſt:
But now relaps'd, ſhe dwindles to a ſong,
And weakly warbles on an eunuch's tongue;
And with her minſtrelſy may ſtill remain
Till Southerne court her to be great again.
Perhaps the beauties of thy Spartan dame,
Who (long defrauded of the public fame)
Shall, with ſuperior majeſty avow'd,
Shine like a goddeſs breaking from a cloud:
Once more may re-inſtate her on the ſtage,
Her action graceful, and divine her rage.

Arts

Arts have their empires, and, like other ſtates,
Their riſe and fall are govern'd by the fates:
They, when their period's meaſur'd out by time,
Tranſplant their laurels to another clime.
The Grecian Muſe once fill'd with loud alarms
The court of heaven, and clad the gods in arms;
The trumpet ſilent, humbly ſhe eſſay'd
The Doric reed, and ſung beneath the ſhade,
Extoll'd a frugal life, and taught the ſwains
T' obſerve the ſeaſons, and manure the plains;
Sometimes in warbled hymns ſhe paid her vow,
Or wove Olympic wreaths for Theron's brow;
Sometimes on flowery beds ſhe lay ſupine,
And gave her thoughts a looſe to love and wine;
Or, in her ſable ſtole and buſkins dreſs'd,
Shew'd vice enthron'd, and virtuous kings oppreſs'd.
The nymph ſtill fair, however paſt her bloom,
From Greece at length was led in chains to Rome:
Whilſt wars abroad and civil diſcord reign'd,
Silent the beauteous captive long remain'd;
That interval employ'd her timely care
To ſtudy, and refine the language there.
She views with anguiſh on the Roman ſtage
The Grecian beauties weep, the warriors rage;
But moſt thoſe ſcenes delight th' immortal maid,
Which Scipio had revis'd, and Roſcius play'd.
Thence to the pleadings of the gown ſhe goes
(For Themis then could ſpeak in poliſh'd proſe):
Charm'd at the bar, amid th' attentive throng
She bleſs'd the Syren-power of Tully's tongue.

But

But when, Octavius, thy ſucceſsful ſword
Was ſheath'd, and univerſal peace reſtor'd,
Fond of a monarch, to the court ſhe came,
And choſe a numerous choir to chant his fame.
Firſt from the green retreats and lowly plains,
Her Virgil ſoar'd ſublime in epic ſtrains;
His theme ſo glorious, and his flight ſo true,
She with Mæonian garlands grac'd his brow;
Taught Horace then to touch the Leſbian lyre,
And Sappho's ſweetneſs join'd with Pindar's fire.
By Cæſar's bounty all the tuneful train
Enjoy'd, and ſung of Saturn's golden reign;
No genius then was left to live on praiſe,
Or curs'd the barren ornament of bays;
On all her ſons he caſt a kind regard,
Nor could they write ſo faſt as he reward.
The Muſe, induſtrious to record his name
In the bright annals of eternal fame,
Profuſe of favours laviſh'd all her ſtore,
And for one reign made many ages poor.
Now from the rugged North unnumber'd ſwarms
Invade the Latian coaſts with barbarous arms;
A race unpoliſh'd, but inur'd to toil,
Rough as their heaven, and barren as their ſoil.
Theſe locuſts every ſpringing art deſtroy'd,
And loſt Humanity before them dy'd.
Picture no more maintain'd the doubtful ſtrife
With Nature's ſcenes, nor gave the canvas life;
Nor Sculpture exercis'd her ſkill, beneath
Her forming hand to make the marble breathe:

Struck

Struck with deſpair, they ſtood devoid of thought,
Leſs lively than the works themſelves had wrought.
On thoſe twin-ſiſters ſuch diſaſters came,
Though colours and proportions are the ſame
In every age and clime; their beauties known
To every language, and confin'd by none.
But fate leſs freedom to the Muſe affords,
And checks her genius with the choice of words:
To paint her thoughts, the diction muſt be found
Of eaſy grandeur, and harmonious ſound.
Thus when ſhe rais'd her voice divinely great
To ſing the founder of the Roman ſtate;
The language was adapted to the ſong,
Sweet and ſublime, with native beauty ſtrong:
But when the Goths inſulting troops appear'd,
Such diſſonance the trembling virgin heard!
Chang'd to a ſwan, from Tyber's troubled ſtream
She wing'd her flight, and ſought the ſilver Thames.
Long in the melancholy grove ſhe ſtaid,
And taught the penſive Druids in the ſhade;
In ſolemn and inſtructive notes they ſung
From whence the beauteous frame of nature ſprung,
Who poliſh'd all the radiant orbs above,
And in bright order made the planets move;
Whence thunders roar, and frightful meteors fly,
And comets roll unbounded through the ſky;
Who wing'd the winds, and gave the ſtreams to flow,
And rais'd the rocks, and ſpread the lawns below;
Whence the gay ſpring exults in flowery pride,
And autumn with the bleeding grape is dy'd;

Whence

Whence ſummer ſuns imbrown the labouring ſwains,
And ſhivering winter pines in icy chains:
And prais'd the Power Supreme, nor dar'd advance
So vain a theory as that of Chance.
But in this iſle ſhe found the nymphs ſo fair,
She chang'd her hand, and choſe a ſofter air,
And Love and Beauty next became her care.
Greece, her lov'd country, only could afford
A Venus and a Helen to record;
A thouſand radiant nymphs ſhe here beheld,
Who match'd the goddeſs, and the queen excell'd.
T' immortalize their loves ſhe long eſſay'd,
But ſtill the tongue her generous toil betray'd.
Chaucer had all that beauty could inſpire,
And Surrey's numbers glow'd with warm deſire:
Both now are priz'd by few, unknown to moſt,
Becauſe the thoughts are in the language loſt;
Even Spenſer's pearls in muddy waters lie,
Yet ſoon their beams attract the diver's eye:
Rich was their imagery, till Time defac'd
The curious works; but Waller came at laſt.
Waller, the Muſe with heavenly verſe ſupplies,
Smooth as the fair, and ſparkling as their eyes;
"All but the nymph that ſhould redreſs his wrong,
"Attend his paſſion, and approve his ſong."
But when this Orpheus ſunk, and hoary age
Suppreſs'd the lover's and the poet's rage,
To Granville his melodious lute ſhe gave,
Granville, whoſe faithful verſe is Beauty's ſlave;

Accept

Accept this gift, my favourite youth! ſhe cry'd,
To ſound a brighter theme, and ſing of Hyde;
Hyde's and thy lovely Myra's praiſe proclaim,
And match Carliſle's and Sachariſſa's fame.
O! would he now forſake the myrtle grove,
And ſing of arms, as late he ſung of love!
His colours and his hand alone ſhould paint
In Britain's queen the warrior and the ſaint;
In whom conſpire, to form her truly great,
Wiſdom with power, and piety with ſtate.
Whilſt from her throne the ſtreams of juſtice flow,
Strong and ſerene, to bleſs the land below;
O'er diſtant realms her dreaded thunders roll,
And the wild rage of tyranny controul.
Her power to quell, and pity to redreſs,
The Maeſe, the Danube, and the Rhine confeſs;
Whence bleeding Iber hopes around his head
To ſee freſh olive ſpring, and plenty ſpread:
And whilſt they ſound their great deliverer's fame,
The Seine retires, and ſickens at her name.
O Granville! all theſe glorious ſcenes diſplay,
Inſtruct ſucceeding monarchs how to ſway;
And make her memory rever'd by all,
When triumphs are forgot, and mouldering arches fall.
Pardon me, friend! I own my Muſe too free,
To write ſo long on ſuch a theme to thee:
To play the critic here---with equal right
Bid her pretend to teach Argyll to fight;
Inſtruct th' unerring ſun to guide the year,
And Harley by what ſchemes he ought to ſteer;

Give Harcourt eloquence t' adorn the ſeal,
Maxims of ſtate to Leeds, to Beaufort zeal;
Try to correct what Orrery ſhall write,
And make harmonious St. John more polite;
Teach law to Iſla for the crown's ſupport,
And Jerſey how to ſerve and grace a court;
Dictate ſoft warbling airs to Sheffield's hand,
When Venus and her Loves around him ſtand;
In ſage debates to Rocheſter impart
A ſearching head, and ever faithful heart;
Make Talbot's finiſh'd virtue more complete,
High without pride, and amiably great,
Where nature all her powers with fortune join'd,
At once to pleaſe and benefit mankind.

When cares were to my blooming youth unknown,
My fancy free, and all my hours my own;
I lov'd along the laureat grove to ſtray,
The paths were pleaſant, and the proſpect gay:
But now my genius ſinks, and hardly knows
To make a couplet tinkle in the cloſe.
Yet when you next to Medway ſhall repair,
And quit the town to breathe a purer air;
Retiring from the crowd to ſteal the ſweets
Of eaſy life in Twyſden's calm retreats
(As Terence to his Lælius lov'd to come,
And in Campania ſcorn'd the pomp of Rome);
Where Lambard, form'd for buſineſs, and to pleaſe,
By ſharing, will improve your happineſs;
In both their ſouls imperial reaſon ſways,
In both the patriot and the friend diſplays;
Lov'd, and prais'd by all, who merit love and praiſe.

With bright ideas there inſpir'd anew,
By them excited, and inform'd by you,
I may with happier ſkill eſſay to ſing
Sublimer notes, and ſtrike a bolder ſtring.
Languid and dull, when abſent from her cave,
No oracles of old the Sibyl gave;
But when beneath her ſacred ſhrine ſhe ſtood,
Her fury ſoon confeſs'd the coming god;
Her breaſt began to heave, her eyes to roll,
And wondrous viſions fill'd her labouring ſoul.

A LETTER

TO THE

KNIGHT OF THE SABLE SHIELD.

"—— Habet Bibliopola Tryphon."
MART. Lib. iv.

SIR Knight, who know with equal ſkill
To make a poem and a pill,
'Twas my misfortune t' other night,
To be tormented with a ſpright.
On either ſide his head the hair
Seem'd buſhing out, the top was bare;
His garb antique, but on his face
There reign'd a ſweet majeſtic grace;
Of comely port, and in his hand
He decent wav'd a laurel-wand.

On the left foot (by which I found
His name was on the ſtage renown'd)
A Sock of curious ſhape he wore,
With myrtle foliage flouriſh'd o'er;
A purple Buſkin grac'd the right,
And ſtrong he ſtep'd, yet lovely light.
Thy friendly care, he cry'd, I crave
To give me quiet in my grave:
Tryphon conſtrains me from the dead,
A wizard whom I hate and dread;
By him to dangle on a poſt,
I 'm conjur'd up---" Alas, poor Ghoſt!"
A pendulum I there am made,
To move the leaden wheels of trade.
And while each little author ſtruts
In calves-ſkin gilt, adorn'd with cuts;
I, vouching, paſs 'em off as dear
As any ſtaple-claſſick ware.
Peers, parſons, cits, a motly tribe,
Flock there to purchaſe, and ſubſcribe;
While Tryphon, as the gudgeons bite,
Chuckles to ſee them grow polite.
For ends thus infamouſly low,
It ſure wou'd ſeem as a-propos,
For Dennis at his door to ſtand,
With a good broomſtick in his hand.
Then, ſhould the chaps find ought amiſs,
Or blame the price, the tragic Swiſs
Might have his better parts employ'd,
To criticize them back and ſide.

Or

Or is there none of all his race,
Whoſe features would a ſign-board grace?
Oft' in the wizard's cell I 've ſeen
A ſorrel man, of awkward mien;
Prying with buſy leer about,
As if he were the devil's ſcout.
I ne'er was vers'd in modiſh vice,
But ſure thoſe whoreſon gloating eyes
Have travell'd much on love affairs,
Between the key-hole and the ſtairs.
O cheat the gibbet of a ſign,
And with his head commute for mine.

When firſt I heard his damn'd intent,
To Tryphon's bed by night I went;
Where he lay bleſt with dreams of gain,
Furs, ſcarlet, and a golden chain.
I rouz'd the wretch, and weeping ſaid,
O! take my wit, and ſpare my head,
Urge not the wags to ſneer, and jape us,
Juſt as of old they us'd Priapus.
But as a whelp ſtarts up with fear
When a bee 's humming at his ear:
With upper lip elate, he grins,
Whilſt round the little teazer ſpins;
But when aloof in air it ſoars,
He ſtraight forgets the alarm, and ſnores:
So did his fellow-creature ſlight
The fleeting viſion of the night.
My prayers were loſt, though while I ſtay'd.
I ſmelt they ſtrong impreſſions made.

There is a Knight, who takes the field
With Saxon pen, and ſable ſhield;
Who doubtleſs can relieve my ghoſt,
And diſinchant me from the poſt.
Then I could reſt as ſtill, as thoſe
Whom he has drudg'd to ſure repoſe;
As if he traded in the whole,
And with the body kill'd the ſoul.
To him for aid with ſpeed repair--
"But ſoft! I ſcent the morning air;"
Be mindful of my piteous plight,
And to my cauſe engage the Knight.
Now, gentle Sir, give ear to me,
For I preſcribe without a fee;
From Curll's remove the ſeat of war,
Encamp on t' other ſide the Bar:
Level your eye at Tryphon's ſhop,
Another epic at him pop;
What though without report it move,
Like the ſure darts of death or love?
I know your powder is ſo ſtrong,
No mortal ſign can ſtand you long.
But if by magic, this oppoſe
The volley of your verſe and proſe;
I 'll be your 'ſquire, and firm ally,
Write, crimp, and coax him up to buy;
Not all the necromancer's art
Will ſave it then, beſhrew his heart!
What can ſupport a ſhop, or ſign,
---- two ſuch perilous wits combine?

THE

THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK. IN MILTON'S STYLE.

" ——— To th' Orphean lyre,
" He ſung of Chaos and eternal night;
" Taught by the heavenly Muſe to venture down
" The dark deſcent, and up to re-aſcend,
" Though hard, and rare."

PARADISE LOST, B. iii.

WHEN ſpeeding ſea-ward, to the fleet we came
That anchor'd nigh the coaſt, we launch'd our ſhip
Into the ſacred deep: the maſt up-rear'd
Bore every ſail expanded; whilſt aboard
We ſtow'd devoted victims, and aſcend
The veſſel, inly griev'd, and ſilent ſhowers
Fell from our drooping eyes. A friendly wind
Circe the fair, of human race divine,
Propitious ſent; to ply the ſtruggling oar
Small need remain'd, the freſhening gale ſuffic'd
Each bellying canvas. On with ſpeed we fare

Proſperous; and when the ſun careering prone
Sunk to the weſtern iſles, and dewy ſhade
Sabled the pole, we tilting o'er the waves
On Ocean's utmoſt bound, approach the realms
Unbleſs'd, where the Cimmerians darkling dwell;
(A lamentable race!) of heavenly light
Unviſited, and the ſun's gladſome ray.
Mooring the veſſel on that dreary beach
We take the deſtin'd ſheep, and ſlow ſojourn
Along the mariſh, till the fated place
We found, which Circe will'd we ſhould explore.
Eurylochus and Perimedes guard
The holy offerings; I meantime unſheath
My faulchion, and prepare t' intrench the ground
A cubit ſquare, and there oblations pour
To reconcile the Shades; infuſing milk
With honey temper'd ſweet, and bowls of muſt
Pure from the melloweſt grape, with added ſtore
Of water; and with flower of wheat beſtrow
The mix'd ingredients: to the feeble ghoſts
Then vow'd, if heaven to my dear native land
Should favour my return, a barren cow
Of ſtatelieſt growth; and to th' oraculous * Seer
A ram of ſable fleece, the leading pride
Of all my flocks. Theſe ſolemn rites perform'd
And vows prefer'd, the deſtin'd ſheep I ſlew:
Forth guſh'd the vital purple, and ſurcharg'd
The hollow'd trench; when lo! from the dun verge

* Tireſias.

Of

Of Erebus, the ghoſts promiſcuous troop
Unnumber'd, youths and maidens immature
Cropt in their ſpring, who wandering penſive wail'd
The ſhortneſs of their date: trembling, and hoar
With age, ſome ſlowly pace; others more fierce
Array'd in arms, enſanguin'd o'er with wounds
Receiv'd in battle, clamorous approach
To drink the reeking gore. Shuddering and pale
I ſtood aſtounded, but with quick diſpatch
Bade burn the ſacrifice, a grateful ſteam
To Proſerpine, who there with Dis divides
The regency of night: ſudden I wav'd
My glittering falchion, from the ſanguine pool
Driving th' unbody'd hoſt that round me ſwarm'd;
Nor deign'd to let them ſip, before I ſaw
Th' oraculous ſeer. Foremoſt of all the crowd
Elpenor came, whoſe unregarded corſe
Unwept, unbury'd, eager to purſue
Our voyage: Strait to tender pity mov'd,
With words diſſolv'd in tears I cry'd, Relate,
Elpenor, how theſe rueful ſhades you reach'd
We left behind in Circe's ſumptuous dome,
Sooner than I full-ſail'd. He thus reply'd
In accents of much dolour; Me, O king,
The miniſter of adverſe fate malign'd,
Unweeting of miſhap; and wrought me doom,
Drench'd with exceſs of wine: prone from the top
Of Circe's tower I fell, and the neck-bones
Disjointing dy'd. But to your pious care
Suppliant, I beg by thoſe endearing names
Of parent, wife, and ſon (though diſtant, dear

To your remembrance) when you re-aſcend
To Circe's bliſsful iſle, to my remains
Diſcharge funereal rites; nor let me lie
Unwept, unbury'd there, leſt heaven avenge
The dire neglect. While the devouring flames
Conſume my earthy, on the flagrant pile
My armour caſt compleat; then raiſe a tomb
For my memorial on the foamy ſtrand:
And on it place that oar which erſt I ply'd
With my aſſociates. Penſive I rejoin,
Poor Shade! I 'll pay the decent rites you crave.
While with the friendly phantom I maintain'd
Such melancholy parly, with brandiſh'd ſteel
Guarding the goary pool, I through th' obſcure
My * mother view'd: her lineage ſhe deriv'd
From Maia's wingy ſon, and ceas'd to breath
This vital air, ſince I my legion led
To war on Ilium. From my pitying eyes
Abundant ſorrow ſtream'd; but though regret
Wither'd my reſolution, from the pool
I made the dear maternal form recede,
Till I ſhould learn from the grave Theban ſeer
The ſum of fate. The ſage at length advanc'd
Bearing a golden ſceptre, and began:
Son of Laertes, what misfortunes dire
Compel your progreſs from th' all-chearing ſun,
And heavenly azure, in this ſeat of woe
To roam among the dead? But from the pool

* Anticlea.

With-

Withdraw, and ſheath your faulchion, while I taſte
That bloody beverage, then the fates decree
Inſtant I 'll utter. Sudden I withdrew,
Sheathing my faulchion whilſt he drank the gore;
Then thus the ſeer pronounc'd the fates decree.
What means may beſt befit your wiſh'd return,
Illuſtrious Greek! you'd know. The ſovereign power
Whoſe ſtrong earth-ſhaking mace the floods revere,
Inſidious waits a time to wreak revenge
For Polypheme, his ſon; whoſe viſual orb
You late eclips'd with ever-during ſhade.
Howe'er you ſafe may voyage, and avoid
Diſaſters various, if your mates refrain
From ſacrilegious ſpoil, when ſafe they tread
Trinacria's herby ſoil: for there the flocks
And herds of Phœbus, o'er the verdurous lawn
Browze fattening paſture (he the world's great eye
Views all below his orient beam, nor ought
Can ſhun his wakeful ear) with evil hand
If them they ſeize, unerring I foretell
An hideous wreck. Unequal to the ſtorm
Your ſhip, deep in the nether waves ingulft,
Shall periſh with her crew: you ſhall regain
The dry, without ſurviving friend to cheer
Your pilgrim-ſteps; however late and hard,
You ſhall reviſit your lov'd natal ſhoar,
Tranſported in a veſſel not your own.
Much of domeſtic damage, and miſrule,
Will ſadden your return; for in your court
Suitors voluptuous ſwarm; with amorous wiles

Studious

Studious to win your conſort, and ſeduce
Her from chaſte fealty to joys impure,
In bridal pomp; vain efforts! but they ſoon
By ſtratagem, or our puiſſant arm,
To ruin are fore-doom'd. Then to a race
Remote from ocean, who with ſavoury ſalt
Ne'er ſeaſon their repaſt, nor veſſel view'd
Furrowing the foamy flood with painted prow,
And all her tackle trim, with ſpeed repair
Carrying a taper oar; way-faring thus,
One journeying obvious will miſname that oar
A corn van; fix it there, and victims ſlay
To Neptune reverent; from the fleecy fold
A ram ſelect; and from the beeves and ſwine,
The choiceſt male entire, of either herd.
Thence homeward haſte, and hecatombs prepare
For the bright order of the gods, who reign
Spher'd in empyreal ſplendors. White with years,
The balm of life evaporating ſlow,
At length, when Neptune points the dart of death *,
Without a pang you 'll die, and leave your land
With fair abundance bleſs'd. In theſe fix'd laws
Of fate repoſe affiance, and beware.
I thus reply'd: In this authentic will
Of fate, O Seer, I acquieſce; but lo!
Penſive, and ſilent, by the goary pool,
Abides my mother's ſhade; nor me vouchſafes
Language or look benign: Oh! tell me how

* He was killed with the bone of a ſea-turtle.

She here may recognize me. He reveal'd,
Whatever ghost by your permission sips
That sacred purple, will to all your quest
Without deceit reply: the rest withdraw
At your stern interdict. This said, the fleet
To the high capital of Dis retir'd.
Meantime I firm abode, till the dear shade
Has sip'd the sacred purple: then her son
Instant she knew, and wailing thus began:
My son! how reach'd you these Tartarean bounds,
Corporeal? Many a river interfus'd,
And gulphs unvoyageable, from access
Debar each living wight; besides th' expanse
Of ocean wide to sail. Are you from Troy
With your associate peers but now return'd,
Erroneous from your wife and kingdom still?
I thus: By strong necessity constrain'd,
Down to these nether realms I have presum'd
An earthly guest, to hear my doom disclos'd
By sage Tiresias; for since I led
Auxiliar bands, with Agamemnon leagu'd
To war on Ilium, traversing the main
Through various perils, I have voyag'd far
Estrang'd from Greece. But say by what disease,
By slow consumption through the gates of death
Prone did you pass; or by Diana's dart
Transfix'd, a sudden fate? My hoary sire!
Survives he? Is my bloomy son possess'd
Of my domain, or groans it now beneath
Usurping powers, who lord it uncontrol'd,

Thought-

Thoughtleſs of my return? My conſort dear!
Abides ſhe with my ſon, of all his rights
A guardian regent; or, no longer mine,
Hath ſhe been won to plight connubial vows?
The venerable ſhade thus anſwer'd mild:
Still in your regal dome your ſpouſe abides
Diſconſolate, with ever-flowing eyes
Wailing your abſence; and your ſon poſſeſs'd
Of principality, with his compeers,
Bounteous of ſoul, free intercourſe maintains
Of ſocial love. Beneath a ſylvan lodge,
Far from the cheerful ſteps of men, your ſire
Lives inconſolable; on gorgeous beds,
With rich embroidery ſpread, and purple palls,
No more indulging ſweet repoſe: but clad
In coarſe attire, couch'd with his village hinds
On the warm hearth he ſleeps, when winter reigns
Inclement, till the circling months return
New-rob'd in flowering verdure: then, the vines
High interwove a green pavilion form,
Where pillow'd on the leaves, he mourns for you
Nocturnal; to th' unfriendly damp of age
Adding corroſive anguiſh and deſpair.
So periſh'd I with ſlow-conſuming pile!
Me nor the ſilver-ſhafted goddeſs ſlew,
Nor racking malady; but anxious love
Of my Ulyſſes on my vitals prey'd,
And ſunk my age with ſorrow to the grave.
She ceas'd: I thrice with filial fondneſs ſtrove
T' embrace the much-lov'd form, and thrice it fled,
Deluſive

Delusive as a dream. [illegible]
Heart-chill'd [illegible]
Your son's [illegible]
My [illegible]
Mingling in one full [illegible]
Whose [illegible]
A guileful [illegible]
Of all [illegible]
Deem not that aught of [illegible]
Is here intended, [illegible]
Of separate [illegible]
Impassive: [illegible]
We wear, with [illegible]
They [illegible]
To draw the breath of [illegible]
Fleets like a dream, from [illegible]
Disparted and [illegible]
Illumin'd with the [illegible]
Hence [illegible]
Disclose the [illegible]
Thus we [illegible]
Of [illegible]
By radiant Proserpine, daughters and [illegible]
To kings and [illegible] the gouty pool
The fair assembly [illegible], to sip
The tasteful liquid: I the faces of each
Desirous to hear storied, wave my sword
In airy circles, while they singly sate
Their appetites; then curious ask of each
Her ancestry, which all in order told.

Tym

Tyro firſt audience claim'd, the daughter fair
Of great Salmoneus; ſhe with Cretheus ſhar'd
Connubial love, but long in virgin bloom
Enamour'd of Enipeus, inly pin'd:
Enipeus, ſwift from whoſe reclining urn
Rolls a delicious flood. His lovely form
Neptune aſſum'd, and the bright nymph beguil'd
Wandering love-penſive near his amber ſtream:
Them plunging in the ſlopy flood receiv'd
Redounding; and to ſkreen his amorous theft,
On either ſide the parted waves up-rear'd
A cryſtal mound. Potent of rapturous joy,
And fated, thus he ſpake: Hail, royal fair!
Thy womb ſhall teem with twins (a god's embrace
Is ever fruitful) and thoſe pledges dear
Of our ſweet caſual bliſs nurture and tend
With a fond mother's care: hence homeward ſpeed,
And from all human ken our amorous act
Conceal: ſo Neptune bids thee now farewell.
He ceas'd, and diving ſudden was ingulph'd
Deep in the gurgling eddy. Two fair ſons
Th' appointed months diſcharg'd, by ſupreme Jove
Both ſcepter'd: Pelias firſt; his empire wide
Stretch'd o'er Iölcos, whoſe irriguous vales
His grazing folds o'erfleec'd: her younger birth,
Neleus, was honour'd through the ſandy realm
Of Pylus. She by Cretheus then eſpous'd,
A fair increaſe, Æſon and Pheres, bore;
And great Amythaon, who with fiery ſteeds
Oft' diſarray'd the foes in battle rang'd.

The

The daughter of Aſopus next I view'd,
Antiope, boaſtful that ſhe, by Jove
Impregnate, had the fam'd Amphion borne,
And Zethus, founder of imperial Thebes,
Stately with ſeven large gates, and bulwark'd ſtrong
Againſt invading powers. Alcmena fair,
Amphitryon's conſort, then advanc'd to view;
To heaven's ſupreme who bore Alcides, bold
And lion-hearted. Next that lovely ſhade
Stood Megara, of Creon's royal race,
By great Alcides ſpous'd. To her ſucceeds
The ſheeny form of Epicaſte, woo'd
By Oedipus her ſon, to whom ſhe deign'd
Spouſal embraces, thoughtleſs of miſdeed,
He having too (ill-ſtarr'd!) deſtroy'd his ſire,
His lineage with inceſtuous mixture ſoil'd,
Blinded by deſtiny; but the juſt gods
Diſclos'd th' unnatural ſcene. In Thebes he ſway'd,
With various ills by heaven's afflictive rod
Diſcomfited: but ſhe through fell deſpair
Self-ſtrangled, from the ſtings of mortal life
Fled to the ſhades, and her ſurviving ſon
With delegated furies fierce purſued.
An amiable image next appear'd;
Bright Chloris, of Amphion's lofty ſtem
The youngeſt bud: in ſweet attractive pomp
On her the Graces ever-waiting ſmit
The heart of Neleus, whom the Pylian tribes
Homag'd with fealty: from their wedded love
Sprung Neſtor, Chromius, and the boaſtful power

Of Periclymenus; beſides a nymph,
Pero, of form divine: her virgin vows
By many a prince were ſought, but Neleus deign'd
To none her bed, but him whoſe proweſs'd arm
Should force from Phylace a furious herd
Of wild Theſſalian beeves, t' avenge the dower
Which Iphiclus detain'd. This bold empriſe
A ſeer accepted; but, in combat foil'd,
In thrall for twelve revolving moons he lay,
Deep in a dungeon cloſe immur'd, 'till found
Divine of fate, by ſolving problems quaint
Which Iphiclus propos'd, who ſtrait diſmiſs'd
The captive; ſo was Jove's high will complete.
Then Ledo, ſpous'd by Tyndarus, I ſaw,
Mother of the fam'd twins, Caſtor expert
To tame the ſteed, and Pollux far renown'd
On liſted fields for conflict; who from Jove
Receiv'd a grateful boon like gods to live,
Mounting alternate to this upper orb.
Next Iphimedia glides in view, the wife
Of great Aloeus, who in love compreſs'd
By Neptune, bore (ſo ſhe the fact avow'd)
Otus and Ephialtes, whom the fates
Cut ſhort in early prime: their infant years
Nurtur'd by Earth, enormous both attain'd
Gigantic ſtature, and for manly grace
Were next Orion rank'd; for in the courſe
Of nine ſwift circling years, nine cubits broad
Their ſhoulders meaſur'd, and nine ells their height.
Provident of foul, they vainly dar'd
Gods to war, and on Olympus hoar Rear'd

Rear'd Oſſa, and on Oſſa Pelion pil'd
Torn from the baſe with all its woods; by ſcale
T' aſſault heaven's battlements; and had their date
To manhood been prolong'd, had ſure atchiev'd
Their ruinous aim: but by the ſilver dart
Of Phœbus ſheer transfix'd, ere ſpringing down
Shaded their roſy youth, they both expir'd.
Ill-fated Phædra then with Procris came,
And Ariadne, who them both ſurpaſs'd
In goddeſs-like demeanor: from her ſire
Minos, the rigid arbiter of right,
Theſeus of old convey'd her, with intent
At Athens, link'd in love, with her to reign:
But ſtern Diana, by the guileful plea
Of Bacchus won, diſſever'd ſoon their joys,
And caus'd the lovely nymph to fall forlorn
In Dia, with circumfluous ſeas in-girt,
Of nuptial rights defrauded. Next advance
Mæra and Clymenè, a beauteous pair;
And Eriphyle, whoſe once radiant charms
A cloud of ſorrow dimm'd; for ſhe, devoid
Of duteous love, for gold betray'd her lord.---
Here let me ceaſe narration, nor relate
What other objects fair, daughters and wives
Of heroes old, I ſaw; for now the night
In clouded majeſty has journey'd far,
Admoniſhing to reſt, which with my mates,
Or here with you, my wearied nature craves;
Meantime affianc'd in the gods and you,
To ſpeed my voyage to my native realm.

He ceas'd: a while th' attentive audience ſate
In ſilent rapture; his perſuaſive tongue,
Mellifluous, ſo with eloquence had charm'd
Their ſtill inſatiate ears; at length thus ſpake
The queen Arete, graceful and humane.

Think ye, Phæacians, that the god-like form,
The port, the wiſdom, of this wanderer claim
Aught of regard? Peculiar him my gueſt
I ſtyle; but, ſince the honour he vouchſafes,
Delighted ye partake, give not too ſoon
Him ſignal of departure, but prepare
With no penurious hand proportion'd gifts,
Vying in bounteous deeds, ſince heaven hath ſhower'd
Your peerage with abundant favours boon.

Up roſe Echeneus then, whoſe wavy locks
Silver'd with age, adorn'd his reverend brow,
Fraught with matureſt council, and began
Addreſſing his compeers: Rightful and wiſe
The queen's propoſal is, let none demur
Obedience to her will: Alcinous beſt
By fair enſample may preſcribe the rule.

Alcinous from his bed of ſtate reply'd,
With aſpect bland: While here I live enthron'd,
Jove's delegate of empire, and this hand
Sways the Phæacian ſceptre, will I cheer
Th' erroneous and afflicted, with meet acts
Of regal bounty; but our princely gueſt
Muſt, though impatient, for a time defer
His voyage, that with due munificence
Our gifts may be prepar'd: let all accord
Benevolent,

Benevolent, and free to furniſh ſtores
Worthy acceptance; me you ſhall confeſs
The firſt in bounty, as the firſt in power.
He ended, and Ulyſſes anſwer'd blithe:
O thou, by kingly virtues juſtly rais'd
To this imperial eminence! By thee
Were I detain'd, till the revolving ſun
Completes his annual circle, in thy will
I acquieſce obedient, till meet ſtores
For my return be rais'd: then at my realm
With royal largeſſes arriving grac'd,
And gay retinue, ſtrait the wondering Greeks
Will dear reſpect and prompter homage yield.
To whom Alcinous: Your diſtinguiſh'd worth
Too plain is character'd in all your port,
To doubt you of thoſe vagrant clans, who roam
Fallacious, and with copious legend take
The credulous ear; you, with ſevereſt truth
Rob'd in rich eloquence, inſtruct and pleaſe:
When (like ſome bard, vers'd in heroic theme
Attemper'd to the lyre) you ſweetly tell
Whate'er in Grecian ſtory was of old
Recorded eminent, or when you ſpeak
Your own diſaſtrous fate. But now proceed,
Say affable, if while you low ſojourn'd
In groſs Tartarean gloom, the mighty ſhades
Of thoſe brave warring Greeks appear'd, who fell
By doom of battle; for the lingering night
Hath yet much ſpace to meaſure, and the hour
Of ſleep is far to come: I can attend

With raviſhment to hear the pleaſing tale
Fruitful of wonders, till the roſeate morn
Purples the Eaſt. Ulyſſes thus reply'd:
Due time, O king, for converſe and repoſe
Is ſtill remaining; nor will I refuſe
With coy denial, what the ſacred ear
Of majeſty with audience deigns to grace.
Hear next how my aſſociate warriors fell,
O'erwhelm'd with huge afflictions, and oppreſs'd
In their own realms by feminine deceit,
To them more fatal than the proweſs'd foe.
When by imperious Proſerpine recall'd,
The lady-train diſpers'd, the penſive form
Of Agamemnon came, with thoſe begirt
Whom, in one common fate involv'd, of life
Ægyſthus had bereav'd. Sipping the gore,
He recogniz'd me inſtant, and outſtretch'd
His unſubſtantial arms, exhauſted now
Of all their vital vigour; with ſhrill plaints
Piercing the doleful region far: mine eyes,
Sore wounded with the piteous object dear,
Effus'd a flood of tears, while thus I ſpake:
O king of hoſts! O ever-honour'd ſon
Of Atreus! Say to what ſevere decree
Of deſtiny you bow'd. By Neptune's wrath
Tempeſting th' ocean, did you there expire
Whelm'd in the watery abyſs? Or fell you arm'd,
Making fierce inroad on ſome hoſtile coaſt,
To ravage herds and flocks; or in aſſault
Of ſome imperial fortreſs, thence to win

Rich ſpoils and beauteous captives, were you ſlain
Defeated of your ſeizure? He replied:
I periſh'd not, my friend, by Neptune's wrath,
Whelm'd in the ocean wave; nor dy'd in arms
Heroic deeds attempting: but receiv'd
From baſe Ægyſthus, and my baſer queen,
Irreparable doom, whilſt I partook
Refreſhment, and at ſupper jovial ſate
Slain like an ox that's butcher'd at the crib,
A death moſt lamentable! Round me lay
An hideous carnage of my breathleſs friends,
Like beaſts new ſlaughter'd for the bridal board
Of ſome luxurious noble, or devote
To ſolemn feſtival. On well-fought fields
You various ſcenes of ſlaughter have ſurvey'd,
And in fierce tournament; yet had it quell'd
Your beſt of man to view us on the floor
Rolling in death, with viands round us ſpread,
And ponderous vaſes bruis'd, while human gore
Flooded the pavement wide. With ſhrilling cries
Caſſandra pierc'd my ear, whom at my ſide
Falſe Clytemneſtra ſlew: t' avenge her wrong,
I with a dying graſp my ſabre ſeiz'd;
But the curs'd aſſaſſin withdrew, nor clos'd
My lips and eyes. O woman! woman! none
Of nature's ſavage train have leſs remorſe
In perpetrating crimes: to kill her mate,
What beaſt was e'er a complice? I return'd
Hopeful in affluence of domeſtic joy
To reign, encircled with my offspring dear,

And court-retinue; but my traitreſs wife
On female honour hath diffus'd a ſtain
Indelible; and her pernicious arts,
Recorded for reproach on all the ſex,
Shall wound ſoft innocence with touch of blame.
I anſwer'd, O ye Powers! by women's wiles
Jove works ſure bane to all th' imperial race
Of Atreus ſtill: for Helen's vagrant luſt
Greece mourns her ſtates diſpeopled; and you fell
By your adultreſs! Plaintive he reply'd:
By my diſaſters warn'd, to woman's faith
Unboſom nought momentous; though ſhe peal
Your ear (by nature importune to know)
Unlock not all your ſecrets. But your wife,
Of prudent meek deport, no train of ills
Will meditate for you by force or guile:
Her, when we led th' embattled Greeks to Troy,
We left in blooming beauty afreſh; your ſon
Then hanging on her breaſt; who now to man
Full grown, with men aſſociates; your approach
With rapture he will meet, and glad his ſire
With filial duty dear; a bliſs to me
Not deign'd! my ſon I ſaw not ere I fell
A victim to my wife; then, timely warn'd,
Truſt not to woman's ken the time prefix'd
For your return to Greece. But ſay ſincere,
Aught have you heard where my Oreſtes bides,
In rich Orchomenus, or ſandy Pyle;
Or with my brother lives he more ſecure

In

In ſpacious Sparta? for of this dark realm
He's not inhabitant. I thus rejoin'd:
Vain is your queſt, Atrides; whether fate
Permits your ſon to draw the breath of heaven,
Friendly to life; or whether in theſe ſhades
He roams a ghoſt, I know not; nor with ſpeech
Falſe or ambiguous will beguile your ear,
While mournful thus we talk'd, ſuffus'd with tears
Of tender ſympathy, young Peleus came,
With his aſſociates moſt in life belov'd,
Faithful Patroclus, and th' egregious * ſon
Of Neſtor, great in arms; with them (conjoin'd
In amicable converſe, e'en by death
Uncancel'd) walk'd the tall illuſtrious ſhade
Of Ajax, with attractive grace adorn'd,
And proweſs; paragon'd for both to none
But great Achilles: me the goddeſs-born
Ey'd curious, and at length thus ſad began:
What cauſe, Ulyſſes, moves thy mind, expert
Of warlike machinations; what emprize
Hath aught of ſuch importance, as to tempt
This dire deſcent, where we in dolorous night,
Frail incorporeal forms, are doom'd abode?
O peerleſs chief, I cried, of all the Greeks
The foremoſt name! I hither am conſtrain'd,
From the wiſe Theban oracle to hear
Beſt means reveal'd, how to revisit ſafe
My native realm; by rigid fate repell'd,

* Antilochus.

I'm

I'm exil'd yet, with troops of various ills
Surrounded. But the gods, to your high worth
Ever propitious, crown their favourite chief
With choicer bleſſings than the eye of time
Yet ſaw conferr'd. or future ſhall behold:
On earth you equal honours with the gods
From us receiv'd; nor by the ſtroke of fate
Sink with diminiſh'd luſtre, but ſupreme
Reign o'er the ſhades. He ſolemn ſad replied:
Reign here ſupreme! deem not thy eloquence
Can aught conſole my doom: rather on earth
A village ſlave I 'd be, than titled here
Imperial and auguſt. But ſay me true,
Or did my ſon illuſtrate his deſcent
Firſt in the files of war; or fled he pale
A recreant from the fight? do all our tribes
In Phthia ſtill revere my father's throne;
Or lives he now of regal power deſpoil'd,
A weak contemn'd old man, wanting my arm
To hold his ſceptre firm? that arm! which erſt
Warring for Greece, beſtrew'd the Phrygian plains
With many a proweſs'd knight! Would heaven reſtore
The ſame puiſſant form, I'd ſoon avenge
His injur'd age, and re-aſſert his claim.
He ceaſing, I reply'd: Of Peleus' ſtate
Fame hath to me been ſilent; but attend
While I th' atchievements of thy glorious ſon
Blazon, as truth ſhall dictate. Him to Troy
From Scyros o'er th' Ægean ſafe I bore
To join th' embattled Greeks: whene'er we ſate

In

In council, to mature some [illegible]
First of the peerage with [illegible]
His sentence he utters [illegible]
The third from Nestor. [illegible]
In battalious array, and the [illegible]
Of onset founded, he. [illegible]
Advancing in the van the [illegible]
Pierc'd through the [illegible]
Not equal to the [illegible]
Which in his [illegible]
Were long to tell: [illegible]
Eurypylus, of all [illegible]
Fam'd after Memnon [illegible]
Of Pergamenian [illegible]
When in the [illegible]
Selected heroes [illegible]
The reft, [illegible]
Roll from their [illegible]
Undaunted, [illegible]
Frofted his [illegible]
Cours'd from [illegible]
His ſpear and [illegible]
Impatient, [illegible]
To Troy's oppreſſive powers: and when the height
Of Ilion nor receiv'd the fatal ſtroke
From Grecian valour, with barbaric ſpoil,
To his high fame proportion'd, he return'd,
Unmark'd with hoſtile wound, though round him Mars
With tenfold rage oft' made the battle burn.

I ended e

I ended: joy ineffable poſſeſs'd
The great paternal ſhade; his ſteps he rais'd
With more majeſtic portance o'er the mead
Verdant with aſphodel, elate to hear
His ſon's exploits emblazon'd fair by Fame.
The reſt, a penſive circle, round await
Reciting various dooms, to mortal ear
Calamitous and ſad! From theſe apart
The Telamonian hero, whom I foil'd
In conteſt for Achilles' arms, abode
Sullen with treaſur'd wrath: the fatal ſtrife
By Thetis was propos'd, and every judge
Inſtinct by Pallas, to my claim declar'd
The prize of right. O! why was I conſtrain'd
By honour to prevail, and cauſe to die
Ajax, the chief with manly grace adora'd,
And proweſs; paragon'd for both, to none
But the great ſon of Peleus! Him with ſpeech
Lenient of wrath I thus accoſted mild:
Ajax, let this oblivious gloom deface
The memory of thoſe arms, which heaven decreed
Pernicious to the Greeks, who loſt in thee
Their power of ſtrong defence: to mourn thy fall
The voice of Grief along the tented ſhore
Was heard, as loud as when the flower of war,
Divine Achilles, dy'd: nor deem that aught
Of human interpos'd to urge thy doom,
But ireful Jove, to puniſh all our hoſt,
Cut off its darling hope. O royal ſhade!

Approach,

Approach, and affable to me vouchſafe
Mild audience, calming thy tempeſtuous rage.
Vain was my ſuit! for with th' unbody'd troop
Of ſpectres, fleeting to th' interior ſhade
Of Erebus, he to my friendly ſpeech
Diſdain'd reply; yet to that dark receſs
Had I purſued his flight, he muſt have borne
Unwilling correſpondence, forc'd by fate,
Impaſſion'd as he was; but I refrain'd,
For other viſions drew my curious eye.
Intent I ſaw with golden ſceptre grave
Minos, the ſon of Jove, to the pale ghoſts
Diſpenſing equity; with faded looks
They through the wide Plutonian hall appear'd
Frequent and full, and argued each his cauſe
At that tribunal, trembling whilſt he weigh'd
Their pleaded reaſon. Of portentous ſize
Orion next I view'd; a brazen mace
Invincible he bore, in fierce purſuit
Of thoſe huge mountain ſavages he ſlew
While habitant of earth, whoſe griſly forms
He urg'd in chace the flowery mead along.
Nor unobſerv'd lay ſtretch'd upon the marle
Tityus earth-born, whoſe body long and large
Cover'd nine acres: there to vultures ſat
Of appetite inſatiate, and with beaks
For ravine bent, unintermitting goar'd
His liver, powerleſs he to put to flight
The fierce devourers! to this penance judg'd
For rape intended on Latona fair,

The paramour of Jove, as ſhe ſojourn'd
To Pytho o'er the Panopeian lawns;
Delicious landſkip!——In a limpid lake
Next Tantalus a doleful lot abides:
Chin-deep he ſtands, yet with afflictive drought
Inceſſant pines, while ever as he bows
To ſip refreſhment, from his parching thirſt
The guileful water glides. Around the pool
Fruit-trees of various kinds umbrageous ſpread
Their pamper'd boughs: the racy olive green
The ripe pomegranate big with vinous pulp,
The luſcious fig ſky-dy'd, the taſteful pear
Vermilion'd half, and apples mellowing ſweet
In burniſh'd gold, luxuriant o'er him wave,
Exciting hunger, and fallacious hope
Of food ambroſial:---when he tries to ſeize
The copious fruitage fair, a ſudden guſt
Whirls it aloof amid th' incumbent gloom.
Then Siſyphus, the neareſt mate in woe,
Drew my regard; he with diſtended nerves
Ay rolls a ponderous ſtone up a rugged rock;
Urg'd up the ſteep cliff flow with hand and foot
It mounts, but bordering on the cloudy peak,
Precipitous adown the ſlopy ſide
The rapid orb devolving back renews
Eternal toil, which he, with duſt beſmear'd,
And dew'd with ſmoaking ſweat, inceſſant plies.
I laſt the viſionary ſemblance view'd
Of Hercules, a ſhadowy form; for he,
The real ſon of Jove, in heaven's high court

Abides,

Abides, aſſociate with the gods, and ſhares
Celeſtial banquets; where, with ſoft diſport
Of love, bright Hebe in her radiant dome
Treats him nocturnal. With terrific clang
Surrounding ghoſt, like fowl, the region wing
Vexatious, while the threatening image ſtands,
Gloomy as night, from his bent battle-bow
In act to let th' aerial arrow fly.
Athwart his breaſt a military zone
Dreadful he wore, where grinn'd in fretted gold
Grim woodland ſavages, with various ſcenes
Of war, fierce jouſting knights, and havoc dire,
With matchleſs art portray'd; me ſtrait he knew,
And, piteous of my ſtate, addreſs'd me thus:
O exercis'd in grief, illuſtrious ſon
Of good Laertes, fam'd for warlike wiles!
Fated thou art (like me, what time I breath'd
Etherial draught) beneath unnumber'd toils
To groan oppreſs'd: ev'n I, the ſeed of Jove,
Combated various ills, and was adjudg'd
By an inferior wretch (what could he more?)
To drag to light the triple-creſted dog
That guards hell's maſſy portal: I atchiev'd
The taſk injoin'd through the propitious aid
Of Mercury and Pallas, who vouchſaf'd
Their friendly guidance; then without reply,
To Pluto's court majeſtic he retir'd.
Mean time for others of heroic note
I waited, in the liſts of ancient fame
Inroll'd illuſtrious; and had haply ſeen

Great

Great Theſeus, and Pirithous his compeer,
The race of gods; but at the hideous ſcream
Of ſpectres iſſuing from the dark profound
I wax'd infirm of purpoſe, ſore diſmay'd
Leſt Proſerpine ſhould ſend Meduſa, curl'd
With ſnaky locks, to fix me in her realm
Stiff with Gorgonian horror: to the ſhip
Retreating ſpeedy thence, I bade my mates
To ſhove from ſhore: joyous they ſtrait began
To ſtem the tide, and bruſh'd the whitening ſeas,
Till the freſh gales reliev'd the labouring oar.

THE WIDOW'S WILE.

A TALE.

HAVE you not ſeen (to ſtate the caſe)
Two waſps lie ſtruggling in a glaſs?
With the rich flavour of Tokay
Allur'd, about the brim they play;
They light, they murmur, then begin
To lick, and ſo at length ſlip in;
Embracing cloſe the couple lies,
Together dip, together riſe;
You'd ſwear they love, and yet they ſtrive
Which ſhall be ſunk, and which ſurvive.
Such feign'd amours, and real hate,
Attend the matrimonial ſtate;

When

When ſacred vows are bought and ſold,
And hearts are ty'd with threads of gold.
A nymph there was, who ('tis aver'd
By fame) was born without a beard:
A certain ſign, the learn'd declare,
That (guarded with uncommon care)
Her virtue might remain at ten
Impregnable, to boys or men.
But from that æra we'll proceed,
To find her in a widow's weed:
Which, all love's chronicles agree,
She wore juſt turn'd of twenty-three;
For an old ſot ſhe call'd her mate,
For jewels, pin-money, and plate.
The dame, poſſeſs'd of wealth and eaſe,
Had no more appetites to pleaſe;
That which provokes wild girls to wed,
Fie!---It ne'er enter'd in her head.
Yet ſome prolific planet ſmil'd,
And gave the pair a chopping child;
Intitled by the law to claim
Her huſband's chattels, and his name:
But was ſo like his mother! She
The Queen of Love, her Cupid he.
This matron fair for ſpouſe deceas'd
Had ſorrow'd ſore, a week at leaſt;
And ſeem'd to grudge the worms that prey,
Which had lain dead full many a day.
From plays and balls ſhe now refrain'd,
To a dark room by cuſtom chain'd;

And not a male for love or gold,
But the dear hopes of two years old.
The maids ſo long in priſon pent,
Aſk leave to air; ſhe gives conſent
(For health is riches to the poor):
But Tom muſt ſtay to guard the door.
In reading Sherlock ſhe'd employ
Her ſolitude, and tend the boy.
When madam ſees the coaſt is clear,
Her ſpirits mantle and career;
Diffuſing ardour through her mien;
Pity they ſhould condenſe to ſpleen!
But now by honour ſhe's confin'd,
Who flutter'd once as free as wind:
And on a maſquerading morn,
By fix ſecurely could return;
Having, to ſeal him ſafe till nine,
With opium drugg'd her ſpouſe's wine.
This the gay world no worſe would hold,
Than had ſhe only chang'd his gold:
The ſpecies anſwer'd all demands,
And only paſs'd through other hands.
But honour now preſcribes the law,
The tyrant keeps her will in awe;
For charity forbid to roam,
And not a chitterling at home.
What! a large ſtomach, and no meat!
In pity, Love, provide a treat,
Can widows feed on dreams and wiſhes,
Like hags on viſionary diſhes?

Impoſ-

Impoſſible! Through walls of ſtone
Hunger will break, to ſuck a bone.
Want, oft' in times of old, we read,
Made mothers on their infants feed;
And now conſtrain'd this matron mild,
To grow hard-hearted to her child.
Her darling child ſhe pinch'd; he ſquall'd;
In haſte the favourite footman 's call'd,
To pacify the peeviſh chit;
For who but he could do the feat?
He ſmarting ſore, refus'd to play;
But bade man Thomas beat mamma.
She, laughing, ſoon avow'd her flame
By various ſigns that want a name.
The lacquey ſaw, with trembling joy,
Gay humour dancing in her eye;
And ſtrait with equal fury fir'd
Began th' attack; the dame retir'd:
And haply falling as ſhe fled,
He beat her tell ſhe lay for dead;
But (with new vigour for the ſtrife)
Soon with a ſigh return'd to life.
Think ye ſhe'd e'er forgive her ſon,
For what the naughty man had done?
She did; yet, ſpited with his pain,
He founds th' alarm to charge again.
But, 'ſquire, conſult your potent ally,
Whether he 's yet prepar'd to rally---
Yes; blood is hot on either ſide;
Another combat muſt be try'd.

She knew the foe could do no more,
Than at the firſt attack ſhe bore;
So at his little malice ſmil'd,
And cry'd, Come on!---To pleaſe the child.

A-LA-MODE.

MY better ſelf, my heaven, my joy!
While thus imparadis'd I lie,
Tranſported in thy circling arms
With freſh variety of charms;
From fate I ſcarce can think to crave
A bliſs, but what in thee I have.
Twelve months, my dear, have paſt, ſince thou
Didſt plight to me thy virgin vow;
Twelve months in rapture ſpent! for they
Seem ſhorter than St. Lucy's day:
A bright example we ſhall prove
Of laſting matrimonial love.
Meanwhile, I beg the gods to grant
(The only favour that I want)
That I may not ſurvive, to ſee
My happineſs expire with thee.
O! ſhould I loſe my deareſt dear,
By thee, and all that's good, I ſwear,
I'd give my ſelf the fatal blow;
And wait thee to the world below.
When Wheedle thus to ſpouſe in bed,
Spoke the beſt things he e'er had read;

Madam

[illegible]

Madam [illegible]
Had [illegible]
A [illegible]
To play [illegible]
This wag, [illegible]
Demonstr[illegible]
And [illegible]
Cry'd out, [illegible]
The gods [illegible]
And send me [illegible]
To save [illegible]
Lo! thus [illegible]
Hold, Sir, [illegible]
The [illegible]
With [illegible]
Your [illegible]

SAPPHO TO PHAON.

A LOVE EPISTLE.

[illegible]

WHAT, [illegible] you demand,
Before the whole [illegible], the writer's hand?
And could you [illegible] from [illegible] this letter came
Before you saw it sign'd with Sappho's name?
Don't wonder, since I'm form'd for lyricks, why
The strain is turn'd to plaintive elegy;

I mourn my ſlighted love; alas! my lute,
And ſprighly odes, would ill with ſorrow ſuit.
I'm ſcorch'd, I burn, like fields of corn on fire,
When winds to fan the furious blaze conſpire.
To flaming Ætna Phaon 's pleas'd to roam,
But Sappho feels a fiercer flame at home.
No more my thoughts in even numbers flow,
Verſe beſt befits a mind devoid of woe.
No more I court the nymphs I once careſt,
But Phaon rules unrival'd in my breaſt.
Fair is thy face, thy youth is fit for joy;
A fatal face to me, too cruel boy!
Enſlav'd to thoſe enchanting looks, that wear
The bluſh of Bacchus and Apollo's air;
Aſſume the garb of either god, in thee
We every grace of either god may ſee;
Yet they confeſs'd the power of female charms,
In Daphne's flight and Ariadne's arms;
Though neither nymph was fam'd for wit, to move
With melting airs the rigid ſoul to love.
To me the Muſe vouchſafes celeſtial fire,
And my ſoft numbers glow with warm deſire;
Alcæus and myſelf alike ſhe crown'd,
For ſoftneſs I, and he for ſtrength renown'd.
Beauty, 'tis true, penurious fate denies,
But wit my want of beauty well ſupplies:
My ſhape I own is ſhort, but yet my name
Is far diffus'd, and fills the voice of fame.

If I'm not fair, young Perſeus did adore
The ſwarthy graces of the royal * Moor:
The milk-white doves with mottled mates are join'd,
And the gay parrot to the turtle's kind:
But if you'll fly from Love's connubial rites
Till one as charming as yourſelf invites,
None of our ſex can ever bleſs your bed,
Ne'er think of wooing, for you ne'er can wed.

Yet, when you read my verſe, you lik'd each line,
And ſwore no numbers were ſo ſweet as mine;
I ſang (that pleaſing image ſtill is plain,
Such tender things we lovers long retain!)
And ever when the warbling notes I rais'd,
You with fierce kiſſes ſtifled what you prais'd,
Some winning grace in every act you found,
But in full tides of ecſtaſy were drown'd;
When murmuring in the melting joys of love,
Round yours my curling limbs began to move:
But now the bright Sicilian maids adore
The youth, who ſeem'd ſo fond of me before:
Send back, ſend back my fugitive! for he
Will vow to you the vows he made to me:
That ſmooth deceiving tongue of his can charm
The coyeſt ear, the roughеſt pride diſarm.

Oh, aid thy poteſs, great Queen of Love,
Auſpicious to my growing paſſion prove!
Fortune was cruel to my tender age,
And ſtill purſues with unrelenting rage.

* Andromeda.

Of parents, whilſt a child, I was bereft,
To the wide world an helpleſs orphan left:
My brother in a ſtrumpet's vile embrace
Laviſh'd a large eſtate to buy diſgrace,
And doom'd to traffick on the main is toſt,
Winning with danger what with ſhame he oft,
And vows revenge on me, who dar'd to blame
His conduct, and was careful of his fame:
And then (as if the woes I bore beſide
Were yet too light) my little daughter dy'd.
But after all theſe pangs of ſorrow paſt,
A worſe came on, for Phaon came at laſt!
No gems, nor rich embroider'd ſilks, I wear;
No more in artful curls I comb my hair;
No golden threads the wavy locks inwreath,
Nor Syrian oils diffuſive odours breathe:
Why ſhould I put ſuch gay allurements on,
Now he, the darling of my ſoul, is gone?
Soft is my breaſt, and keen the killing dart,
And he who gave the wound deſerves my heart;
My fate is fix'd, for ſure the fates decreed
That he ſhould wound, and Sappho's boſom bleed.
By the ſmooth blandiſhments of verſe betray'd,
In vain I call my reaſon to my aid;
The Muſe is faithleſs to the fair at beſt,
But fatal in a love-ſick lady's breaſt.
Yet is it ſtrange ſo ſweet a youth ſhould dart
Flames ſo reſiſtleſs to a woman's heart?
Him had Aurora ſeen, he ſoon had ſeiz'd
Her ſoul, and Cephalus no more had pleas'd:

Chaſte

Chaſte Cynthia, did ſhe once behold his charms,
For Phaon's would forſake Endymion's arms;
Venus would bear him to her bower above,
But there ſhe dreads a rival in his love.
O fair perfection thou, nor youth, nor ivy,
Fix'd in the bright meridian point for me!
Come, on my panting breaſt thy head recline,
Thy love I aſk not, only ſuffer mine:
While this I aſk (but aſk I fear in vain)
See how my falling tears the letter ſtain.
At leaſt, why would you not vouchſafe to ſhew
A kind regret, and ſay, "My dear, adieu!"
Nor parting kiſs I gave, nor tender tear,
My ruin flew on ſwifter wings than fear:
My wrongs, too ſafely treaſur'd in my mind,
Are all the pledges Phaon left behind;
Nor could I make my laſt deſire to thee,
Sometimes to caſt a pitying thought on me.
But, gods! when firſt the killing news I heard,
What pale amazement in my looks appear'd!
A while o'erwhelm'd with unexpected woe,
My tongue forbore to ſpeak, my eyes to flow.
But when my ſenſe was waken'd to deſpair,
I beat my tender breaſt, and tore my hair:
As a diſtracted mother weeps forlorn,
When to the grave her fondling babe is borne.
Meanwhile my cruel brother, for relief,
With ſcorn inſults me, and derides my grief:
Poor ſoul! he cries, I doubt ſhe grows ſincere;
Her daughter is return'd to life I fear.

Mindleſs

Mindleſs of fame, I to the world reveal
The love ſo long I labour'd to conceal.
Thou, thou art fame, and all the world, to me;
All day I dote, and dream all night of thee:
Though Phaon fly to regions far remote,
By Sleep his image to my bed is brought:
Around my neck thy fond embraces twine,
Anon I think my arms incircle thine:
Then the warm wiſhes of my ſoul I ſpeak,
Which from my tongue in dying murmurs break:
Heavens! with thy balmy lips my lips are preſt:
And then! ah then!---I bluſh to write the reſt.
Thus in my dreams the bright ideas play
And gild the glowing ſcenes of fancy gay:
With life alone my lingering love muſt end,
On thee my love, my life, my all depend.
But at the dawning day my pleaſures fleet,
And I (too ſoon!) perceive the dear deceit:
In caves and groves I ſeek to calm my grief;
The caves and groves afford me no relief
Frantic I rove, diſorder'd with deſpair,
And to the winds unbind my ſcatter'd hair.
I find the Shades, which to our joys were kind,
But my falſe Phaon there no more I find:
With him the caves were cool, the grove was green,
But now his abſence withers all the ſcene:
There weeping, I the graſſy couch ſurvey,
Where ſide by ſide we once together lay:
I fall where thy forſaken print appears,
And the kind turf imbibes my flowing tears.

The

The birds and trees to grief affiſtance bring,
Theſe drop their leaves, and they forbear to ſing:
Poor Philomel, of all the quire, alone
For mangled Itys warbles out her moan;
Her moan for him trills ſweetly through the grove,
While Sappho ſings of ill-requited love.

To this dear ſolitude the Naiads bring
Their fruitful urns, to form a ſilver ſpring:
The trees that on the ſhady margin grow
Are green above, the banks are green below:
Here while by ſorrow lull'd aſleep I lay,
Thus ſaid the guardian nymph, or ſeem'd to ſay:
Fly, Sappho, fly; to cure this deep deſpair,
To the Leucadian rock in haſte repair;
High on whoſe hoary top an awful fane,
To Phœbus rear'd, ſurveys the ſubject main.
This deſperate cure, of old, Deucalion try'd,
For love to fury wrought by Pyrrha's pride;
Into the waves, as holy rites require,
Headlong he leap'd, and quench'd his hopeleſs fire:
Her frozen breaſt a ſudden flame ſubdued,
And ſhe who fled the youth, the youth purſued.
Like him, to give thy raging paſſion eaſe,
Precipitate thyſelf into the ſeas.

This ſaid, ſhe diſappear'd. I deadly wan
Roſe up, and guſhing tears unbounded ran:
I fly, ye nymphs, I fly; though fear aſſail,
The woman, yet the lover muſt prevail.
In death what terrors can deſerve my care?
The pangs of death are gentler than deſpair.

Ye

Ye winds, and Cupid thou, to meet my fall,
Your downy pinions ſpread! my weight is ſmall.
Thus reſcued, to the god of verſe I 'll bow,
Hang up my lute, and thus inſcribe my vow:
To Phœbus grateful Sappho gave this lute;
The gift did both the god and giver ſuit.
But, Phaon, why ſhould I this toil endure,
When thy return would ſoon complete the cure?
Thy beauty, and its balmy power, would be
A Phœbus and Leucadian rock to me.
O harder than the rock to which I go,
And deafer than the waves that war below!
Think yet, oh think! ſhall future ages tell
That I to Phaon's ſcorn a victim fell?
Or hadſt thou rather ſee this tender breaſt
Bruis'd on the clift, than cloſe to Phaon's preſt?
This breaſt, which, fill'd with bright poetic fire,
You made me once believe you did admire?
O could it now ſupply me with addreſs
To plead my cauſe, and court thee with ſucceſs!
But mighty woes my genius quite control,
And damp the riſing vigour of my ſoul:
No more, ye Leſbian nymphs, deſire a ſong,
Mute is my voice, my lute is all unſtrung.
My Phaon's fled, who made my fancy ſhine,
(Ah! yet I ſcarce forbear to call him---mine.)
Phaon is fled! but bring the youth again,
Inſpiring ardors will revive my vein.
But why, alas! this unavailing prayer?
Vain are my vows, and fleet with common air:

My

My vows the winds diſperſe, and make their ſport,
But ne'er will waft him to the Leſbian port.
Yet if you purpoſe to return, 'tis wrong
To let your miſtreſs languiſh here ſo long:
Venus for your fair voyage will compoſe
The ſea, for from the ſea the goddeſs roſe:
Cupid, aſſiſted with propitious gales,
Will hand the rudder, and direct the ſails.
But, if relentleſs to my prayer you prove,
If ſtill, unkind without a cauſe, you'll rove,
And ne'er to Sappho's longing eyes reſtore
That object, which her hourly vows implore;
'Twill be compaſſion now t' avow your hate;
Write, and confirm the rigour of my fate!
Then, ſteel'd with reſolution by deſpair,
For cure I 'll to the kinder ſeas repair:
That laſt relief for love-ſick minds I'll try;
Phœbus may grant what Phaon could deny.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE ancients have left us little farther account of Phaon, than that he was an old mariner, whom Venus transformed into a very beautiful youth, whom Sappho, and ſeveral other Leſbian ladies, fell paſſionately in love with; and therefore I thought it might be pardonable to vary the circumſtances of his ſtory, and to add what I thought proper in the following epiſtle.

PHAON TO SAPPHO.

I Soon perceiv'd from whence your letter came,
Before I ſaw it ſign'd with Sappho's name:
Such tender thoughts in ſuch a flowing verſe,
Did Phœbus to the flying nymph rehearſe;
Yet Fate was deaf to all his powerful charms,
And tore the beauteous Daphne from his arms!
With ſuch concern your paſſion I ſurvey,
As when I view a veſſel toſs'd at ſea;
I beg each friendly power the ſtorm may ceaſe,
And every warring wave be lull'd in peace.
What can I more than wiſh? for who can free
The wretched from the woe the gods decree?
With generous pity I 'll repay your flame;
Pity! 'tis what deſerves a ſofter name:

Which

Which yet, I fear, of equal uſe would prove
To ſooth a tempeſt, as abate your love.
How can my art your fierce diſeaſe ſubdue?
I want, alas! a greater cure than you:
Benumb'd in death the cold phyſician lies,
While for his help the feverish patient cries:
Call me not cruel, but reproach my fate,
And, liſtening while my woes I here relate,
Let your ſoft boſom heave with tender ſighs,
Let melting ſorrow languiſh in your eyes;
Piteous deplore a wretch conſtrain'd to rove,
Whoſe crime and puniſhment is ſlighted love;
Fix'd for his guilt, to every coming age,
A monument of Cytherea's rage.
At Melea born, my race unknown to fame,
With oars I ply'd; Colymbus was my name;
A name that from the diving birds I bore,
Which ſeek their fiſhy food along the ſhore.
One ſummer-eve in port I left my ſail,
And with my partners ſought a neighbouring vale;
What time the rural nymphs repair'd to pay
Their floral honours to the Queen of May.
At firſt their various charms my choice confuſe,
For what is choice where each is fit to chuſe?
But love or fate at length my boſom fir'd
With a bright maid in myrtle-green attir'd;
A ſhepherdeſs ſhe was, and on the lawn
Sate to the ſetting-ſun from dewy dawn;
Yet fairer than the nymphs who guard the ſtreams
In pearly caves, and ſhun the burning beams.

I whiſper

I whiſper love; ſhe flies; I ſtill purſue,
To preſs her to the joy ſhe never knew:
And while I ſpeak the virgin bluſhes ſpread
Her damaſk beauty with a warmer red.
I vow'd unſhaken faith, invoking loud
Venus, t' atteſt the ſolemn faith I vow'd;
Invoking all the radiant lights above,
(But moſt the lamp that lights the realm of love)
No more to guide me with their friendly rays,
But leave my ſhip to periſh on the ſeas,
If the dear charmer ever chanc'd to find
My heart diſloyal, or my look unkind.
A maid will liſten when her lover ſwears,
And think his faith more real than her fears.
The careful ſhepherdeſs ſecur'd her flocks
From the devouring wolf, and wily fox,
Yet fell herſelf an undefended prey
To one more cruel and more falſe than they.
The nuptial joys we there conſummate ſoon,
Safe in the friendly ſilence of the moon;
And till the birds proclaim'd the dawning day,
Beneath a ſhade of flowers in tranſport lay:
I roſe, and ſoftly ſighing, view'd her o'er;
How chang'd, I thought, from what ſhe was before!
Yet ſtill repeated (eager to be gone)
My former pledges, with a fainter tone,
And promis'd quick return: the penſive fair
Went with reluctance to her fleecy care;
While, I reſolv'd to quit my native ſhore,
Never to ſee the late-lov'd Malea more.

Freſh

Freſh on the waves the morning breezes play,
To bear my veſſel and my vows away:
With proſperous ſpeed I fly before the wind,
And leave the length of Leſbos all behind:
Far diſtant from my Malean love at laſt,
(Secure with twenty leagues between us caſt)
I furl my ſails, and on the Sigrian ſhore,
Adopting that my ſeat, the veſſel moor.
Sigrium, from whoſe aerial height I ſpy
The diſtant fields that bore imperial Troy,
Which, ſtill accurs'd for Helen's broken vow,
Procure thin crops, ungrateful to the plow.
I gaze, revolving in my guilty mind;
What future vengeance will my falſehood find,
When kings, and empires, no forgiveneſs gain'd
For violated rites, and faith prophan'd!
Sea-faring on that coaſt I led my life,
A commoner of love, without a wife;
Content with caſual joys: and vainly thought
Venus forgave the perjur'd, or forgot.
And now my ſixtieth year began to ſhed
An undiſtinguiſh'd winter o'er my head;
When, bent for Tenedos, a country dame
(I thought her ſuch) for ſpeedy paſſage came.
A palſy ſhook her limbs; a ſhrivel'd ſkin
But ill conceal'd the ſkeleton within;
A monument of Time: With equal grace
Her garb had poverty to ſuit her face.
Extorting firſt my price, I ſpread my ſail,
And ſteer my courſe before a merry gale;

Which haply turn'd her tatter'd veil aſide,
When in her lap a golden vaſe I ſpy'd;
Around ſo rich with orient gems enchas'd,
A flamy luſtre o'er the gold they caſt.
With eager eyes I view the tempting bane,
And ſailing now ſecure amid the main,
With felon force I ſeize the ſeeming crone,
To plunge her in, and make the prize my own.
To Venus ſtrait ſhe chang'd divine to view!
The laughing Loves around their mother flew;
Who, circled with a pomp of Graces, ſtood,
Such as ſhe firſt aſcended from the flood.
I bow'd, ador'd---With terror in her voice,
Thy violence (ſhe cry'd) ſhall win the prize:
Renew thy wrinkled form, be young and fair;
But ſoon thy heart ſhall own the purchaſe dear.
Nor is revenge forgot, though long delay'd,
For vows atteſted in the Malean ſhade---
Wrapt in a purple cloud, ſhe cut the ſkies,
And looking down, ſtill threat'ned with her eyes.

My fear at length diſpell'd (the ſight of gold
Can make an avaricious coward bold)
I ſeiz'd the glittering ſpoil, in hope to find
A caſe ſo rich with richer treaſures lin'd.
The lid remov'd, the vacant ſpace inclos'd
An eſſence, with celeſtial art compos'd;
Which cures old age, and makes the ſhrivel'd cheek
Bluſhy as Bacchus, and as Hebe ſleek;
Strength to the nerves the nectar'd ſweets ſupply.
And eagle-radiance to the faded eye.

Nor

Nor ſharp diſeaſe, nor want, nor age have power
T' invade that vigour, and that bloom deflower.
Th' effect I found; for, when return'd to land,
Some drops I ſprinkled on my ſun-burnt hand;
Where'er they fell, ſurprizing to the ſight,
The freckled brown imbib'd a milky white:
So look the panther's varied ſides; and ſo
The pheaſant's wing, bedropt with flakes of ſnow.
I wet the whole, the ſame celeſtial hue
Tinctur'd the whole; mæander'd o'er with blue.
Struck with amazement here, I pauſe a ſpace;
Next with the liquid ſweets anoint my face:
My neck and hoary locks I then bedew,
And in the waves my changing viſage view.
Strait with my charms the watry mirror glows,
Thoſe fatal charms that ruin'd your repoſe!
Still doubting, up I ſtart, and fear to find
Some young Adonis gazing o'er behind.
My waſte, and all my limbs, I laſt beſmear'd,
And ſoon a gloſſy youth o'er all appear'd.
Long wrapt in ſilent wonder, on the ſtrand,
I like a ſtatue of Apollo ſtand:
Like his, with oval grace my front is ſpread;
Like his, my lips and cheeks are roſy red;
Like his my limbs are ſhap'd; in every part
So juſt, they mock the ſculptor's mimic art:
And golden curls adown my ſhoulder's flow;
Nor wants there ought, except the lyre and bow.
Reſtor'd to youth, triumpant I repair
To court; to captivate th' admiring fair:

My faultleſs form the Leſbian nymphs adore!
Avow their flames, weep, ſigh, proteſt, implore.
There feel I firſt the penance of my ſin;
All ſpring without, and winter all within!
From me the ſenſe of gay deſire is fled,
And all their charms are cordial to the dead.
Or if within my breaſt there chance to riſe
The ſweet remembrance of the genial joys;
Sudden it leaves me, like a tranſient gleam
That gilds the ſurface of a freezing ſtream.
Meantime with various pangs my heart is torn,
Hate ſtrives with Pity, Shame contends with Scorn:
Confus'd with grief, I quit the court, to range
In ſavage wilds; and curſe my penal change.
The phœnix ſo, reſtor'd with rich perfumes,
Diſplays the florid pride of all his plumes;
Then flies to live amid th' Arabian grove,
In barren ſolitude, a foe to love.
But, in the calm receſs of woods and plains,
The viper Envy revel'd in my veins;
And ever when the male careſs'd his bride,
Sighing with rage, I turn'd my eyes aſide.
In river, mead, and grove, ſuch objects roſe,
T' avenge the goddeſs, and awake my woes:
Fiſh, beaſt, and bird, in river, mead, and grove,
Bleſs'd and rever'd the bliſsful powers of Love.
What can I do for eaſe? O, whither fly?
Reſume my fatal form, ye gods, I cry:
Wither this beauteous bloom, ſo tempting gay;
And let me live transform'd to weak, and gray!

By

By change of clime my ſorrows to beguile,
I leave for Sicily my native iſle:
Vain hope! for who can leave himſelf behind;
And live a thoughtleſs exile from the mind?
Arriving there, amidſt a flowery plain
That join'd the ſhore, I view'd a virgin-train;
Who in ſoft ditties ſung of Acis' flame,
And ſtrew'd with annual wreaths his amber ſtream.
Me ſoon they ſaw, and, fir'd with pious joy,
He comes, the god-like Acis comes, they cry:
Fair pride of Neptune's court! indulge our prayer;
Approach, you 've now no Polypheme to fear:
Accept our rites: to bind thy brow, we bring
Theſe earlieſt honours of the roſy ſpring:
So may thy Galatea ſtill be kind,
As we thy ſmiling power propitious find!
But if—(they read their error in my bluſh;
For ſhame, and rage, and ſcorn, alternate fluſh)
But if of earthy race, yet kinder prove;
Refuſe all other rites, but thoſe of Love.
That hated word new-ſtabs my rankling wound;
Like a ſtuck deer I ſtartle at the ſound:
Thence to the woods with furious ſpeed repair,
And leave them all abandon'd to deſpair.
So, frighted by the ſwains, to reach the brake
Glides from a ſunny bank the glittering ſnake:
And whilſt, reviv'd in youth, his wavy train
Floats in large ſpires, and burns along the plain;
He darts malignance from his ſcornful eye,
And the young flowers with livid hiſſes die.

Let my ſad fate your ſoft compaſſion move,
Convinc'd that Phaon would, but cannot love:
To torture and diſtract my ſoul, are join'd
Unfading youth, and impotence of mind.
The white and red that flatter on my ſkin,
Hide hell; the grinning Furies howl within;
Pride, Envy, Rage, and Hate inhabit there,
And the black child of Guilt, extreme Deſpair:
Nor of leſs terror to the perjur'd prove
The frowns of Venus, than the bolts of Jove.
When Orpheus in the woods began to play,
Sooth'd with his airs the leopards round him lay:
Their glaring eyes with leſſen'd fury burn'd;
But when the lyre was mute, their rage return'd:
So would thy Muſe and lute a while controul
My woes, and tune the diſcord of my ſoul:
In ſweet ſuſpence each ſavage thought reſtrain'd;
And then, the love I never felt I feign'd.
O Sappho, now that Muſe and lute employ;
Invoke the golden goddeſs from the ſky:
From the Leucadian rock ne'er hope redreſs;
In love, Apollo boaſts no ſure ſucceſs:
Let him preſide o'er oracles and arts;
Venus alone hath balm for bleeding hearts.
O, let the warbled hymn * delight her ear;
Can ſhe when Sappho ſings refuſe to hear?
Thrice let the warbled hymn repeat thy pain,
While flowers and burning gums perfume her fane.

* Alluding to her Ode to Venus.

And

And when, deſcending to the plaintive ſound,
She comes confeſs'd with all her Graces round;
O, plead my cauſe! in that auſpicious hour,
Propitiate with thy vows the vengeful power.
Nor ceaſe thy ſuit, till with a ſmiling air
She cries, I give my Phaon to thy prayer:
And, from his crime abſolv'd, with all his charms
He long ſhall live, and die in Sappho's arms.---
Then ſwift, and gentle as her gentleſt dove,
I'll ſeek thy breaſt, and equal all thy love:
Hymen ſhall clap his purple wings, and ſpread
Inceſſant raptures o'er the nuptial bed.
And while in pomp at Cytherea's ſhrine,
With choral ſong and dance, our vows we join;
Her flaming altar with religious fear
I'll touch, and proſtrate on the marble, ſwear
That zeal and love for ever ſhall divide
My heart, between the goddeſs and the bride.

A TALE,

Deviſed in the pleſaunt Manere of

GENTIL MAISTER JEOFFREY CHAUCER.

WHylom in Kent there dwelt a clerke,
Who wyth grete cheer, and litil werke,
Upſwalen was with venere:
For meagre Lent ne recked he,

Ne ſainĉts daies had in remembraunce,
Mo will had he to daliaunce.
To ſerchen out a bellamie,
He had a ſharp and licorous eie;
But it wold bett abide a leke,
Or onion, than the ſight of Greke:
Wherefore, God yeve him ſhame, Boccace
Serv'd him for Baſil and Ignace,
His vermeil cheke that ſhon wyth mirth,
Spake him the blitheſt prieſt on yearth:
At chyrch, to ſhew his lillied hond,
Full fetouſly he prank'd his bond;
Sleke weren his flaxen locks ykempt,
And Iſaac Wever was he nempt.
Thilke clerke, echaufed in the groyne,
For a young damoſell did pyne,
Born in Eaſt-Cheap; who, by my fay,
Ypert was as a popinjay:
Ne wit ne wordes did ſhe waunt,
Wele cond ſhe many a romaunt;
Ore muſcadine, or ſpiced ale,
She carrold ſoote as nightingale:
And for the nonce couth rowle her eyne,
Withouten ſpeche; a ſpeciall ſigne
She lack'd ſomdele of what ech dame
Holds dere as life, yet dredes to name:
So was eftſoons by Iſaac won,
To bliſsful conſummation.
Here mought I now tellen the feſtes,
Who yave the bryde, how bibb'd the gheſtes;

But withouten ſuch gawdes, I trow
Myne legend is prolix ynow.
Ryghte wele areeds Dan Prior's ſong,
A tale ſhold never be too long;
And ſikerly in fayre Englond
None bett doeth taling underſtond.
She now, algates full ſad to chaunge
The citee for her huſbond's graunge,
To Kent mote; for ſhe wele did knowe
'Twas vaine ayenſt the ſtreme to rowe.
Sa wend they on one ſteed yfere,
Ech cleping toder life and dere;
Heven ſhilde hem fro myne Bromley hoſt,
Or many a groat theyr meel woll coſt.
Deem next ye maiſtreſs Wever ſene
Yclad in ſable bombaſine;
The frankeleins wyves accoſt her blythe,
Curteis to guilen hem of tythe;
And yeve honour parochiall
In pew, and eke at feſtivall.
Worſchip and wealth her huſbond hath;
Ne poor in aught, ſave werks and faith:
Kepes bull, bore, ſtallion, to diſpence
Large pennorths of benevolence.
His berne ycrammed was, and ſtore
Of poultrie cackled at the dore;
His wyf grete joie to fede hem toke,
And was aſtonied at the cocke;
That, in his portaunce debonair,
On everich henn beſtow'd a ſhare

Of

Of pleſaunce, yet no genitours
She ſaw, to thrill his paramours:
Oftſithes ſhe mokel mus'd theron,
Yet niſt ſhe howgates it was don.
One night, ere they to ſleepen went,
Her Iſaac in her arms ſhe hent,
As was her uſage; and did ſaie,
Of charite I mote thee praie,
To techen myne unconnyng wit
One thing it comprehendeth niet:
And maie the foul fiend harrow thee,
If in myne queſt thou falſen me.
Our Chaunticlere loves everich hen,
Ne fewer kepes our yerd than ten;
Yet romps he ore beth grete and ſmall,
Ne ken I what he ſwinks wythall.
But on ech leg a wepon is,
Yperſent, and full ſtarke I wys;
Doth he with hem at Pertelote play?
In ſooth theres werk inough for tway.
Qd. Iſaac, certes by Sainct Poule,
Myne lief thou art a ſimple ſoule;
Foules fro the egle to the wren,
Bin harneſs'd othergiſe than men:
For the males engins of delite,
Ferre in theyr entrails are empight;
Els, par miſchaunce, theyr merriment
Emong the breers mought ſore be ſhent.
Thus woxen hote, they much avaunce
Love of venereal jouiſaunce:

And in one month, the trouth to ſayne,
Swink mo than manhode in yeres twaine.
O Benedicite! qd. ſhe,
If kepyng hote ſo kindlych be,
Hie in thyne boweles truſs thyne gere,
And eke the ſkrippe that daungleth here.
Ne dame, he anſwerd, mote that bene;
For as I hope to be a dene,
Thilke Falſtaffe-bellie rownd and big,
Was built for corny ale and pig:
Ne in it is a chink for theſe,
Ne for a wheat-ſtraw, and tway peaſe.
Pardie, qd. ſhe, ſyth theres nat room,
Swete Nykin! chafe hem in myne woom.

TO MR. POPE.

AN IMITATION OF A GREEK EPIGRAM IN HOMER.

In which the poet ſuppoſeth Apollo to have given this anſwer to one who enquired who was the author of the Iliad,

Ἡειδον μὲν Ἐγὼν, ἐχάρασσε δὲ θεῖος Ὅμηρος.

Hæc modulabar ego, ſcripſit divinus Homerus.

WHEN Phœbus, and the nine harmonious Maids,
Of old aſſembled in the Theſpian ſhades,
What theme, they cry'd, what high immortal air,
Befits theſe harps to ſound, and thee to hear?

Reply'd

Reply'd the god, Your loftieſt notes employ
To ſing young Peleus, and the fall of Troy.
The wondrous ſong with rapture they rehearſe,
Then aſk who wrought that miracle of verſe.
He anſwer'd with a frown: I now reveal
A truth, that Envy bids me not conceal.
Retiring frequent to his laureat vale,
I warbled to the lyre that favourite tale,
Which, unobſerv'd, a wandering Greek and blind,
Heard me repeat, and treaſur'd in his mind;
And, fir'd with thirſt of more than mortal praiſe,
From me the god of wit uſurp'd the bays.
But let vain Greece indulge her growing fame,
Proud with celeſtial ſpoils to grace her name:
Yet when my arts ſhall triumph in the Weſt,
And the White Iſle with female power is bleſt,
Fame, I foreſee, will make repriſals there,
And the tranſlator's palm to me transfer;
With leſs regret my claim I now decline,
The world will think this Engliſh Iliad mine.

THE PLATONIC SPELL.

WHENE'ER I wed, young Strephon cry'd,
Ye powers that o'er the nooſe preſide,
Wit, beauty, wealth, good-humour give,
Or let me ſtill a rover live:
But if all theſe no nymph can ſhare,
Let mine, ye powers! be doubly fair.

Thus

Thus pray'd the ſwain in heat of blood,
Whilſt nigh celeſtial Cupid ſtood;
And, tapping him, ſaid, Youth be wiſe,
And let a child for once adviſe.
A faultleſs make, a manag'd wit,
Humour and riches, rarely meet:
But if a beauty you'd obtain,
Court ſome bright Phyllis of the brain;
The dear idea long enjoy,
Clean is the bliſs, and ne'er will cloy.
But truſt me, youth, for I 'm ſincere,
And know the ladies to a hair;
Howe'er ſmall poets whine upon it,
In madrigal, and ſong, and ſonnet,
Their beauty 's but a ſpell, to bring
A lover to th' enchanted ring.
E'er the ſack-poſſet is digeſted,
Or half of Hymen's taper waſted,
The winning air, the wanton trip,
The radiant eye, the velvet lip,
From which you fragrant kiſſes ſtole,
And ſeem'd to ſuck her ſpringing ſoul;
Theſe, and the reſt you doated on,
Are nauſeous, or inſipid grown;
The ſpell diſſolves, the cloud is gone,
And Sachariſſa turns to Joan.

MARULLUS

MARULLUS TO NEÆRA,

IMITATED.

ROB'D like Diana, ready for the chace,
Her mind as ſpotleſs, and as fair her face,
Young Sylvia ſtray'd beneath the dewy dawn
To courſe th' imperial ſtag o'er Windſor lawn.
There Cupid view'd her ſpreading o'er the plain,
The firſt and faireſt of the rural train;
And, by a ſmall miſtake, the power of love,
Thought her the virgin-goddeſs of the grove:
Soon aw'd with innocence, t' evade her ſight
He fled, and drop'd his quiver in the flight:
Though pleas'd, ſhe bluſh'd; and, with a glowing ſmile,
Purſued the god, and ſeiz'd the golden ſpoil.

The nymph, reſiſtleſs in her native charms,
Now reigns, poſſeſs'd of Cupid's dreaded arms;
And, wing'd with lightning from her radiant eyes,
Unerring in its ſpeed each arrow flies.
No more his deity is held divine,
No more we kneel at Cytherea's ſhrine;
Their various powers, complete in Sylvia, prove
Her title to command the realms of love.

KISSES.

KISSES.

TRANSLATED FROM SECUNDUS.

BASIUM I.

WHEN Venus, in the ſweet Idalian ſhade,
A violet couch for young Aſcanius made,
Their opening gems th' obedient roſes bow'd,
And veil'd his beauties with a damaſk cloud:
While the bright goddeſs, with a gentle ſhower
Of nectar'd dews, perfum'd the bliſsful bower.
Of ſight inſatiate, ſhe devours his charms,
Till her ſoft breaſt rekindling ardour warms;
New joys tumultuous in her boſom roll,
And all Adonis ruſheth on her ſoul:
Tranſported with each dear reſembling grace,
She cries, Adonis!---ſure I ſee thy face!
Then ſtoops to claſp the beauteous form, but fears
He'd wake too ſoon, and with a ſigh forbears;
Yet, fix'd in ſilent rapture, ſtands to gaze,
Kiſſing each flowering bud that round her plays:
Swell'd with her touch, each animated roſe
Expands, and ſtrait with warmer purple glows;
Where infant kiſſes bloom, a balmy ſtore!
Redoubling all the bliſs ſhe felt before.
Sudden her ſwans career along the ſkies,
And o'er the globe the fair celeſtial flies;

Then,

Then, as where Ceres paſs'd, the teeming plain
Yellow'd with wavy crops of golden grain,
So fruitful kiſſes fell where Venus flew,
And by the power of genial magic grew;
A plenteous harveſt! which ſhe deign'd t' impart
To ſooth an agonizing love-ſick heart.
All hail, ye roſeate kiſſes! who remove
Our cares, and cool the calentures of love.
Lo! I your poet, in melodious lays
Bleſs your kind power, enamour'd of your praiſe;
Lays! form'd to laſt till barbarous time invades
The Muſes' hill, and withers all their ſhades.
Sprung from the * guardian of the Roman name,
In Roman numbers live, ſecure of fame.

BASIUM II.

AS the young enamour'd vine
Round her elm delights to twine,
As the claſping ivy throws
Round her oak her wanton boughs,
So cloſe, expanding all thy charms,
Fold me, my Chloris, in thy arms!
Cloſer, my Chloris, could it be,
Would my fond arms incircle thee.
The jovial friend ſhall tempt in vain
With humour, wit, and briſk champaigne;

* Venus.

In

In vain ſhall Nature call for ſleep,
We 'll Love's eternal vigils keep:
Thus, thus for ever let us lie,
Diſſolving in exceſs of joy,
Till fate ſhall with a ſingle dart
Transfix the pair it cannot part.
Thus join'd, we 'll fleet like Venus' doves,
And ſeek the bleſt Elyſian groves;
Where Spring in roſy triumph reigns
Perpetual o'er the joyous plains:
There, lovers of heroic name,
Revive their long-extinguiſh'd flame,
And o'er the fragrant vale advance
In ſhining pomp to form the dance,
Or ſing of Love and gay Deſire,
Reſponſive to the warbling lyre;
Reclining ſoft in bliſsful bowers,
Purpled ſweet with ſpringing flowers;
And cover'd with a ſilken ſhade,
Of laurel mix'd with myrtle made:
Where, flaunting in immortal bloom,
The muſk-roſe ſcents the verdant gloom;
Through which the whiſpering Zephyrs fly
Softer than a virgin's ſigh.
When we approach thoſe bleſt retreats,
Th' aſſembly ſtrait will leave their ſeats,
Admiring much the matchleſs pair,
So fond the youth, the nymph ſo fair!
Daughters and miſtreſſes to Jove,
By Homer fam'd of old for love;

In homage to the Britiſh Grace,
Will give pre-eminence of place.
Helen herſelf will ſoon agree
To riſe, and yield her rank to thee.

AN EPISTLE TO THOMAS LAMBARD, ESQ.

" Omnia me tua delectant; ſed maximè, maxima cùm
" fides in amicitiâ, conſilium, gravitas, conſtantia;
" tum lepos, humanitas, literæ."

CICERO, Ep. xxvii. Lib. xi.

SLOW though I am to wake the ſleeping lyre,
Yet ſhould the Muſe ſome happy ſong inſpire,
Fit for a friend to give, and worthy thee,
That favourite verſe to Lambard I decree:
Such may the Muſe inſpire, and make it prove
A pledge and monument of laſting love!
Meantime intent the faireſt plan to find,
To form the manners, and improve the mind;
Me the fam'd wits of Rome and Athens pleaſe,
By Orrery's indulgence wrapt in eaſe;
Whom all the rival Muſes ſtrive to grace
With wreaths familiar to his letter'd race.
Now Truth's bright charms employ my ſerious thought,
In flowing eloquence by Tully taught:

Then

Then from the shades of Tusculum I rove,
And studious wander in the Grecian grove;
While wonder and delight the soul engage
To sound the depths of Plato's sacred page;
Where Science in attractive fable lies,
And, veil'd, the more invites her lover's eyes.
Transported thence, the flowery heights I gain
Of Pindus, and admire the warbling train,
Whose wings the Muse in better ages prux'd,
And their sweet harps to moral airs attun'd.
As night is tedious while, in love betray'd,
The wakeful youth expects the faithless maid;
As weary'd hinds accuse the lingering sun,
And heirs impatient wish for twenty-one:
So dull to Horace* did the moments glide,
Till his free Muse her sprightly force employ'd
To combat vice, and follies to expose,
In easy numbers near ally'd to prose:
Guilt blush'd and trembled when she heard him sing,
He smil'd reproof, and tickled with his sting.
With such a graceful negligence expre*,
Wit, thus apply'd, will ever stand the test:
But he, who blindly led by whimsy strays,
And from gross images would merit praise,
When Nature sets the noblest stores in view,
Affects to polish copper in Peru:
So while the seas on barren sands are cast,
The saltness of their waves offends the taste:

* Epist. 1. Lib. 1.

But when to heaven exhal'd, in fruitful rain
In fragrant dews they fall, to cheer the ſwain,
Revive the fainting flowers, and ſwell the meager grain.

Be this their care, who, ſtudious of renown,
Toil up th' Aonian ſteep to reach the crown;
Suffice it me, that (having ſpent my prime
In picking epithets, and yoking rhyme)
To ſteadier rule my thoughts I now compoſe,
And prize ideas clad in honeſt proſe.
Old Dryden, emulous of Cæſar's praiſe,
Cover'd his baldneſs with immortal bays;
And Death perhaps, to ſpoil poetic ſport,
Unkindly cut an Alexandrine ſhort:
His ear had a more laſting itch than mine,
For the ſmooth cadence of a golden line:
Should luſt of verſe prevail, and urge the man
To run the trifling race the boy began,
Mellow'd with ſixty winters, you might ſee
My circle end in ſecond infancy.
I might ere long an awkward humour have,
To wear my bells and coral to the grave,
Or round my room alternate take a courſe,
Now mount my hobby, then the Muſes' horſe:
Let others wither gay, but I'd appear
With ſage decorum in my eaſy chair;
Grave as Libanius, ſlumbering o'er the laws,
Whilſt gold and party zeal decide the cauſe.

A nobler taſk our riper age affords
Than ſcanning ſyllables, and weighing words.

To

To make his hours in even meaſures flow,
Nor think ſome fleet too faſt, and ſome too ſlow;
Still equal in himſelf, and free to taſte
The Now, without repining at the Paſt;
Nor the vain preſcience of the ſpleen t' employ,
To pall the flavour of a promis'd joy;
To live tenacious of the golden mean,
In all events of various fate ſerene;
With virtue ſteel'd, and ſteady to ſurvey
Age, death, diſeaſe, or want, without diſmay:
Theſe arts, my Lambard! uſeful in their end,
Make man to others and himſelf a friend.

Happieſt of mortals he, who, timely wiſe,
In the calm walks of Truth his bloom enjoys;
With books and patrimonial plenty bleſt,
Health in his veins, and quiet in his breaſt!
Him no vain hopes attract, no fear appals,
Nor the gay ſervitude of courts enthrals,
Unknowing how to maſk concerted guile
With a falſe cringe, or undermining ſmile;
His manners pure, from affectation free,
And prudence ſhines through clear ſimplicity.
Though no rich labours of the Perſian loom,
Nor the nice ſculptor's art, adorn his room,
Sleep unprovok'd will ſoftly ſeal his eyes,
And innocence the want of down ſupplies;
Health tempers all his cups, and at his board
Reigns the cheap luxury the fields afford:
Like the great Trojan, mantled in a cloud,
Himſelf unſeen he ſees the labouring croud,

Where all induſtrious to their ruin run,
Swift to purſue what moſt they ought to ſhun.
Some, by the fordid thirſt of gain control'd,
Starve in their ſtores, and cheat themſelves for gold,
Preſerve the precious bane with anxious care
In vagrant luſts to feed a laviſh heir:
Others devour Ambition's glittering bait,
To ſweat in purple, and repine in ſtate;
Devote their powers to every wild extreme
For the ſhort pageant of a pompous dream:
Nor can the mind to full perfection bring
The fruits it early promis'd in the ſpring,
But in a public ſphere thoſe virtues fade,
Which open'd fair and flouriſh'd in the ſhade:
So while the Night her ebon ſceptre ſways,
Her fragrant blooms the Indian plant * diſplays;
But the full day the ſhort-liv'd beauties ſhun,
Elude our hopes, and ſicken at the ſun.
Fantaſtic joys in diſtant views appear,
And tempt the man to make the raſh career.
Fame, Power, and Wealth, which glitter at the goal,
Allure his eye, and fire his eager ſoul;
For theſe are eaſe and innocence reſign'd,
For theſe he ſtrips; farewell the tranquil mind!
Headſtrong he urges on till vigour fails,
And gray experience (but too late!) prevails:
But, in his evening, view the hoary fool,
When the nerves ſlacken, and the ſpirits cool;

* The nure-tree.

When

When joy and bluſhy youth forſake his face,
Sicklied with age, and ſour with ſelf-diſgrace;
No flavour then the ſparkling cups retain,
Muſick is harſh, the Syren ſings in vain;
To him what healing balm can art apply,
Who lives diſeas'd with life, and dreads to die?
In that laſt ſcene, by Fate in fables dreſt,
Thy power, triumphant Virtue! is confeſt;
Thy veſtal flames diffuſe celeſtial light
Through Death's dark vale, and vanquiſh total night;
Lenient of anguiſh, o'er the breaſt prevail,
When the gay toys of flattering Fortune fail.
Such, happy Twiſden! (ever be thy name
Mourn'd by the Muſe, and fair in deathleſs fame!)
While the bright effluence of her glory ſhone,
Were thy laſt hours, and ſuch I wiſh my own:
So caſſia bruis'd exhales her rich perfumes,
And incenſe in a fragrant cloud conſumes.

Moſt ſpoil the boon that Nature 's pleas'd t' impart,
By too much varniſh or by want of art;
By ſolid ſcience all her gifts are grac'd,
Like gems new poliſh'd, and with gold enchas'd.
Votes to th' unletter'd 'ſquire the laws allow,
As Rome receiv'd dictators from the plow:
But arts, addreſs, and force of genius, join
To make a Hanmer in the ſenate ſhine.
Yet one preſiding power in every breaſt
Receives a ſtronger ſanction than the reſt;
And they who ſtudy and diſcern it well,
Act unreſtrain'd, without deſign excel,

But court contempt, and err without redreſs,
Miſſing the maſter-talent they poſſeſs.
Whiſton perhaps in Euclid may ſucceed,
But ſhall I truſt him to reform my creed?
In ſweet aſſemblage every blooming grace
Fix Love's bright throne in Teraminta's face,
With which her faultleſs ſhape and air agree,
But, wanting wit, ſhe ſtrives to repartee;
And, ever prone her matchleſs form to wrong,
Leſt Envy ſhould be dumb, ſhe lends her tongue.
By long experience D---y may, no doubt,
Enſnare a gudgeon, or ſometimes a trout;
Yet Dryden once exclaim'd (in partial ſpite!)
He fiſh!---Becauſe the man attempts to write.
Oh, if the Water-nymphs were kind to none
But thoſe the Muſes bathe in Helicon:
In what far diſtant age would Belgia raiſe
One happy wit to net the Britiſh ſeas!
Nature permits her various gifts to fall
On various climes, nor ſmiles alike on all:
The Latian vales eternal verdure wear,
And flowers ſpontaneous crown the ſmiling year;
But who manures a wild Norwegian hill,
To raiſe the jaſmine or the coy jonquil?
Who finds the peach among the ſavage ſloes,
Or in bleak Scythia ſeeks the bluſhing roſe?
Here golden grain waves o'er the teeming fields,
And there the vine her racy purple yields.
High on the cliffs the Britiſh oak aſcends,
Proud to ſurvey the ſeas her power defends;

Her

Her ſovereign title to the flag ſhe proves,
Scornful of ſofter India's ſpicy groves.
  Theſe inſtances, which true in fact we find,
Apply we to the culture of the mind.
This ſoil, in early youth improv'd with care,
The ſeeds of gentle ſcience beſt will bear;
That with more particles of flame inſpir'd,
With glittering arms and thirſt of fame is fir'd;
Nothing of greatneſs in a third will grow,
But, barren as it is, 'twill bear a beau.
If theſe from nature's genial bent depart,
In life's dull farce to play a borrow'd part;
Should the ſage dreſs, and flutter in the Mall,
Or leave his problems for a birth-night ball;
Should the rough homicide unſheath his pen,
And in heroics only murder men;
Should the ſoft fop forſake the lady's charms,
To face the foe with inoffenſive arms;
Each would variety of acts afford,
Fit for ſome new Cervantes to record.
  Whither, you cry, tends all this dry diſcourſe?
To prove, like Hudibras, a man's no horſe.
I look'd for ſparkling lines, and ſomething gay
To friſk my fancy with; but, ſooth to ſay!
From her Apollo now the Muſe elopes,
And trades in ſyllogiſms more than tropes.
Faith, Sir, I ſee you nod, but can't forbear;
When a friend reads, in honour you muſt hear:
For all enthuſiaſts, when the fit is ſtrong,
Indulge a volubility of tongue:

Their

Their fury triumphs o'er the men of phlegm,
And, council-proof, will never baulk a theme.
So Burgeſs on his Tripod rav'd the more,
When round him half the ſaints began to ſnore.
To lead us ſafe through Error's thorny maze,
Reaſon exerts her pure ethereal rays;
But that bright daughter of eternal day
Holds in our mortal frame a dubious ſway.
Though no lethargic fumes the brain inveſt,
And opiate all her active powers to reſt;
Though on that magazine no fevers ſeize,
To calcine all her beauteous images:
Yet baniſh'd from the realms by right her own,
Paſſion, a blind uſurper, mounts the throne:
Or, to known good preferring ſpecious ill,
Reaſon becomes a cully to the will:
Thus man, perverſely fond to roam aſtray,
Hoodwinks the guide aſſign'd to ſhew the way;
And in life's voyage like the pilot fares
Who breaks the compaſs, and contemns the ſtars,
To ſteer by meteors, which at random fly,
Preluding to a tempeſt in the ſky.
Vain of his ſkill, and led by various views,
Each to his end a different path purſues;
And ſeldom is one wretch ſo humble known
To think his friend's a better than his own:
The boldeſt they, who leaſt partake the light,
As game-cocks in the dark are train'd to fight.
Nor ſhame, nor ruin, can our pride abate,
But what became our choice we call our fate.

Villain,

Villain, ſaid Zeno to his pilfering ſlave,
What frugal Nature needs, I freely gave;
With thee my treaſure I depos'd in truſt,
What could provoke thee now to prove unjuſt?
Sir, blame the ſtars, felonious culprit cry'd:
We 'll by the ſtatute of the ſtars be try'd.
If their ſtrong influence all our actions urge,
Some are foredoom'd to ſteal—and ſome to ſcourge:
The beadle muſt obey the Fates' decree,
As powerful Deſtiny prevail'd with thee.

This heathen logic ſeems to bear too hard
On me, and many a harmleſs modern bard:
The critics hence may think themſelves decreed
To jerk the wits, and rail at all they read;
Foes to the tribe from which they trace their clan,
As monkies draw their pedigree from man;
To which (though by the breed our kind 's diſgrac'd)
We grant ſuperior elegance of taſte:
But in their own defence the wits obſerve
That, by impulſe from heaven, they write and ſtarve;
Their patron-planet, with reſiſtleſs power,
Irradiates every poet's natal hour;
Engendering in his head a ſolar heat
For which the college has no ſure receipt,
Elſe from their garrets would they ſoon withdraw
And leave the rats to revel in the ſtraw.

Nothing ſo much intoxicates the brain
As Flattery's ſmooth inſinuating bane:
She on th' unguarded ear employs her art,
While vain ſelf-love unlocks the yielding heart;

And Reaſon oft ſubmits when both invade,
Without aſſaulted, and within betray'd.
When Flattery's magic miſts ſuffuſe the ſight,
The dun is active, and the boor polite;
Her mirror ſhews perfection through the whole,
And ne'er reflects a wrinkle or a mole;
Each character in gay confuſion lies,
And all alike are virtuous, brave, and wiſe:
Nor fail her fulſome arts to ſooth our pride,
Though praiſe to venom turns if wrong apply'd.
Me thus ſhe whiſpers while I write to you:
"Draw forth a banner'd hoſt in fair review!
"Then every Muſe invoke thy voice to raiſe,
"Arms and the man to ſing in lofty lays:
"Whoſe active bloom heroic deeds employ,
"Such as the ſon of Thetis * ſung at Troy;
"When his high-ſounding lyre his valour rais'd
"To emulate the demi-gods he prais'd.
"Like him the Briton, warm at honour's call,
"At fam'd Blaragnia quell'd the bleeding Gaul;
"By France the genius of the fight confeſt,
"For which our patron ſaint adorns his breaſt."---
Is this my friend, who ſits in full content,
Jovial, and joking with his men of Kent,
And never any ſcene of ſlaughter ſaw,
But thoſe who fell by phyſic or the law?
Why is he for exploits in war renown'd,
Deck'd with a ſtar, with bloody laurels crown'd?

* Iliad ix.

O often

O often prov'd, and ever found ſincere!
Too honeſt is thy heart, thy ſenſe too clear,
On theſe encomiums to vouchſafe a ſmile,
Which only can belong to great Argyll.
But moſt among the brethren of the bays,
The dear enchantreſs all her charms diſplays,
In the ſly commerce of alternate praiſe.
If, for his father's ſins condemn'd to write,
Some young half-feather'd poet takes a flight,
And to my touchſtone brings a puny ode,
Which Swift, and Pope, and Prior would explode;
Though every ſtanza glitters thick with ſtars,
And goddeſſes deſcend in ivory cars:
Is it for me to prove in every part
The piece irregular by laws of art?
His genius looks but aukward, yet his fate
May raiſe him to be premier bard of ſtate;
I therefore bribe his ſuffrage to my fame,
Revere his judgment, and applaud his flame;
Then cry, in ſeeming tranſport, while I ſpeak,
'Tis well for Pindar that he dealt in Greek!
He, conſcious of deſert, accepts the praiſe,
And courteous, with increaſe the debt repays:
Boileau 's a muſhroom if compar'd to me,
And, Horace, I diſpute the palm with thee!
Both raviſh'd, ſing Te Phœbum for ſucceſs;
Riſe ſwift, ye laurels! boy! beſpeak the preſs.---
Thus on imaginary praiſe we feed;
Each writes till all refuſe to print or read:

From.

From the records of fame condemn'd to paſs
To * Briſquet's calendar, a rubrick aſs.
Few, wondrous few! are eagle-ey'd to find
A plain diſeaſe, or blemiſh in the mind:
Few can, though wiſdom ſhould their health inſure,
Diſpaſſionate and cool attend a cure.
In youth diſus'd to obey the needful rein,
Well pleas'd a ſavage liberty to gain,
We ſate the kind deſire of every ſenſe,
And lull our age in thoughleſs indolence:
Yet all are Solons in their own conceit,
Though, to ſupply the vacancy of wit,
Folly and Pride, impatient of control,
The ſiſter-twins of Sloth, poſſeſs the ſoul.
By Kneller were the gay Pumilio drawn,
Like great Alcides, with a back of brawn:
I ſcarcely think his picture would have power
To make him fight the champions of the Tower:
Though lions there are tolerably tame,
And civil as the court from which they came.
But yet, without experience, ſenſe, or arts,
Pumilio boaſts ſufficiency of parts:
Imagines he alone is amply fit
To guide the ſtate, or give the ſtamp to wit:
Pride paints the mind with an heroic air,
Nor finds he a defect of vigour there.

* Briſquet, Jeſter to Francis I. of France, kept a calendar of fools.

When

When Philomel of old eſſay'd to ſing,
And in his roſy progreſs hail'd the ſpring,
Th' aerial ſongſters liſtening to the lays,
By ſilent ecſtaſy confeſt her praiſe.
At length, to rival her enchanting note,
The peacock ſtrains the diſcord of his throat,
In hope his hideous ſhrieks would grateful prove,
But the nice audience hoot him through the grove.
Conſcious of wanted worth, and juſt diſdain,
Lowering his creſt, he creeps to Juno's fane:
To his protectreſs there reveals the caſe;
And for a ſweeter voice devoutly prays.
Then thus reply'd the radiant goddeſs, known
By her fair rolling eyes and rattling tone:
My favourite bird! of all the feather'd kind,
Each ſpecies had peculiar gifts aſſign'd:
The towering eagles to the realms of light
By their ſtrong pounces claim a regal right;
The ſwan, contented with an humbler fate,
Low on the fiſhy river rows in ſtate:
Gay ſtarry plumes thy length of train bedeck,
And the green emerald twinkles on thy neck;
But the poor nightingale, in mean attire,
Is made chief warbler of the woodland choir.
Theſe various bounties were diſpos'd above,
And ratify'd th' unchanging will of Jove:
Diſcern thy talent, and his laws adore;
Be what thou wert deſign'd, nor aim at more.

TO

TO THE QUEEN,

ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

FROM this auſpicious day three kingdoms date
The faireſt favours of indulgent Fate:
From this the months in radiant circles run,
As ſtars receive their luſtre from the ſun.

To you the ſceptres of all Europe bend,
The victor thoſe revere, and theſe the friend;
Your ſilken reins the willing nations crave,
For 'tis your lov'd prerogative to ſave.
Mild amidſt triumphs, victory beſtows
On you renown, and freedom on your foes;
Obſervant of your will, the goddeſs brings
Palms in her hand, and healing in her wings.

But, as the brighteſt beams and gentleſt ſhowers
Were once reſerv'd for Eden's opening flowers;
So, though remoter realms your influence ſhare,
Britannia boaſts to be your darling care.
By your great wiſdom and reſiſtleſs might,
Abroad we conquer, and at home unite:
Nature had join'd the lands; but you alone
Make their affections and their councils one;
You ſpeak---the jarring principles remove,
And, cloſe combin'd, the ſiſter-nations prove
Rivals alone in loyalty and love.

What

What power would now forbid the warrior-queen
To wave the red-croſs banners o'er the Seine?
Others for titles urge the ſoldier's toil,
Or meanly ſeek the foe, to ſeize the ſpoil:
But you for right your pious arms employ,
And conquer to reſtore, and not deſtroy;
Vouchſafing audience to your ſuppliant foes,
You long to give the labouring world repoſe;
Concurring juſtice waits from you the word,
Pleas'd, when you fix the ſcales, to ſheath the ſword.

From this propitious omen we preſage
Unnumber'd bleſſings to the coming age,
Eſtabliſh'd Faith, the daughter of the ſkies,
Shall ſee new temples by your bounty riſe;
Commerce beneath the ſouthern ſtars ſhall thrive,
Inteſtine feuds expire, and arts revive;
Safe in their ſhades the Muſes ſhall remain,
And ſing the milder glories of your reign.

So, whilſt offended heaven exerts its power,
Swift fly the lightnings, loud the thunders roar,
But, when our incenſe reconciles the ſkies,
Again the radiant beams begin to riſe;
Soft Zephyrs gently waft the clouds away,
And fragrant flowers perfume the dawning day;
The groves around rejoice with echoing ſtrains,
And golden Plenty covers all the plains.

AN ODE

To the Right Honourable

JOHN LORD GOWER.

WRITTEN IN THE SPRING, 1716.

I.

O'ER Winter's long inclement ſway,
At length the luſty Spring prevails;
And, ſwift to meet the ſmiling May,
Is wafted by the weſtern gales.
Around him dance the roſy hours,
And damaſking the ground with flowers,
With ambient ſweets perfume the morn:
With ſhadowy verdure flouriſh'd high,
A ſudden youth the groves enjoy;
Where Philomel laments forlorn.

II.

By her awak'd, the woodland choir
To hail the coming god prepares;
And tempts me to reſume the lyre,
Soft warbling to the vernal airs.
Yet once more, O ye Muſes! deign
For me, the meaneſt of your train,
Unblam'd t' approach your bleſt retreat:
Where Horace wantons at your ſpring,
And Pindar ſweeps a bolder ſtring;
Whoſe notes th' Aonian hills repeat.

Or

III.

Or if invok'd, where Thames's fruitful tides,
Slow through the vale in ſilver volumes play;
Now your own Phœbus o'er the month preſides,
Gives Love the night, and doubly gilds the day:
Thither, indulgent to my prayer,
Ye bright harmonious nymph repair,
To ſwell the notes I feebly raiſe:
So with inſpiring ardors warm'd,
May Gower's propitious ear be charm'd,
To liſten to my lays.

I.

Beneath the Pole on hills of ſnow,
Like Thracian Mars, th' undaunted Swede
To dint of ſword defies the foe;
In fight unknowing to recede:
From Volga's banks, th' imperious Czar
Leads forth his furry troops to war;
Fond of the ſofter ſouthern ſky:
The Soldan gauls th' Illyrian coaſt;
But ſoon the miſcreant moony hoſt,
Before the victor-croſs ſhall fly.

II.

But here, no clarion's ſhrilling note
The Muſe's green retreat can pierce;
The grove, from noiſy camps remote,
Is only vocal with my verſe:
Here, wing'd with innocence and joy,
Let the ſoft hours that o'er me fly

Drop freedom, health, and gay desires:
While the bright Seine, t' exalt the soul,
With sparkling plenty crowns the bowl;
And wit and social mirth inspires.

III.

Enamour'd of the Seine, celestial fair,
(The blooming pride of Thetis' azure train)
Bacchus, to win the nymph who caus'd his care,
Lash'd his swift tigers to the Celtic plain:
There secret in her sapphire cell,
He with the Nais wont to dwell,
Leaving the nectar'd feasts of Jove:
And where her mazy waters flow,
He gave the mantling vine, to grow
A trophy to his love.

I.

Shall man from Nature's sanction stray,
With blind Opinion for his guide;
And, rebel to her rightful sway,
Leave all her bounties unenjoy'd?
Fool! Time no change of motion knows;
With equal speed the torrent flows,
To sweep Fame, Power, and Wealth away:
The past is all by Death possess'd;
And frugal Fate that guards the rest,
By giving, bids him live, to-day.

II.

O Gower! through all that destin'd space
What breath the powers allot to me,
Shall sing the virtues of thy race
United, and complete in thee. O flower

O flower of anicent Engliſh faith,
Purſue th' unbeaten patriot-path,
In which confirm'd thy father ſhone:
The light his fair example gives,
Already from thy dawn receives
A luſtre equal to its own.

III.

Honour's bright dome, on laſting columns rear'd,
Nor envy ruſts, nor rolling years conſume;
Loud pæans echoing round the roof are hear'd,
And clouds of incenſe all the void perfume.
There Phocion, Lælius, Capel, Hyde,
With Falkland ſeated near his ſide,
Fix'd by the Muſe the temple grace:
Prophetic of thy happier fame,
She, to receive thy radiant name,
Selects a whiter ſpace.

THE DREAM.

Imitated from PROPERTIUS, Book iii. Elegy iii.

TO green retreats, that ſhade the Muſes' ſtream,
My fancy lately bore me in a dream;
Fir'd with ambitious zeal, my harp I ſtrung,
And Blenheim's field, and fam'd Ramillia ſung:
Faſt by that ſpring, where Spenſer ſat of old,
And great exploits in lofty numbers told.

Phœbus in his Caſtalian grotto laid,
O'er which a laurel caſt her ſilken ſhade,
Spy'd me, and haſtily when firſt he ſpy'd,
Thus, leaning on his golden lyre, he cry'd:
What ſtrange ambition has miſplac'd thee there?
Forbear to ſing of arms, alas forbear!
Form'd in a gentler mould, henceforth employ
Thy pen to paint the ſofter ſcenes of joy.
Thy works may thus the myrtle garland wear,
Prefer'd to grace the toilets of the fair:
When their lov'd youths at night too long delay,
In reading thee they 'll paſs the hours away:
And, when they'd make their melting wiſhes known,
Repeat thy paſſion to reveal their own.
Then haſte, the ſafer ſhallows to regain,
Nor dare the ſtormy dangers of the main.
Ceaſing with this reproof, the friendly god,
A moſſy path, but lightly beaten, ſhow'd:
A cave there was, which Nature's hand alone
Had arch'd with greens of various kinds o'ergrown;
With tymbrels all the vaulted roofs were grac'd,
And earthen gods on either ſide were plac'd.
Silenus, and the Muſes virgin-train,
Stood here, with Pan the poet of the plain:
Elſewhere the doves of Cytherea's team,
Were ſeen to ſip the ſweet Caſtalian ſtream.
Nine lovely nymphs a ſeveral taſk purſued,
For ivy one was ſent to ſearch the wood;
This to ſoft numbers join'd harmonious airs,
And fragrant roſy wreaths a third prepares.

Me

Me thus the bright Calliope addreſs'd
(Her name the brightneſs of her form confeſs'd):
The ſilver ſwans of Venus wait to bear,
Thee ſafe in pomp along the liquid air.
Pleas'd with thy peaceful province, ſtrait recall
Thy raſh deſign to ſing the wounded Gaul.
Harſh ſounds the trumpet in the Muſes' grove,
But ſweet the lute, the lute is fit for love.
No more rehearſe the Danube's purple ſtream,
Let love for ever be the tender theme.
And in thy verſe reveal the moving art,
To melt an haughty nymph's relentleſs heart.
The goddeſs ceaſing, to confirm me more,
My face with hallow'd drops ſhe ſprinkled o'er;
Fetch'd from the fountain, by whoſe flowery ſide,
Soft Waller ſung of Sachariſſa's pride.

To the Right Honourable the Lady

MARGARET CAVENDISH HARLEY.

WITH THE POEMS OF MR. WALLER.

LET others boaſt the nine Aonian maids,
Inſpiring ſtreams, and ſweet reſounding ſhades;
Where Phœbus heard the rival bards rehearſe,
And bade the laurels learn the lofty verſe.
In vain! Nor Phœbus, nor the boaſted Nine,
Inflame the raptur'd ſoul with rays divine:
None but the fair infuſe the ſacred fire,
And love with vocal art informs the lyre.

When Waller, kindling with cœleſtial rage,
View'd the bright Harley of that wondering age,
His pleaſing pain he taught the lute to breathe;
The Graces ſung, and wove his myrtle wreath.
In youth, of patrimonial wealth poſſeſt,
The praiſe of ſcience faintly warm'd his breaſt:
But, fir'd to fame by Sidney's roſy ſmile,
Swift o'er the laureat realms he urg'd his toil.
His Muſe, by Nature form'd to pleaſe the fair,
Or ſing of heroes with majeſtic air,
To melting ſtrains attun'd her voice, and ſtrove
To waken all the tender powers of love:
More ſweetly ſoft her awful beauty ſhone,
Than Juno grac'd with Cytherea's zone,
As angels love, congenial ſouls unite
Their radiance, and refine each other's light:
The florid and ſublime, the grave and gay,
From Waller's beams imbibe a purer ray:
Illumin'd thence in equal lays to bound
Their copious ſenſe, and harmonize the ſound;
With varied notes the curious ear to pleaſe,
And turn a nervous thought with artful eaſe.
Maker, and model, of melodius verſe!
Accept theſe votive honors at thy hearſe.
While I with filial awe attempt thy praiſe,
Infuſe thy genius, and my fancy raiſe!
So, warbling o'er his urn, the woodland choirs
To Orpheus pay the ſong his ſhade inſpires.
In Waller's fame, O faireſt Harley! view
What verdant palms ſhall owe their birth to you.

To

To you what deathleſs charms are thence decreed,
In Sachariſſa's fate vouchſafe to read.
Secure beneath the wing of withering Time,
Her beauties flouriſh in ambroſial prime;
Still kindling rapture, ſee! ſhe moves in ſtate;
Gods, nymphs, and heroes, on her triumph wait.
Nor think the lover's praiſe of love's delight
In pureſt minds may ſtain the virgin-white:
How bright, and chaſte, the poet and his theme;
So Cynthia ſhines on Arethuſa's ſtream.
A ſainted virtue to the ſpheres may ſing
Thoſe ſtrains, that raviſh'd here the martyr-king.
Plenteous of native wit, in letter'd eaſe
Politely form'd, to profit and to pleaſe,
To Fame whate'er was due he gave to Fame;
And, what he could not praiſe, forgot to name:
Thus Eden's roſe without a thorn diſplay'd
Her bloom, and in a fragant bluſh decay'd.
Such ſoul-attracting airs were ſung of old,
When bliſsful years in golden circles roll'd:
Pure from deceit, devoid of fear and ſtrife,
While love was all the penſive care of life,
The ſwains in green retreats, with flowrets crown'd,
Taught the young groves their paſſion to reſound:
Fancy purſued the paths where beauty led,
To pleaſe the living, or deplore the dead.
While to their warbled woe the rocks reply'd,
The rills remurmur'd, and the Zephyrs ſigh'd;
From death redeem'd by verſe, the vaniſh'd fair
Breath'd in a flower, or ſparkled in a ſtar.

Bright as the ſtars, and fragrant as the flowers
Where Spring reſides in ſoft Elyſian bowers;
While theſe the bowers adorn, and they the ſphere,
Will Sachariſſa's charms in ſong appear.
Yet, in the preſent age, her radiant name
Muſt take a dimmer interval of fame;
When you to full meridian luſtre riſe,
With Morton's ſhape, and Gloriana's eyes;
With Carliſle's wit, her geſture, and her mien;
And, like ſeraphic Rich, with zeal ſerene:
In ſweet aſſemblage all their graces join'd
To language, mode, and manners more refin'd!
That angel-frame, with chaſte attraction gay,
Mild as the dove-ey'd morn awakes the May,
Of nobleſt youths will reign the public care,
Their joy, their wiſh, their wonder, and deſpair.
Far-beaming thence what bright ideas flow!
The ſiſter-arts with ſudden rapture glow:
Her Titian tints the painter-nymph reſumes;
The canvas warm with roſeate beauty blooms:
Inſpir'd with life by Sculpture's happy toil,
The marble breathes, and ſoftens with your ſmile;
Proud to receive the form, by fate deſign'd
The faireſt model of the fairer kind.
But hear, O hear the Muſe's heavenly voice!
The waving woods and echoing vales rejoice:
Attend, ye gales! to Margaretta's praiſe;
And all ye liſtening Loves record the lays!
So, Philomela charms th' Idalian grove,
When Venus, in the glowing orb of love,

O'er

O'er ocean, earth, and air, extends her reign;
The firſt, the brighteſt of the ſtarry train.
What favourite youth aſſign the Fates to riſe,
In bridal pomp to lead the blooming prize?
Whether his father's garter'd ſhield ſuſtains
Trophies, atchiev'd on Gallia's viny plains:
Or, ſmilling Peace a mingled wreath diſplays,
The Patriot's olive, and the Poet's bays:
Adorn, ye fates! the favourite youth aſſign'd,
With each ennobling grace of form, and mind:
In merit make him great, as great in blood;
Great without pride, and amiably good;
His breaſt the guardian ark of heaven-born law,
To ſtrike a faithleſs age with conſcious awe.
In choice of friends by manly reaſon ſway'd;
Not fear'd, but honour'd; and with love obey'd.
In courts, and camps, in council, and retreat,
Wiſe, brave, and ſtudious to ſupport the ſtate,
With candour firm; without ambition bold;
No deed diſcolour'd with the guilt of gold.
That heaven may judge the choiceſt bleſſigns due;
And give the various good compriz'd in you.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

TO

SOUTHERNE'S SPARTAN DAME.

WHEN realms are ravag'd with invaſive foes,
Each boſom with heroic ardour glows;
Old chiefs, reflecting on their former deeds,
Diſdain to ruſt with batter'd invalids;
But active in the foremoſt ranks appear,
And leave young ſmock-fac'd beaux to guard the rear.
So, to repel the Vandals of the ſtage,
Our veteran bard reſumes his tragic rage:
He throws the gauntlet Otway us'd to wield,
And calls for Engliſhmen to judge the field:
Thus arm'd, to reſcue Nature from diſgrace,
Meſſieurs! lay down your minſtrels and grimace:
The brawnieſt youths of Troy the combat fear'd,
When old Etellus in the liſts appear'd.
Yet what avails the champion's giant ſize,
When pigmies are made umpires of the prize?
Your fathers (men of ſenſe, and honeſt bowlers)
Diſdain'd the mummery of foreign ſtrollers:
By their examples would you form your taſte,
The preſent age might emulate the paſt.
We hop'd that art and genius had ſecur'd you;
But ſoon facetious Harlequin allur'd you:

The

The Muſes bluſh'd, to ſee their friends exalting
Thoſe elegant delights of jig and vaulting:
So charm'd you were, you ceas'd awhile to dote
On nonſenſe, gargled in an eunuch's throat:
All pleas'd to hear the chattering monſters ſpeak,
As old wives wonder at the parſon's Greek.
Such light ragoûts and muſhrooms may be good,
To whet your appetites for wholſome food:
But the bold Briton ne'er in earneſt dines
Without ſubſtantial haunches and ſurloins.
In wit, as well as war, they give us vigour;
Creſſy was loſt by kickſhaws and ſoup-meagre.
Inſtead of light deſerts and luſcious froth,
Our poet treats to-night with Spartan broth;
To which, as well as all his former feaſts,
The ladies are the chief-invited gueſts.
Crown'd with a kind of Glaſtonbury bays,
That bloom amid the winter of his days;
He comes, ambitious in his green decline,
To conſecrate his wreath at beauty's ſhrine.
His Oroonoko never fail'd t' engage
The radiant circles of the former age:
Each boſom heav'd, all eyes were ſeen to flow,
And ſympathize with Iſabella's woe:
But Fate reſerv'd, to crown his elder fame,
The brighteſt audience for the Spartan Dame.

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